THE
UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

No LXI.—Vol. X.] *For* DECEMBER, 1808. [New Series.

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

Sketch *of the* Life *of Sir* Hew Dalrymple.

WHEN we resolved upon the abolition of the portrait in our Magazine, we left our readers to consider the measure as final and unalterable; while to ourselves we reserved the discretionary power of presenting them with that embellishment, as often as circumstances might arise, by which individuals became objects of public enquiry and curiosity. This determination perfectly accords with the principle laid down in our address, *(See Univ. Mag. for July, p. 3)* and by which, while we are exonerated from the necessity of hunting out the obscure, we are at liberty to avail ourselves of the eminent. The present plate therefore, or any future ones which may occasionally be given, are to be regarded as gratuitous, by which we wish to meet, as far as possible, the expectations and approbation of our readers.

Sir Hew Whiteford Dalrymple who is, we hope, upon the point of emerging from one of the thickest clouds of calumny and popular prejudice that ever perhaps obscured any individual of eminence, seems to have been, advantageously for himself, reserved for this singular occasion. Tho' born, as it were, a gentleman and a soldier, hitherto all opportunities of exhibiting himself to advantage as a public character seem to have shunned him. Sir Hew was born at Ayr, in North Britain, on the 3d of December, 1750. He is the only son of John Dalrymple of Ayr, a captain of the Enniskillen regiment of Dragoons. His father was the third son of Sir Hew Dalrymple, of North Berwick, Bart. who was the third son of James, Viscount Stair.

This honourable descent, though the tongue of slander has so loudly opened against Sir Hew, it does not appear he has ever degraded. If he had not hitherto distinguished himself as a military man, it is but candid to impute this failure to a want of opportunity. The circumstances of Sir Hew making a short trip to Flanders with the Duke of York, his subsequent appointment to be a district General in the north of England, and his nomination to the lieutenant governorship of Gibraltar, from whence he was called to take an active part in the recent affairs in Portugal,—were not objects the best calculated to obtain celebrity. But though forbidden to figure in the great world, we understand Sir Hew, as a true friend to discipline and improvement in the army, has always lent his advice and concurrence to every plan of amelioration which promised any share of success. To judge of these, Sir Hew's habits of intimacy with a number of enterprizing and professional men, joined to his own abilities as a scholar, have eminently qualified him.

Though he did not accompany General Sir David Dundas to Prussia, shortly after the peace of 1783, when the great Frederick, to whom all Europe more or less was indebted for the discipline of its armies, and when that monarch had ordered a grand review of the whole of his forces;—yet he is known to have been extremely partial to that General's tactics, and to have approved of his "*Principles of Military Movements, chiefly applicable to Infantry.*"

It must, however, be acknowledged that the writer in question borrowed largely from the "*Elements of Tactics* for the Prussian Infantry, by General Saldern," translated by

Professor Landman of the Royal Academy, Woolwich, and from the *Essai de Tactique, par M. Guibert*. Simplicity and generality of principle are the distinguishing features of the great Frederick's military system. Columns to the front, or in *echelon*; accurate marching for his line in infantry; and rapid movements for the cavalry; formed its distinguishing features. When he moved, it was at the head of a strong advanced guard, behind which, his troops formed into columns were collected and combined. One part of the army was strengthened by reserves, or the guard before-mentioned, and the rest of the line refused. To gain the enemy's flank was a desirable manœuvre, and by these means he acted with effect, though perhaps in numbers he was much superior.

The system of Sir David Dundas, which, we understand, was most cordially approved by Sir Hew Dalrymple, was by his Majesty's direction adapted for the use of the army in 1792. It was accordingly printed under the title of "Rules and Regulations for the Formation, Field Exercise, and Movements of his Majesty's Forces," with an injunction that this system should be strictly followed and adhered to without any deviation whatsoever. And by no officer in the army, we believe, have these rules been followed with greater fidelity than by Sir Hew Dalrymple.

These regulations are indeed formed upon the most important principles; for instance, in marching they are calculated to preserve just distances, particularly the leading of divisions, on which every movement depends; forming good lines; changing fronts by *echelon*; wheeling by divisions from column, and at all times marching either in ordinary or quick time, by cadenced steps. The approbation and adoption of these rules must be enhanced by the consideration that, till they were published, we never had any general system of discipline which was universally and unexceptionably complied with. A few review regulations excepted, every commander in chief, or officer commanding a corps, adopted such manœuvres as he thought proper. Neither was the manual exercise then, as it is now, the same in all regiments; nor marching in quick or slow time properly regulated.—Consequently, when two or three regiments met together in the same camp or garrison, they could not act in brigade or line till the general commanding officer established a temporary uniform system. Still this new system, uniform as it was, did not meet with merited approbation till Captain Reide published his "Treatise on Military Discipline," as he observes, to show the principles on which the present system of tactics is formed, in a plain and perspicuous point of view.

With respect to Sir Hew Dalrymple, if his services previous to the expedition to Portugal are adverted to, the British expedition to Holland in 1799 was of too short a duration to afford a proper theatre for the display of great talents. Allowing the term, the whole period of Sir Hew's government of Gibraltar was a scene of *still life*. Zeal and courage, it must be admitted, are necessary qualities in a soldier. When bravery is backed by the former qualities, the greatest dangers, difficulties, and fatigues are overcome. To these must be united a natural inclination for war, in order to constitute a consummate General. It is that inward impulse which contributes most efficaciously towards effecting great achievements. It has been further observed, that appearing in arms at an early age does not contribute a little to ensure success. These qualifications united in an officer, though he has had few or no opportunities of exhibiting them in the field, will nevertheless afford sufficient indications upon which we may establish his character.

However, the major part of these may be fairly claimed by Sir Hew Dalrymple: and upon this ground, a want of an opportunity to make a proper display of them may be deemed a misfortune, but can never by any mode of reasoning be converted into a crime. W. E. T.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

The DEATH-BED *of* ST. ALBERT, *and the* CONSOLATIONS *of* VIRTUE.

Sir,

IF you think the following pages, from a MS. work which may one day perhaps be published, worthy of a place in the Universal Magazine, I need only say that I should be gratified by their insertion; and

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

London, Dec. 7, 1808. M.

* * * * * * In the midst of these contemplations came the evening on, and the hour which I had appointed for visiting the youth's father. I went. The door was opened by my young friend, who, with a look expressive of silence, and a significant "hush," informed me that his father had just fallen asleep. He shut the door softly, and conducted me silently into a small room, in one corner of which was a low bed with chequered curtains that were open at the bottom. I sat down on a chair by the window which looked into a small garden, while the youth attended to something which he was preparing on the fire for his father.

I directed my eyes towards the bed. They became rivetted. Never shall I forget the sacred form that lay there extended.

His head was supported by two pillows, and the last rays of the setting sun, which shone into the room, glanced a pale red upon his pallid cheek! His hands were folded across his breast. A few grey hairs scattered thinly about his temples shaded with venerable simplicity a deep entrenched scar, the glowing crimson of which, to my mind, dignified while it upbraided the wan hue of the veteran's face. To me it seemed to bloom in conscious pride, like the flower of early spring that shows its blushing scarlet through heaps of fleecy snow drift, unmelted yet by the warm western breeze! His sleep was tranquil; he breathed freely; his lips, half unclosed, moved accordant to the inward workings of his mind. A holy resignation seemed to rest upon his countenance. A few drops of perspiration stood upon his brow, which his son, affectionately bending over him, gently wiped away with a handkerchief. It awakened him.

"Henry, my child!" said he in a faint tone, "have I slept long?"

"Scarcely an hour, father," replied the youth, looking at his watch which hung at the bed-head.

"But it has much refreshed me." His eye now accidentally turned towards me. A transient blush of surprise and alarm tinged his cheek; but it passed away.—I arose and went towards him.

"This is the gentleman, father," said the youth, "who saved my life this morning, when I fell into the river, and who so kindly gave me the money."

A mingled expression of joy, gratitude, and benevolence beamed from the aged veteran's eyes as his son spoke this. A smile of peace settled upon his lips. He stretched forth his hand towards me; I placed mine in it. He pressed it feebly; and exclaimed with a fervency that struck me to the soul, "Young man! may the blessing of God rest upon thee and thine!"

I sat down by his bed side. My hand was still locked in his. "You will pardon," said I, "this intrusion. I came here from no motives of impertinent curiosity, or from busy interference. I came in the full hope that I might be able to assist, to console, and to relieve."

"Ah, Sir!" replied St. Albert, (for that was his name) "did I even merit this kindness, I have no hope from your endeavours. Exhausted nature pants for her repose; and the eager soul burns to shake off this load of corruption that presses her aspiring flight to earth. The hour of dissolution must come; and it never can come more welcome than to the weary sufferer, to whom nature is but a blank; and this so high prized world, a vain and empty shew. The silken cords of pleasure and delight, which once held me a willing captive to this dim spot, are now for ever burst asunder. Suppose it pleased

Almighty God to stretch my frail thread of existence yet a few years longer, where is the distant prospect on this side the grave that can cheer my sinking heart, or lend new vigour to my tottering steps? My most enthusiastic schemes would dwindle to a span: I should but hover round the grave, pleased with the airy bubbles of a noon-day sun, and let my grey hairs stream a little longer in the fanning breezes of a summer's day. At last, to drop with the shadows of evening! No: when life becomes a pain, death is our sweetest refuge!"

"But why," replied I, "should life be painful to him, whose conscience holds no avenging rod?"

St. Albert looked steadily at me; a hectic tinge flushed across his cheek; he sighed, and exclaimed, "Every heart has its *own* sorrows: let no man disturb their sanctuary."

He pronounced these words with an uncommon solemnity. I was struck, and remained silent.

"No, my young friend," continued he, "'tis an impiety which my heart disclaims, causelessly to repine at that gift which God hath given us to make us blest. Life is a poison. In unskilful hands its effects are always fatal; it works with deleterious power, and corrupts the sources of felicity. But to those who know its force and efficacy, whom nature has fashioned to extract its virtues, and even so to mingle its very drugs with antidotes as to form a healthful beverage for the soul; to such, life with all its dark unfruitful spots, with all its storms and tempests that batter our poor earthly frame, becomes a blessing held on a tenure of most endearing joys. Such was it *once* to me; but I have lost the art of mingling its discordance into harmony."

"That probably," I replied, "is because you see through a deceitful medium. Sickness and poverty have thrown a mist before your eyes, which distorts the face of things into a thousand antic shapes that nature and reality disown. Misfortune clouds the mind, and intercepts its faculties; gives it an ideal world of shapeless deformity, that its more healthful senses would never know. To the wandering exile from his native shores the sun no longer beams with golden gladness through the day; the moon no longer, wheeling her silent course along the starry space, sheds peace, and holy musing, and harmony around; earth's choicest spots, her groves of myrtle, and her sparkling springs, to him bring no delight; for lovelier groves and more translucent streams he left behind; all nature saddens; unblest he wanders through her boundless stores; even man has lost all noble features; no breast receives him; no eye of love beams upon his sorrows; no tear of pity falls to soften his afflictions. In the midst of his species he is alone! Even so may it be with thee. Poverty and disease have exiled thee from all the pleasures of life. You look back with streaming eyes to those you have once enjoyed. The contrast aggravates the present. A dreary desert seems to spread around you. Every step carries you further into its glooms; and you sigh for a passport to a new existence. But oh! remember, the storm that threatens now may disappear; the bleak and desolate winds that whistle round your head, may subside into gentle zephyrs soft as the down that clothes the budding musk rose; the clouds that darken the horizon may brighten into sunshine, and quick springing flowers deck your barren path. Hope, like a beckoning angel, shall gently lead you forwards, and shadow you with her wings as you sink into the grave!"

St. Albert shook his head and sighed. He remained silent for a moment, and then resumed the discourse.

"Not the recollection of *past* enjoyments that renders present existence indifferent to me. To a well formed mind that recollection should rather administer increased delight. 'Tis as we should say, 'Lord! thou 'hast given me comfort, and peace, 'and happiness: thou hast strewed my 'path with roses, and bade content-'ment journey with me, hand in hand; 'but even as darkness and night follow 'the splendour of morning, so age and 'decrepitude and much sorrow suc-'ceed to the smiling gaiety and manly 'vigour of youth: yet Eternal God! 'I repine and murmur; invert for me 'thy fixed decrees; bid the young

'blood gush through my veins again; 'give to my limbs their active energy; 'restore the lustre of my languid eye; 'and let these hoary locks yield to the 'flowing grace of ebon ringlets: do 'thou thus, Great Being! or the life 'that sixty summers long, has brought 'increased delight upon its wings, 'shall now become my execration and 'my curse.'—Far be it from my heart to harbour a sentiment so impious, so unworthy a rational being! But think my friend: when we look back upon buried time, may not the mind find other causes of dejection?"

"I firmly believe not," I replied.

St. Albert smiled bitterly, and quitted my hand. I proceeded.

"I firmly believe not; for the sorrows which may have agonized a virtuous mind in the career of life, lose their poignancy when contemplated through the mild obscurity of time. They are no longer *sorrows*. They become as it were the chosen companions of the breast, which harmonize with its feelings, when a soft, pensive melancholy reigns. They may dim the eye with tears, and swell with sighs the bosom; but neither are the tears wrung by internal agony of thought, nor are the sighs laden with anguish. They are like the gentle dews of heaven, which bend the floweret on its fragile stem; awhile it droops beneath the precious burden; but silently it imbibes the balmy moisture, and quickens with what erewhile bowed it to the earth. The woes of past existence, which still prick and sting us, are the avenging dæmons of a guilty conscience."

"Mere declamation!" replied St. Albert, somewhat peevishly. "You are a young man, and with all the venial impetuosity of youth you draw inconsequential inferences from suppositious premises. More conversant perhaps with books, and the solitary contemplations of your own mind, than with man and the world, you arraign, assert, and maintain, with a warmth incident to men whose life has been rather contemplative than active. There is nothing so extravagant or absurd, which the mind will not, by constant contemplation, learn to consider as just and rational; for solitude peoples its own world, and assigns to its beings its own peculiar motives of action; and it is only when we bring these motives to the test of real existence, that we discover their fallacy. Yet I would not check the generous impulse of nature; thirty years ago I would have reasoned thus; but thirty years of sad experience has taught me that to reason thus is error."

"Imagine not," I replied, "that what I say is delivered as the crude notions of the moment, which is what I understand by your 'generous impulse of nature.' No. I may be wrong, and my heart shares the error; but my judgment lends its sanction to what I utter. I repeat it: the man who really shudders, or fears, or hesitates to look back upon the past scenes of existence, writhes beneath the agonies of an avenging conscience that loudly proclaims premeditated guilt. Can it be otherwise? Why should those evils which spring up in the soil of humanity beneath the foot of every wanderer; which spring up spontaneously; which, if we had the power, we would gladly crush even in the germ; why should such evils in retrospect afflict us with perpetual woes? Foolish casuists may tell us that a great part of our wretchedness flows directly from ourselves; from our vices, our luxuries, our passions, or desires; but let these men of theory new model the globe; let them reason man out of the nature which he owns, and new form his heart before they thunder forth their fulminations against the wanderings of their fellow creatures! I cannot believe that such fears for involuntary distresses can smart your bosom for a moment; and for heinous, preconceived enormity, that temperate look and mildly beaming eye, tell me your soul disowns it. Then droop no longer beneath an imaginary burden; shake off the boding terrors of a diseased fancy; look upon the days that beam upon you, and those that are closed in everlasting night: Eternal God! thou hast not doomed thy creatures to breathe in sighs, neither hast thou ordained them to pine for ever with a sorrowing spirit; to those whose griefs are many, and whose fluent tears have

flowed incessant at the shrine of woe; even to those, one drop of comfort has been given, one source of consolation which has healed their wounds; thou hast bathed their bleeding hearts in thy streams of living mercy; and though their cup has been drugged with severest anguish, yet hast thou at the bottom infused a precious balm, like manna to their fainting souls! And shall he, whose breast, but feebly stricken with the shafts of fate, bears no infixed arrows, shall he murmur? Shall he, not mindful of the prerogative he enjoys, not looking with humility to those beneath him, that wail, and weep, and gnash their teeth, but with envious, up-turned eye, gazing at the star that glitters far above him, shall he sullenly despise thy bounteous goodness because not blessed with all? No, my friend; you may have had your share of the calamities of life; but be not therefore indignant. I am indeed, as you observe, young; yet I have had my sorrows; I have lost an affectionate father; these arms have held the dying form of a beloved mother; a mother dear to me by all the sacred ties of nature; by all the tender bonds of affection and of love; I have watched the last breath tremble on her lips; I have received her blessing with the last struggle of her soul; I have followed her to the grave! My friend! these are woes that rend the human breast: that, for a time dry up even the sources of consolation; but they pass away; and I can now feed upon their remembrance in the still evening hour, or on my midnight pillow with most pleasingly solemn sensations. And why should I not? —I look around, and behold, daily, numbers of my fellow creatures treading the same path; this tells me that it is destiny unshunnable; and I am comforted. So let it be with thee! Remember, that to suffer is the melancholy birthright of man; and he alone is truly brave, and owns a godlike fortitude of soul, who bears up against the stream of adversity; who bares his unsmirched bosom to the storm, and smiles with hope when all around is sadness and desolation.—The coward and the weak tremble in the blast, and cower beneath the sweeping ruin; but to him whose heart is chastened, and wears a heavenly panoply, ruin herself is not unlovely, for where she has trodden spring up the blossoms of eternal hope; and while her right hand sweeps the face of things with the exterminating sword, her left scatters around the amaranthine flowers of everlasting life."

St. Albert was moved at this. While I was speaking I thought I perceived something like dismay painted on his countenance; my heart smote me, and I changed my theme. God forbid I should fix one thorn in the soul of dying man! As I spoke of my own losses, and the temper of mind with which I bore them, his eye brightened; the gloom faded from his face like the mists of morning before the first rays of the sun; and the last words uttered with a fervency which I felt, for I spoke from my feelings, seemed to operate like a charm. He stretched forth his hand towards me again; he pressed mine and strongly, and seemed much agitated. After a pause he spoke:

"Oh! many a year has passed since the voice of consolation from the mouth of friendship has struck my ear, and now it breathes, sweet as the gale of summer, blown from a field of spices! My heart feels a new warmth, and sends the blood in warmer currents circling through my frame. Oh, my dear young friend! (for by that name my soul already owns thee) you have brought an hour of comfort to one who long, long since has felt only the cold grasp of despair! Cheerless have been my nights, and comfortless my days! the setting sun has lighted me to my pillow, to which I have sighed the live long night; and the new born day has seen me wander forth to mourn at large! Adelaide!—"

He paused: he grasped my hand: he sobbed: that venerable face was convulsed with sorrow: he strove to hide his weakness, but nature rose superior, and a silent tear rolled down his sunken cheek! Eternal Being! spare me for ever such a sight again! The tears of woman, in all the pride of youth and beauty, fall on the heart with pleasing tenderness: they move,

agitate, transport! The tears of man, even in his prime, seem to bend our stubborn nature to more than usual sympathy! But the tears, the hard-wrung drops of aged, venerable, dying man, harrow up the soul! Nature has no sight more afflicting, more solemn!

After a short pause I ventured to ask who *Adelaide* was?

"The hapless mother," replied St. Albert, with a tremulous voice, "of that more hapless child," pointing to his son.

He was silent again. I could read in his countenance that his mind was much affected. My heart was wrung, and I reproached myself for having gone so far. The youth too, who was standing at the window, seemed to glance a look of reproach at me through his tears, (which the last words of his father had excited) as if he would say, 'Unconscious persecutor! why have you roused a thought which fills my father's bosom with agony!'—I felt indeed strongly that I had been hurried on by the impetuosity of my feelings to a breach, not only of decorum, but of humanity. I had paid too little regard to the situation of St. Albert as a valetudinarian; and I had assumed a warmth which, however it might have been the effect of my natural character, ought to have been softened by the respect which is always due to the feelings of the human heart. St. Albert felt this too; he thought I spoke with more energy than disinterestedness would warrant; the apprehension struck him forcibly: he imagined I was but a captious, headstrong, wrangling polemic, whose brain only seeks pretexts for regorging its own flimsy operations. He hesitated; he was silent. I too felt my situation; at another time I could have explained; but my heart was not now accordant; I arose hastily; bade St. Albert farewell; and as I quitted the house, I formed the silent resolution of atoning on the morrow for the errors of impetuosity. But, alas! St. Albert lived not to hear me: he had expired in the course of the night, and with his last breath sighed forth the name of *Adelaide*.

M.

On the MISMANAGEMENT *of* PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

[*Concluded from p.* 390.]

THESE statutes plainly prove to us how very difficult it is to prevent men in public offices from making innovations; and the legislature seemed almost to despair of keeping them in the straight line of duty, when it was enacted, the 3d Geo. I. chap. 15, sect. 12, that the Barons of the Exchequer may amerce, from time to time, all such clerks as refuse or neglect their duty, by not returning their estreats as they are directed.

When we consider the before recited acts, the fines, the disqualification, and the oath required of those who make the returns, it would be a curious investigation to inquire by what means the law is evaded.

As a recognizance is not witnessed like a bond, but receives all its power from the record, how do the town clerks in certain cases avoid the returning of the record into the Exchequer at the time appointed by the statute? Can the magistrates respite and the clerks withhold the estreating of the record as long as they please? The statute requires a true and perfect estreat, or schedule of all fines of sessions which shall be held in every year before Michaelmas, by or upon any person whatever due to his Majesty; and yearly and every year before the second Monday after the morrow of All Souls, then to make and deliver a duplicate under the penalty of fifty pounds.

As it is a common practice in cases of bastardy to respite the recognizance and not to retain the record, is not this making the law a dead letter? Is not this depriving the king of the penalties for the persons not appearing? and are not parishes burdened by the practice?

It is certain that the legislature never intended recognizances should stand over from sessions to sessions; for, in the statute in the third year of Henry VII. c. 1, it is required that every justice within the realm, who shall take any recognizance for keeping the peace, "that the same justice do certify, send, or bring the said recognizance to the next sessions of the peace where he is or hath been

justice; and if he make default, the same default to be recorded, and the same recognition with the record of the default be sent and certified into the Chancery, or afore the King in his Bench, or into the King's Exchequer."

If, through a desire of innovation, neglect, or design, recognizances and records are withheld sessions after sessions, and the king and his subjects are both injured, is it not time for the law to be put in execution? But who is to do it? Can it be expected that a private individual will be at the trouble and expense of prosecuting a clerk for the recovery of a fine of fifty pounds, when the king is to take one-half, free of all deductions, when it is well known that the other moiety will not pay the attorney's bill for the prosecution?

If it be the business of the keeper of the treasurer's Remembrance Office to prosecute delinquents for defaults upon information, why is there not some method adopted to acquaint persons where they are to apply, and to know whether the return is made? As business is conducted at present, the parish officer hath no means of gaining information upon the subject, for he is in general ignorant of what questions he is to ask; and it seems necessary that a schedule of the estreats into the Treasurer's Remembrance Office in the Exchequer should be yearly published in the county papers, that all those who are concerned may know whether there be any recognizances withheld, and for what reason; and if it should not prove satisfactory, the law may be put in execution against offenders. After persons of different denominations have been mulct for wittingly and willingly omitting, or not making full and perfect returns, it will be the means of checking that innovating spirit, which is always ready to make encroachments wherever it can be done with impunity.

It is by fearing to make innovations we suffer them to increase; and, by adhering to this narrow system, errors and evils multiply upon us.—When they are familiarised and countenanced by time, the ignorant and unthinking part of the community consider them as sacred.

If our artificers and our labourers are ordered to break the sabbath without any necessity, if they are allowed to pilfer a privilege annexed to their station, if those who raise and expend public money are not to give any account of their stewardship, and if those who contribute to parochial taxes are not permitted in some instances to know how or for what their money is expended, and if parish officers are driven off from time to time and cannot have a case of bastardy settled; is there not reason to lament, that if any innovation appears, it is generally hostile to the public welfare? There ought to be but one law, and one practice of that law throughout the whole kingdom; but the giving privileged jurisdictions authority under modern statutes, the same as is given to magistrates acting under the king's commission, hath been the means of introducing into corporate towns such a mixture of ancient and modern practice as calls aloud for reformation.

If it be thought that time hath worn out their old customs and it is now necessary to renovate them, then let them be compelled to hold regular sessions of Oyer and Terminer at stated times. It may perhaps be said that we cannot infringe on ancient privileges, which may be considered as the common law of the land: then the practice of their courts should be confined to their ancient customs, and they should be compelled to act up to them.

If our patriotic legislators would but turn their attention to the correcting of abuses, they would do a much more essential service to the public than they will ever accomplish by endeavouring to change the system of parochial law. Mr. Nield, by his indefatigable and unwearied perseverance, hath, through his friend Dr. Lettsom, pointed out many and grievous evils to the public, which have been for ages concealed in exempt jurisdictions; and there are many others, it is much to be feared, will continue to remain there till time and experience will convince us of the necessity of applying a legal remedy.

To the Editor of the Universal Mag.

SIR,

THE following letter, if it meet your approbation, may perhaps be acceptable to many of your readers, as it affords in a few words abundant matter for reflection, and may serve to throw some light on the character of its distinguished author, whom you have not omitted occasionally to notice.

I remain, &c.

Z.

LETTER *from* THOMAS PAINE *to a Friend in Philadelphia, Paris, March* 16, 1790.

I LEAVE this please to-morrow for London: I go expressly for the purpose of erecting an iron bridge, which Messrs. Walkers, of Rotheram, Yorkshire, and I have constructed, and is now ready for putting together. It is an arch of one hundred and ten feet span and five feet high, from the chord line. It is as portable as common bars of iron, and can be put up and taken down at pleasure, and is in fact rendering bridges a portable manufacture.*

With respect to the French revolution, be assured that every thing is going on right. Little inconveniences, the necessary consequences of pulling down and building up, may arise; but even these are much less than ought to have been expected. Our friend, the marquis, is like his patron and master, General Washington, acting a great part. I take over with me to London the key of the bastile, which the marquis intrusts to my care as his present to Gen. Washington, and which I shall send by the first American vessel to New York. It will be yet some months before the new Constitution will be completed, at which time there is to be a procession, and I am engaged to return to Paris to carry the American flag.

In England the ministerial party oppose every iota of reformation: the high beneficed clergy and bishops cry out that the church is in danger; and all those who are interested in the remains of the feudal system join in the clamour. I see very clearly that the conduct of the British government, by opposing reformations, will detach great numbers from the political interests of that country; and that France, through the influence of principles and the divine right of men to freedom, will have a stronger party in England than she ever had through the Jacobite bugbear of the divine right of kings in the Stuart line.

I wish most anxiously to see my much loved America. It is the country from whence all reformation must originally spring. I despair of seeing an abolition of the infernal traffic in negroes. We must push that matter further on your side of the water. I wish that a few well instructed negroes could be sent among their brethren in bondage; for until they are enabled to take their own part, nothing will be done.

I am,

With many wishes for your happiness,

Your affectionate friend,

THOMAS PAINE.

REPLY TO SOPHOS.

Sir,

THE arguments of *Sophos* pleased but did not convince me; I still retain my former opinion upon the subject, 'That virtue alone is happiness below.' Sophos has certainly interpreted his own meaning in a way congenial enough and sufficiently suitable to his own mode of reasoning, but how was I to comprehend his meaning? I was fully satisfied with understanding his expression. Taking this expression then in its literal and general acceptation, I certainly have prophesied well, for Sophos says he did not intend to combat or urge any thing against moral principle or the practice of virtue. What remains now to be

* Sir Joseph Banks, in a letter to a person in America, on Paine's construction of bridges, says, "I expect many similar improvements from your countrymen, who think with vigour, and are in a great measure free from those shackles of theory which are imposed on the minds of our people, even before they are capable of exerting their mental faculties to advantage."

decided is the true meaning and interpretation of this word *Senses*. If Sophos considers it as merely comprehending our perceptive and sensitive qualities, I will be much inclined to grant his conclusion; for wherein do they militate against the practice of virtue? But if they are set in opposition to virtue, they must be understood as sensual gratifications, or indulgence in animal appetites.

In the first instance, if we enumerate among the gratifications of sense, the sweetness and harmony of sound, the enchantment of music as it falls and swells upon the ear, the varied and melting undulations of far distant village bells, or the murmur of falling waters,—if to these we add the enjoyments of vision, the immense expanse of the heavens, the prospect of the far-extending main, the various motions of vessels gliding on its surface; the majestic swell and tempestuous heaving of its waters; or if we take the ever-changing scenery of rural and picturesque nature; fruitful vallies, gently sloping hills, and winding streams; or the vast amphitheatres of desolation, where rocks are piled upon rocks to an unmeasurable height, and from the summit of which foaming torrents fall, breaking into a thousand cascades: I say if these are included, or comprehend the gratifications of sense, Sophos is justified in his conclusion. But, as I said before, wherein do those gratifications militate against virtue? It is a matter of belief with me, that without the practice of virtue those objects will not afford so much enjoyment. A mind addicted to licentiousness, or sensual gratifications, will behold every object in that point of view, principally wherein it addresses itself most to his libidinous inclinations. The jaundiced eye sees every thing of a yellow hue, and the mind views objects according as it is influenced by good or bad principles: I say the mind views objects, because, in my opinion, they are more gratifications of the mind than of the senses. The vacant eye stares at the heavens, but sees nothing worthy of notice; it glances over the surface of the waters, but receives no pleasurable sensation from the view:—it is the mind then which receives the gratifying impression, and therefore I am much inclined to distinguish the enjoyments above enumerated as being purely mental. The window through which I look, does it receive gratification from the object I behold?—If they are merely gratifications of the senses, why are not animals as susceptible of them as man? for they can see, hear, taste, smell, and feel as well, and generally much more acutely than he can. If then the gratifications of the senses are not mental, they must be animal or sensual. Let me take the utmost latitude of the word, and enumerate all the animal appetites that man can, and too frequently does indulge in, and I will ask what happiness is experienced in gluttony and intemperance, profligacy and licentiousness, fornication and adultery.

These are sensual gratifications, and may be adduced with great propriety in opposition to virtue, and do they make a man happy? They may give him temporary pleasure, a transitory enjoyment, but we certainly will not dignify that with the name of happiness which ultimately produces pain and disease, satiety and disgust. Now an adherence to the strict practice of virtue will at least keep a man free from those evils, and so far, comparatively, it renders a man happier.

Sophos advances childhood as illustrative of his argument, and doubtless that state and the years of adolescence may be amply explanatory of his conclusion. Before the mind is expanded we are certainly solely in a state of animal enjoyment, and in no respect do we rank higher or so high as the brute creation in general. An animal has nearly arrived at its highest instinctive perfection as soon as it is produced; while a child, were we unacquainted with the latent embryos of mind and genius which it contains, would create in us nothing but despair and disappointment. The state of childhood cannot then be a proper exemplification of the present question; it is man who is under our consideration, man in the full possession of his mental as well as sensitive faculties. To the days of our youth we generally look back with melancholy reflection and regret, as days

which we passed in innocent freedom and delight, when our cup of enjoyment was at the full, days in which we were ignorant of those evil tendencies and lurking appetites which were gradually unfolding, and equally unconscious of that mind which kept progress with those appetites to restrain and check their ruinous indulgence.

I trust that my frequent mention of mind will not be considered by Sophos as an infringement of his restriction. Man abstracted from all supernatural interference or connection whatsoever, it will be allowed, is conscious that he possesses some faculty which renders him superior to the brute creation, and which we denominate mind; it is therefore certainly not advancing any supposition upon the basis of a future state of existence. But, in my opinion, Sophos has taken refuge himself under that shelter which he denied me. I made no appeal to religion, nor did I introduce the subject; yet it forms the most prominent feature of his argument. He accuses me of calling to my aid a future retribution, but I request him to mention wherein I have intruded it.

The last observation I shall make upon the reply of Sophos is upon his misconception and false colouring of virtue. I refer to his words; they are so distinct that they cannot be misunderstood, so evident that they cannot be misinterpreted. I only wish he had added some reasons *why* he thought, that 'For mere man as a sensitive being virtue had no attraction'—'virtue is purely a creation of the mind'—'its delights are rather imaginary than real'—'virtue is almost always a sacrifice'—'it rarely brings with it any present, any positive delight.' These remarks appear to me truly eccentric and paradoxical, unfounded, and controvertible. It would occupy too much of your paper to take each of them severally, and produce all that might be advanced in opposition to them. Sophos says, for mere man as a sensitive being.—Now I wish much he had explained this word sensitive: but I suppose he means, for man considered as merely animal, divested of mind. If that is the case, then indeed I will grant, that for man in such a state virtue can have no attraction. 'Virtue is purely a creation of the mind.'—Of what mind? Is this not a contradiction? first man is a sensitive being, and then he is endued with a mind capable of creating such a thing as virtue. I certainly cannot wholly comprehend this: but of whose mind is this virtue the production? We find the minds of men differ as widely as their faces, and consequently they cannot be productive of the same effects, yet we see daily that virtue is reverenced, valued, and respected wherever it is met with,—the virtuous are esteemed and envied wherever known, and yet this virtue, this possession is merely imaginary.

What then shall we call a reality? We meet with men truly virtuous in principle, who have never had much intercourse with mankind, or derived much advantage from education, but who are virtuous solely from a love of virtue, from its beauty and attraction. Is the delightful impressions upon the mind after the performance of a truly charitable action imaginary? Is that sweet and inexpressible sensation, which altogether overwhelms the mind after rescuing a wretch from misery, restoring the diseased and sick to health and vigour, the afflicted and despairing to comfort and hope, is that sensation only imaginary? Then indeed there is no such thing as happiness in life. I make no reference to a future state. I am aware of my near connection, but keep myself aloof from it. These then, and in my opinion these only, constitute true happiness, and these are actions I call truly virtuous.

From the expression of 'strict practice of virtue,' I have not understood that monkish forbearance, hermetical austerity, or rigid discipline, which the severe and grave philosopher would enforce, but that cheerful kindness, sincere charity, and universal philanthropy, which all men should bear one towards another. Understood in this sense, I maintain that man is happier from a strict practice of virtue than from the gratifications of the senses.

Nov. 22, 1808. P. M. W.

ANNOTATIONS *on the* TEXT *of* SHAKSPEARE.

No. VII.

CYMBELINE.

Act I.—Sc. V.

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes *all our buds from blowing.*

The first line is imitated in scene 5 of Mason's Caractacus. With respect to *shakes*, I cannot but think that the proposal of the late Bishop of Worcester *(shuts)* is, very probably, correct. He might have supported it from a passage on the action of the wind, in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, as well as from our author's own authority:—

"If I stay behind
An everlasting dulness, and the *wind*,
That, as he passeth by, *shuts* up the stream
Of Rhine or Volga, while the Sun's hot beam
Beats back again, seize me and let me turn
To coldness more than ice!"
Faithful Shepherdess, end of Act I.

"Thy eyes' windows fall
Like death, when he *shuts* up the day of life."
Romeo and Juliet, A. IV. *Sc.* 1.

Act II.—Sc. V.

Be't lying, note it;
The woman's; flattering, her's; deceiving, her's.

Guarini is equally civil; but we must observe that *his* interlocutor is a savage:—

"S'apri la bocca, menti; se sospiri,
Son' mentiti i sospiri; se movi gli occhi
E simulato il guardo; in somma, ogni atto,
Ogni sembiante, e ciò che in te si vede,
E ciò che *non* si vede, o parli o pensi,
O vada, o miri, o pianga, o rida, o canti,
Tutto è menzogna;——"
Pastor Fido, A. I. *Sc.* 5.

Act III.—Sc. IV.

Some jay of Italy
Whose mother *was her painting, has betray'd him.*

Dr. Johnson says, properly, that mother means that which produces or constitutes her sole attraction. It may be exemplified by a passage in the *Pilgrim*, where *imp* has the sense assigned to it by Mr. Tooke:—

"None of your pined gallants,
None of your *imp'd* bravadoes."

Here an *imp'd bravado* is one whose pretensions are artificial. Our old writers appear partial to this strained metaphor; as in Rule a Wife and have a Wife:—

"Credit I can redeem; money will *imp* it."

And Massinger's G. D. of Florence:

——"With chaste discourse as we return'd,
Imp feathers to the broken wings of time."

But to make sense, the last line should be read, (being accidentally misprinted),

"Who fly to fitters with every flaw of weather."

See also two other lines from the Pilgrim, in the comments on Othello.

Act V.—Sc. V.

Quench'd of *Hope.*

This is analogous with a line of Milton's, on Ceres:—

"Yet *virgin of* Proserpina from Jove."

Here *virgin* is an adjective; and evidently means, that she was not yet the mother of Proserpine by Jupiter. Upton has much senseless cavil on the verse, in his Preface to his Critical Observations; second edition, 1748.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Act I.—Sc. I.

Gregory, o' my word we'll not carry coals.

Mr. Douce says, that to "carry coals was metaphorically used for any low or servile action." His quotation does not explain the phrase: it is but a paltry *quibble* upon it, as is also Gregory's reply. My opinion of its origin has already appeared *; and if it wanted corroboration, the following would be ample, in my opinion:—

"This is the *living coal*, that, *burning in me*,
Would flame to vengeance, could it find a vent."
Almeria, in Dryden's Don Sebastian, A. I. *Sc.* 1.

* Universal Mag. for May.

" For self same wind, that I should speak withal,
Is *kindling coals*, that *fire all my breast*."
Richard, in the Second Part of King Henry VI.

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.

Τίς γὰρ οὐκ ἂν παρθενος, ἀναπεπλαμενος τοῖς κάλποις ὑποδέξαιτο ὅτω καλὸν ἐρασ-ὴν.
Lucian; *ed. Amst.* 1687. *p.* 133.—*Timon.*

Feather of love, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health.

These absurd antitheses are precisely in the style of Southern Europe:—

Dannoso quadagno ed *util* danno.
Trionf. d'Amore, capit. 4.

Por tus efectis
Te Uaman *muerte viva.*
Lope de Vega.—Romances. X.

Act I. — Sc. II.

She is the hopeful lady of my earth,
The heiress of my estate, in expectation.

Such among view of many, mine, being one.
Read, " among such."

Act II.—Sc. II.

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

Your merit would be sufficient to distinguish you, without birth.

Sc. III.

With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No.

As this play is now acted, there is an absurdity in omitting Romeo's passion for Rosaline; for Mr. Elliston is introduced woefully articulating the name of Juliet at his first appearance, and yet does not know her person at Capulet's house!

Act III.—Sc. I.

Mercutio, thou consorts't *with Romeo.*

This word was probably employed in reference to two associates, in general.

In the *Honest Man's Fortune*, we have, in allusion to a married couple,

" You two will make a pretty handsome *consort.*"

With one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it.

Unless they fought with sword-and-dagger, the former for attack, the latter for defence, *hand* is used for a *motion* of the hand, or *thrust.*

Act III.—Sc. II.

That runaways eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen!

Conjectural criticism is always hazardous; but if we at once consider the emendation of sense and metre, together with the *class* of persons who are likely to be abroad at night and interrupt her lover, I read, without hesitation, REVELLERS, and think the present text a corruption.

Act V.—Sc. III.

Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson, on thy lips and on thy cheeks;
And Death's pale flag is not advanced there.

Ritogli a morte quel ch'ella n'ha tolto,
E ripon le tue insegne nel bel volto.
Petrarch—Canzone 2.

Ah me! this sight of death is as a bell
To warn my old age to a sepulchre.

Cernere hoc audes, nimis
Vivax Senectus?
Hercules Furens, 1026.

PERICLES.

Act I.—Sc. III.

Which care of them, not pity of myself,
Who once no more, but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,
Make not my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

An intricate passage, from the words being somewhat misarranged by the author, for the sake of metre. Understand *make* in the imperative, conjoined with the substantive *care*, and *before* in the last line, as preceding *would.* Pericles wishes that his regard for his subjects may cause him *not* to yield to useless dejection, and *(punish* or) impair his bodily powers, when his *(soul or)* mind would, if properly biassed, remain at peace; *but rather*, &c. (understand by implication).

Act II.—Sc. II.

I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly
As a whale; he plays and tumbles,
Driving the poor fry before him,
And at last devours them all at a mouthful.

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *False One*:—

"The huge Leviathans of villainy
Suck up the merits, nay the *men and all*
That do them service, and spout them out again
Into the air, as thin and unregarded,
As drops of water, that are lost i'th' ocean."

Act II.—Sc. III.

By Jove I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, she not thought upon.

The poor gentleman complains that, if he endeavours to reject the thoughts of his mistress as they arise in his mind, he loses his appetite at the same time. For Jupiter, "that is king of thoughts," to suffer his predominance of his "*ideal goddess*," he thinks a subject of "wonder."

Act III.—Sc. IV.

And, for an honest attribute, cry out
She died by foul play.

Honest attribute is, the reputation of honesty.

There are some coincidences of Shakspeare with contemporary writers, which are "in form so palpable," as to negative any doubt of the author's acquaintance with the corresponding work. Of these the following were selected and reserved for their present station. Our author being universally known, I have thought it unnecessary, in so very few examples, to quote his text in every instance, but merely to mention the interlocutor and drama which I conceive to possess a similarity of language or sentiment. The next number will conclude these notes, with a few cursory remarks on the *learning* of Shakspeare, and some other questions which respect the productions of our illustrious dramatist.

SOLIMAN AND PERSEDA.

Pers. "Ay, watch you vantages?"

So, in the third part of King Henry VI; at the scene of courtship with Lady Elizabeth, Gloster observes on his brother,—

"God forbid that! for he'll *take vantages.*

PERICLES.

"She starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech."

The eulogy is applied to *Marina*, and Hamlet utters the same reflexion on his father's attachment to Gertrude:—

"As if increase of appetite did grow
By what it fed on."

SPANISH TRAGEDY.

Viceroy. "Wherefore sit I on a regal throne?
This better fits to hear a wretch's moan.
[*He falls to the ground.*

Is it possible not to sympathize with *Lady Constance*?

"This is my throne; kings come and bow to it!" *King John.*

Lorenzo. In time the *savage bull does bear the yoke.* *Act* II.

Benedict has too many admirers to be easily forgotten,

Hieronimo. "The murder of a son or so? *a thing of nothing*, my lord."
Much Ado about Nothing.

"The king's a thing?——*of nothing!*"
Hamlet.

These lines of Hieronimo are however thought to be supposititious.

Lorenzo.——"*I list not trust the air*
With utterance of our pretence herein."

There are few readers whose souls have not been *harrowed up* on the same occasion: one villain in confidence to another.

King John—Hubert.

Isabella. "This herb will purge the eye, and this the head;
Ah! but none of *them will purge the heart.*"

We all know indeed, that "therein the patient must minister to himself."—*(Macbeth with the Doctor.)*

Hieronimo reproaches himself in the latter part of the fourth act with his own insensibility at his son's murder, in a strain not much unlike the sentiments of Hamlet, on his "lack

of gall," in effecting the revenge of his father.

But, "soft, break we off," — these passages have already too much swelled the extent of this paper; and if any curiosity exist upon the subject, they are perhaps fully sufficient to quicken its dormant instinct.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Observations *on the* Commerce *of this* Country.

Sir,

If we consider how frequently both in philosophy and legislation, the knowledge, the interests, and the happiness of the human race, have been sacrificed to a blind acquiescence in the systems and theories of celebrated men, little apology, perhaps, will be needed for the presumption of an author, who submits to the public eye, opinions, which he freely confesses, are diametrically opposite to the maxims laid down by almost every preceding writer, on the subject of which he treats.

Unappalled, however, by the formidable phalanx with which he is under the necessity of contending, the author of these few observations entreats the attention of his readers to arguments, which, though novel, he will venture to assert, are founded on the plainest and most undeniable truths, and will prove to be of considerable importance to the wealth, safety, and happiness, of this kingdom.

Our commercial writers have universally laboured to establish a principle, from whose effects are derived many of the evils under which this country suffers. The principle I allude to, is simply this—that *exports* are *beneficial*, *imports disadvantageous* to a state. In a restricted sense this position is undeniable, we admit that the *exportation* of *superfluities* is *advantageous*, the *importation* of them *prejudicial* to the country. But the maxim has been taken in too general and unlimited a sense. Every effort has been made to *extend* our *export* trade, and to confine our imports within the narrowest bounds. This has produced a grandeur and prosperity, which, I much fear, will not prove to be real or solid. It has created that immense balance of trade in our favor (as it is called) so much boasted of by the politicians and merchants of this country, but which, we conceive, will not prove to be a blessing to the state, but rather an injury to its real interests.

The first commercial dealings of mankind were carried on by barter, the shepherd exchanging his sheep for the skins of the hunter, or the productions of the artist. But this mode was soon abandoned, when the advantages and necessity of trade became more apparent; and it was found requisite to fix upon some sign or symbol, which every one agreed to consider as a kind of universal promissory note, or representative of property, to a certain amount, and this sign or symbol was various in different countries. In some it was determined that a piece of leather should represent a sheep, or some article of domestic utility—this being given by one individual to another, of whom he had received some goods of equal value, signified that the donor engaged to deliver upon demand the sheep, or article which is represented; the receiver again passed this symbol to a third, who possessed some commodity more useful to him than the sheep for which he had received the sign or representative before-mentioned, and upon the third person's consenting to part with his property, he received in return the piece of leather, which entitled him to call upon the original issuer for the sheep or other article it represented. In other countries it was agreed upon, that a certain number of small shells should answer the same purpose, and become in like manner the symbols of property. Iron supplied other nations with this representative, and the convenience of this mode of carrying on commercial dealings, becoming every day more evident, the old mode of barter was by degrees abandoned, and all trade transacted by means of symbols. The metals gold, silver, and copper, at length being generally preferred to the perishable representatives of property, which, till then, were in use, as shells, leather, &c. became the universal mediums of commerce, and have now been, by the consent of all nations, established for many ages as

the sole representatives of wealth till of late years, when the custom of using paper symbols have been introduced to a vast degree.

From this slight survey of the origin of money, it will be immediately perceived by the judicious reader, that money is not in reality wealth, but merely the sign, symbol, or representative of it; in fact a mere promissory note, signifying that the original issuer is willing to deliver goods to a certain amount, to the person with whom he exchanges it for other commodities. I have been thus diffuse, that the real nature of specie may be clearly understood, as it is for want of sufficiently considering this subject, that the error has originated, which it is my purpose to detect.

It having been once premised that money is in reality only the symbol of wealth, and no real good in itself, it will be extremely evident, that, if any nation exchanges its commodities for specie, and does not convert the whole of the specie so received into real property, all the money remaining in the coffers of the state is in reality useless; and if this residue encreases each year, the quantity of property in the country must lessen every day, while its representative encreases.

Now to apply this argument to the subject before us. It is well known that we annually export an enormous quantity of goods and manufactures, and that in return, we import other commodities, but not to an equal amount. On the contrary, to encrease the disparity between our exports and imports, our government lays very heavy duties on the goods imported, and gives every facility to the export trade, by allowing drawbacks and bounties to the exporter—this produces a very great balance in our favour: i. e. we receive a large portion of the value of our exported goods in specie, or bills; now I must contend, that, as this balance occurs every year, we must be accumulating an immense quantity of the circulating medium, which, not being real property, must be detrimental to the state, by raising the price of every article within the country. Can this balance of trade, then, be a benefit to the kingdom? Is the property of a merchant encreased, when he has sold 100 clocks, swords, or bales of silk, and received promissory notes in payment, which he never calls upon his customer to honor. Now this is precisely the case with our commercial system. We export goods to a greater amount than our imports, consequently receive a certain sum in specie, which is but the symbol of property, or, in other words, a promissory note, and as this balance continues to accrue *every* year, we must continually encrease the quantity of money already in our hands.

It is useless to observe, in reply, that the balance of Russia is applied to purchase goods in Holland, or vice versa. Taking our commerce *collectively*, there must be a balance *on the whole*; nor is this balance again converted into goods the ensuing year for then our imports in that year would exceed our exports by the sum of the balance in our favor the preceding year. Now this is so far from being the case, that a second balance arises, and thus we yearly add million to million of the promissory notes above mentioned. To make this clear, I shall again have recourse to the simile adopted before.

Suppose two merchants, A. and B. to represent this country, and the rest of the globe. If A. supplies B. with goods and manufactures in the year 1780, to the amount of 20,000*l.* and receives from B. articles to the amount of 10,000*l.* and promissory notes at one year's date for the rest. If, in 1781, instead of paying those notes B. takes 20,000*l.* more of A's goods, returns again 10,000*l.* in his own, and gives notes to be paid in 1782 for the balance against him (now 200,000*l.*) If, in 1782, he does the same a third time, and gives notes for a balance of 30,000*l.* If, in short, he thus increases his balance every year 10,000*l.* and defers payment by new notes, he will, at the conclusion of the year 1802, have a balance against him of 130,000*l.* If, at this period, he is found to be insolvent, and incapable of paying any part of such balance, is the property of A. encreased by being in possession of B.'s notes? On the contrary, has he not sustained a loss of 130,000*l.*?

The application is obvious—Eng-

land is A. the nations she trades with B. She has yearly a balance of millions in her favor; this balance is never converted into the article it represents, but we continue to receive the mere symbol—money—and this balance encreases daily. Thus our tradesmen and manufacturers labor to produce goods for the benefit of foreigners, without receiving any return, and thus we yearly make a present of articles to the amount of many millions, for which we receive nothing but promissory notes in return; of course we every year throw away the labor and the property of some thousands of Britons.

The reader will excuse my being thus diffusive, as I wish him perfectly and clearly to comprehend the difference between real property, and money, which is only its representative. As these ideas are generally so confounded and blended in the mind, as not to be easily separated; and it is from blending these ideas, that our celebrated commercial writers, going on the erroneous ground that specie is wealth, have led the country into danger, by encouraging us to encrease this balance of trade, which threatens to swallow up the comforts and the strength of the country. Having made this observation, I shall request permission to offer another illustration of this point.

Supposing this kingdom to be possessed of 1000 times the money it contains at present, and that to obtain this money we had parted with all the productions of the kingdom, of every kind. Let us suppose too, that by any political convulsion, we were absolutely cut off from *all communication whatever*, with the rest of the globe, of what utility should we find our immense hoards of silver and gold? Should we derive the smallest benefit from them? Should we have more clothes, more houses, more cattle, more land, more furniture, more provisions? Must we not produce all our comforts, luxuries, and manufactories, from among ourselves?

Is it not then evident, that if we never convert the money we received in exchange for our exports, into the commodities which it represents, but continue to receive the symbol, and exclude the real property; this specie cannot be of any real utility to us, and adds nothing to the comforts, the resources, or the *real wealth* of *the state*; and that consequently our exports can be only advantageous, by bringing us the produce of foreign countries in return, and that every guinea produced by those exports, which is not expended in *imports*, is actually lost, unless the next, or some succeeding year, our importation exceeds our exportation by that guinea, so that it is actually converted into some article or other, and not suffered to remain in the national coffers, a mere ideal wealth, a mere representative of property.

Having thus, we trust, clearly detected the fatal, the ever to be lamented error, into which our merchants, our legislators, and ourselves, have been led by the fallacious arguments of our commercial writers, we shall, in our next essay, proceed to unfold some of the innumerable and melancholy evils which have been its natural and inevitable consequences.

The balance of trade, within these few years, has, according to the custom house documents, amounted to a most enormous sum. This accumulation of specie has (as I shall endeavour to prove) been one of the collateral causes of the crushing load of taxes with which this country is oppressed, and which ruins the very commerce from which it took its rise. That our commerce will ultimately be ruined by the pressure of our public debt, is evident to every observer, as the heavy taxes it produces must encrease the price of our commodities to so exorbitant a degree, that we shall be underworked by every nation in Europe.

As almost every evil which we suffer is greatly encreased and aggravated by the weight of debt with which the nation is encumbered. If I can trace any of its causes, I presume I shall have rendered a service of some importance to the community; and one of those causes I shall endeavour to shew is, the extent of our trade.

In the first place, the wars from which these burdens have arisen, have been generally caused (mediately or immediately) by our commerce. *Immediately*, on account of a colony (whose value consisted in the encou-

ragement it afforded to our trade; or in defence of some branch of trade, or some privilege which we conceived indispensable to its welfare; or *mediately* from the envy excited in other nations by our apparent prosperity, by their anxiety to share in that commerce exclusively possessed by this country, by their hatred to our trading system, the first principle of which is to discourage their produce; and lastly, by the pride of our own ministers, founded on what they imagined the superiority and resources of their country.

Secondly, in prosecuting these wars, much larger sums have been necessarily expended than would have sufficed a century back, on account of the depreciation of money, (i. e. the lowering of its comparative value) occasioned by the increased quantity of the circulating medium, which increase is so great that 1000*l. now* will not purchase the same articles which in the year 1700 might have been obtained for 250*l.* Now, I conceive it has been already proved that plenty of money is neither prosperity nor opulence, consequently the nation has expended four times the riches it need have done, merely because it contained an enormous number of what I shall stile "*memorandums of lost wealth*," for in that light must every guinea be considered which we have received on account of our balance of trade.

Your's, &c.

M.

[*To be continued.*]

REFLECTIONS *on the* NATURE *of* MAN, *suggested by the Letter of* SOPHOS. *(See Univ. Mag. p. 289.)*

"Know then this truth, (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is happiness below."

POPE.

Sir,

THE following reflections were occasioned by reading "Sophos" on the question, "Are men happier from the pleasures and gratifications of the senses, than from the strict practice of virtue?" I shall not enter into a particular criticism on his arguments, but merely state my own thoughts in the order in which they occurred to my mind.

Man, considered as a rational as well as a sensitive being, is furnished with a variety of passions or affections of the mind by which he is continually influenced; and their gratification is the principal source of human pleasure. But when these passions become corrupt, or when we place the whole of our happiness in their indulgence, they then lose their power and become our tormentors.

That man is a sensitive long before he is a rational being is what no one can deny; and that the pleasure he enjoys, in the days of infancy and childhood, is derived from the senses is equally incontrovertible. But what is the reason of this? Is it not because his mind is not yet arrived at maturity, that he can draw no pleasure from the operations of intellect?—As his mental faculties expand, he begins to feel the unsatisfying nature of sensual delights; he feels something within him which rejects these mean and bestial enjoyments, and seeks for pleasure in some other sphere. What pre-eminence has man in the scale of creation over the brutes, if he can derive no pleasure from the exercise of reason? But so far from this, it is here and only here that he can find any real enjoyment.

The pleasures arising from the gratifications of sense are not to be compared with those which flow from the researches of intellect. These yield us solid and permanent pleasure; "they add lustre to our youth, delight us in old age, are ornaments to prosperity, and afford refuge and consolation under the frowns of adversity."

The gratifications of sense are incapable of giving us real satisfaction: they continue but for a moment, and repetition destroys the pleasure we at first received from them. We soon become cloyed, and turn from them with disgust. And there is not only a limit at which these pleasures soon arrive, and from which they ever afterwards decline, but by excess they absolutely incapacitate us for indulging in them. These are the fruitful parents of most of those diseases which attack mortality in every frightful shape, and render life a burden.

And as we are principally formed for mental, so excess in sensual enjoyments tends very much to destroy this source of pleasure. They enfeeble and relax the mind, make it unfit for reflection, and incapable of acting with energy and vigour in any arduous undertaking to which it may be called.

But, supposing sensual gratifications do not become insipid, or create disease, but acquire fresh powers of pleasing by repeated indulgence, yet there is a period hastening when the common course of nature will prevent our enjoying them. As old age advances we lose all relish for these gratifications, and nothing but the retrospect of a life spent in the performance of virtuous actions, and a consciousness that we have rendered some service to our fellow creatures, can then give us any satisfaction.

The foregoing reflections are founded upon the supposition that we have the power of gratifying our appetites to their full extent, and that we meet with no obstacle to our inclinations. But where is the man that possesses this power? It is what the greatest favourite of fortune cannot boast.—No: he frequently meets with something to baffle his projects, and frustrate all his schemes of happiness. Some unforeseen occurrence arrests him in the pursuit of his favourite object, and he falls the victim of chagrin and disappointment. Hence arises another proof of the futility of sensual pleasures to contribute to our real happiness. These delights so seldom fall in our way, that if we place the whole of our happiness in them, the greater part of our time will be joyless and uncomfortable.

But the practice of virtue, allowing it to be attended with some difficulty, and that we are obliged to make some sacrifice in the pursuit, is followed with so much real pleasure, as fully to alleviate every pain and amply compensate for every loss.

It is by pursuing virtue, and virtue only, that many of the propensities of man can be gratified; and in this pursuit they may be to their full extent. For instance,—Is the man an ambitious man? Is he desirous of power? Let him exercise the power he possesses in diffusing happiness around, and in doing good to those beneath him, and he soon feels that his enjoyments are unbounded; he sees every one endeavouring to exalt, and no one seeking to degrade that man who applies his superiority to such excellent purposes. It is the virtuous man, and the virtuous man only, who commands the esteem and admiration of his fellow men. Every one contributes all he can to his happiness, and exerts his utmost abilities to serve him. On the other hand, let a man exert his power on his own individual pleasures, unloving and unloved, his senses may be acted upon for awhile, but his heart can know no joy.

Is he desirous of praise? and it is what all are more or less sensible of. Let him become strictly virtuous, and he will ensure it. For as we are formed with an original desire of pleasing, and an aversion to offending our companions in life, so we are formed with an equal desire of rendering ourselves the objects of approbation. And as virtue is generally admired and vice detested, so the only method of obtaining this approbation is by becoming truly virtuous. And the consciousness of having done a good action, and rendered ourselves worthy of the praises of men, is a source of the greatest pleasure, even if those praises should not be actually bestowed upon us. "We are pleased not only with praise, but with having done what is praiseworthy."

Is the man anxious for fame? It is the practice of virtue only that can secure this satisfaction; and it is virtuous fame alone that can give him pleasure. "Fame for talents without virtue is odious; for virtue without talents is delightful; and for talents united to a strictly virtuous heart is the summit of human happiness."

Again,—Is he addicted to the pleasures of love? How transporting are the enjoyments derived from virtuous love, compared with those we receive from the mercenary smiles of the harlot. While the former pleasures encrease by possession, we turn from the latter as soon as enjoyed with dissatisfaction and disgust.

We are also the subjects of many malignant passions, which, if indulg-

ed, become their own tormentors.—These may be curbed, and in some measure destroyed, by the habitual practice of virtue.

Is the man a slave to anger, or what we commonly term a passionate man? Does any one offend him? what rage and fury fill his breast! how eagerly does he seek for revenge! and in these moments of temporary insanity he frequently does that of which he feels the ill-effects during the remainder of life, and which he can never repair. What society can there be with such a man as this? He may be feared, but cannot be loved. Or if the passion flow in a more silent stream, he frequently sinks into a fretfulness and moroseness of temper which makes him miserable to himself and the object of hatred to all around him. The man of moderation, who has learnt to subdue these unruly passions, is a most amiable character; he is beloved by others, and consequently happy in himself.

To how much pain and uneasiness is the proud man subject? It is pride that occasions most of the wretchedness and misery of human life. This chiefly arises from the false estimates we make of our own characters. Some people do not see the excellent qualities we imagine ourselves to possess, others do not sufficiently admire them, while others darken and disguise them, by joining with them our imperfections. This mortifies our vanity, and makes us unhappy.—Pride magnifies every little neglect we may receive into a direct affront, and every affront into an unpardonable offence. It makes a man discontented with his lot, for he fancies he does not possess those comforts, or fill that station in life, to which his merits entitle him. But humility, by teaching a man to think meanly of himself, secures him from many of those vexations and disquietudes to which the proud are exposed, and makes him contented in a low and obscure situation. It has been very justly remarked, that "what will break a proud man's heart will scarcely break an humble man's sleep."—Thus humility advances the happiness of the individual who possesses it, and secures to him that admiration from others which the proud man seeks for in vain.

Thus then have I proved, that to be virtuous is to be happy; and that whatever fancied pleasure we may derive from the gratifications of the senses, it is only from the exercise of reason and the strict practice of virtue that we can reap any solid satisfaction and delight.

London, Dec. 5, 1808. C. S.

On some VERSES *of the* YOUNGER RACINE.

Sir,

WHO can read the following verses of this author, in his poem on *Religion*, without shuddering? He is speaking of the day of judgment.

En sortant de la poudre une seconde fois,
Le genre humain tremblant, sans appui, sans refuge,
Ne voit plus de grandeur, que celle de son juge.
Ebloui de rayons dont il se sent pèrcèr,
L'impie avec horreur voudroit les repousser.
Il n'est plus tems: il voit la gloire qui l'oprime
Et tombe enseveli dans l'éternel abime,
Lieu de larmes, de cris et de rugissements.
Dans ce sejour affreux quels seront vos tourments
Infideles Chretiens, cœurs durs, ames ingrates,
Quand, malgré leurs vertus, les Titus, les Socrates,
(Helas, jamais du ciel ils n'ont connu les dons)
Y sont precipités ainsi que les Catons!
Lorsque le Bonze etale en vain sa penitence,
Quand le pale Bramine après tant d'abstinence,
Apprend, que contre soi bisarrement cruel
Il ne fit qu'avancer son supplice éternel.
De sa chute surpris le Mussulman regrette
Le Paradis charmant promis par son prophete.
Et loin des voluptes qu' attendoit son erreur,
Ne trouvoit devant lui que la rage et l'horreur.
Le vrai Chretien lui seul, ne voit rien qui l'étonne,
Et sur ce tribunal que la fondre environne,
Il voit le même dieu, qu'il a cru sans le voir
L'objet de son amour, le fin de son espoir.
Mais il n'a plus besoin de foi ni d'esperance:
Un eternel amour en est la recompense.

Is it possible, can a rational being entertain such ideas of an all perfect creator, of a deity who is regarded as the divine similitude of justice and goodness? Poor Socrates—you also are not saved! Unhappy Titus, thou hast likewise lost all thy days, notwithstanding you suffered but few to pass that were not distinguished by some act of virtue, or else you yourself regarded them as lost. Vain Cato! thou too hadst done better, if thou hadst bowed thine head to the powerful vices of thy time; thy self-controul was but madness—thy unshaken courage, folly. I pass over in silence those poor deceived ones, whose lives upon earth have, by a fatal delusion, been only a preparatory passage to hell, and who now receive, as a reward, tortures which render those of a Damien nugatory, and which in duration are to exceed calculation. But thou, innoxious *Bramin*, who hast but the more incurred heaven's anger by thy abstinence, and who art pale with meditation; thou who believedst, that in the rays of the sun you beheld the irradiations of eternal goodness and of the all supporting spirit of life,—thee I pity, for thou deservedst at least better fate than many of our prelates who have not sinned by abstinence, and than many of our dignitaries who have not grown pale with pious meditation.

Incredulous Mussulmen, your harems were not, to be sure, temples of chastity, neither did your luxurious baths cleanse you from sins, but, to rouse the fire of lasciviousness which already raged in your veins, still stronger, you adopted the philosophy of Epicurus without knowing it.—With strict propriety might the motto of Epicurus have appeared over your gardens:

Hic summum bonum voluptas est.

But, as a counterpoise to this, you had much evil to sustain. How often have the three destroyers of human happiness, the iron scourges of Nemesis—War, Fire, and Pestilence—disturbed your peace. And how many things are you forced to forego, with which the Christian adorns and embellishes his paradise. The whole charm, which the fine arts spread over the path of pleasure, you knew not, and our Ninons and Babets understood better how to create around them a fairy happiness than all your Roxalanas and Rosalidas. Even the soother of the human breast; when sorrow clips the wings of joy, and all around us and within us is dark and obscure—the juice of the grape, that sovereign Lethe; touches not your lips.

Shall then the simple diversity of opinion rob you of those future joys which are promised to the good?—No. Let us not believe the poet whose religion dictates to him a dogma so abhorred. Humanity and reason proclaim aloud that it will not be so, and let us submit in confidence to their dictates.

I remain, &c.

Everton, near Liverpool, A. Z.
Dec. 1, 1808.

Love and Grief.

Sir,

IT is about a year since my botanical pursuits conducted me to the environs of a village in Cumberland. While traversing the romantic mountains of this district, I met, one day, with a woman, who supposed I was "culling of simples." I perceived that she wished to speak to me, and, without having the least surmise of what might be her motive, I undertook to commence the conversation. She then told me that she was very unhappy; that she had a young daughter, who was her only consolation; that she loved her more than life, but that she was upon the point of losing her, for she was dangerously ill and given over by the doctor.—She at last begged of me, with tears in her eyes, to visit her: she entreated me not to refuse. It would have been useless to deny her request: and even if I could, why rob her of the momentary consolation of hope, the only refuge from months of uncertainty and tears?

I followed her till we reached the village. We entered her cottage, and I saw in the room her daughter, who was lying upon an old bed, round which were drawn tattered curtains.

She was leaning on one of her arms: her looks were haggard, her

cheeks red and burning, her mouth contracted, and her breathing short. She appeared to be about seventeen years: her features were not remarkably pretty; but there was a soft and tender expression diffused over them, which would have rendered charming a face less handsome.

"Susan," said the mother, "here is a gentleman of great skill who will certainly cure your disorder."

She turned her face away, gently smiling at the same time.

"Susan," continued I, "do not abandon yourself to unnecessary despair, there are remedies for every thing."

She lifted up her head, and looked steadily at me. "By examining attentively," I continued, "the symptoms of your disorder, I shall doubtless discover some remedies that will relieve you."

She smiled again, and withdrew her hand gently from mine. Her mother quitted the apartment. I know not what feeling took possession of me. I walked up and down the room: my imagination was busied in forming a thousand conjectures: the young girl interested me. I returned and sat down by her. She sighed. I again took hold of her hand, and she pressed mine as I held it.

"Susan," I exclaimed, laying my hand upon her heart, "it is there where you suffer."

She gently closed her eyes, and a calm melancholy settled upon her countenance. A tear stole down her cheek which she tried to conceal.

"Yes," she replied, "I am indeed unhappy."

I pronounced the word *love*, in a subdued tone of voice. A crimson flush tinged her cheek, and a deep sigh burst from her bosom.

"A stranger," I continued, "has no right to probe the wounds he cannot cure. Yours is a disease that defies the power of medicine."

"No medicine," she answered, "can assuage the sorrows of the mind; and if it could, I have no wish to be restored. In the grave I shall find the only solace which this heart can ever know." She then paused for a moment, and added, "Why should I talk in mystery? The hours are few between me and eternity, and it will be some consolation to tell my sorrows ere I depart."—I bowed assent.

"It is but a simple story," she continued. "I have loved, and been beloved. The sanction of our parents smiled upon our affection, and happiness bloomed around us. The dawn that woke me to my rural occupations, found my heart light, and the evening twilight witnessed my peaceful bliss. But sorrow was near at hand. Robert had a mother, whom he tenderly loved, and who was afflicted with a contagious fever. He never quitted her bed side till she died, and when he was taken ill, I flew to his cottage, and tended him with anxious care. The doctor gave no hopes of his recovery. Oh! how I prayed that I too might draw infection from his kisses, or breathe it from his mouth as I hung over him in anguish and despair. But no; my prayers were denied me, and I lived to see him stretched a pallid corse before me. I followed him to the grave. That is but three weeks since; and grief has been busy with me. This world has no longer any charms, and I sigh for dissolution; nor shall I sigh in vain. I feel that a few hours will sign my release from this state of misery, and then my dust will mingle with that of Robert's."

Poor Susan was right. Before evening she expired. In another state of being may she enjoy a purer communion with her beloved, than any intercourse in this world could have bestowed!

D.

Dec. 1808.

Critical Observations *upon the* Tragedy *of* Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sir,

I HAVE lately been much pleased with the perusal of a tragedy called *Sir Walter Raleigh*. The name of the author, as it is subscribed to the dedication, is *George Sewell*, and the date of the edition (which however is the second) is 1719. It was acted at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Who this George Sewell was, or whether he ever wrote any other work I know not. The word of an author is not always to be trusted, when he proclaims his intention of

renouncing the pen; for if it were, we are told by Mr. Sewell that this play is his "first, and, in all probability, his last;" and in another part of the preface he informs us that he is "a young author." The preface itself is written with considerable vigour and elegance.

It is dedicated to the popular statesman Craggs, and it has all the meanness of such addresses. He says that the "best judges of tragedy" are great and noble spirits, because they find in the language and sentiments of tragedy a similitude to their own; of course a principal secretary of state cannot be less than a "great and noble spirit." When I read such flattery, my pity is divided between the giver and receiver, only with this difference, that I pity the latter as a sufferer, and the other I at once pity and scorn as the offender.

It was not however for the purpose of praising the preface, or censuring the dedication that I sat down to write the present letter; but to offer a few remarks upon the language of this play, which is, I think, sufficiently vigorous, elegant, and poetical, to entitle it to something more of celebrity than I believe it to possess.

I intend to confine myself to the diction, because it is that alone which is entitled to commendation. The plot is meagre, the characters are not well drawn, or well discriminated; the incidents are too rapidly hurried upon each other, and no room left for the allowed operation of human passions in their production. For this reason it resembles more a narrative than a dramatic action. These faults however may be attributed to that youth and inexperience which the author has pleaded: while the energy of his language, and the correctness of his imagery would have remained, and dignified the more elaborate efforts of maturer years.

Mr. Sewell seems to have taken Otway for his model, in the construction of his language. I can discern, at least, more of his manner, and forceful mode of expression in the sentences of this play, than of any other dramatic writer. They have none of the cold regularity and torpid accuracy of Rowe.

The *Dramatis Personæ* are:—

Sir Walter Raleigh.
Howard.
Young Raleigh.
Salisbury.
Gundamor.
Lord Cobham.
Sir Julius Cæsar.
Carew.
Wade. Lieutenant of the Tower.
Lady Raleigh.
Olympia, Salisbury's daughter.
Florella.

Howard, *Carew*, and Sir *Julius Cæsar*, are the friends of Raleigh. *Salisbury*, and *Gundamor*, (the Spanish ambassador) are his enemies, and by their machinations he is made, finally, to perish. *Young Raleigh* is beloved by *Olympia*, and a trifling diversity of incident is produced by her influence over her father, and her use of that influence to save the life of Sir Walter, for the sake of his son.

The play opens with a dialogue between Sir Julius Cæsar and Carew, of which the following part is surely entitled to commendation.

Sir J. Cæsar. Sure, as e'n now we pass'd the council door
I saw Lord Gundamor; and if these eyes
Discern'd aright, his visage seem'd to bear
A mixture of uncertain cheerfulness
Like hope corrected by some cautious fear.
I like it not—for tho' we cannot read
The wiles of statesmen in their public looks;
Yet, when alone, the soul works undisguis'd
And prints its meaning on the outward form.
Carew. That face ne'er boded good to British hearts;
For, trust me, as I hold my country dear,
As I revere her monarch's sacred head;
Yea, as I wish prosperity may crown
That faith our fathers witness'd in the flames:
So much I fear that busy statesman's art
Is working up some cursed scene of woe
To stain those dearest names with foul disgrace,
And fix a mark of hatred on their friends.
Sir Julius. Curse on the droll, and his intriguing mirth,
His studied jokes, and insolence of wit:
By this he winds the women in his toils,
Fashions the flatter'd sex to all his views,
Rouses the curious devil in their souls,
That knows no rest, but tortures without end,
Till it has wrung each purpose of the state

From the fond husband-fool, who must betray
His king, his God—to set his wife at ease.
I tell thee friend, dissimulation dwells,
As at her home, in every smile he wears;
That face has laugh'd us into deeper shame,
Than we can suffer from his monarch's frown,
Tho' heighten'd with the pride of new Armadas,
All Europe's princes, and his Indian gold.

In this speech there is much felicity of expression, a vigour of language, and great smoothness of versification. I have put in italics what I think most worthy of being noted.

In the character of *Howard*, I can trace some resemblance to the rough manly virtue of *Pierre*. *Howard* is a sea captain, who had accompanied Raleigh in his expedition to Guiana, and he is devoted to his interest. He joins the preceding interlocutors, and the discourse turning upon the trial of Raleigh, he exclaims, speaking of the lawyers employed,

I heard the deep mouth'd pack, they scented blood
From the first starting, and pursued their view
With the law music of long winded calumny.
Well I remember, one among the tribe,
A reading cut-throat, skill'd in parallels
And dark comparisons of wondrous likeness,
Who in a speech of unchew'd eloquence,
Muster'd up all the crimes since Noah's days,
To put in balance with this fancied plot,
And made e'en Cataline a saint to Raleigh.
The sycophant so much o'erplay'd his part,
I could have hugg'd him, kiss'd the unskilful lies
Hot from his venal tongue.

The latter part of this speech will remind every one of the expression of Pierre.

I could have hugg'd the greasy rogues,
They pleased me. *Venice Preserved.*

To the above *Carew* replies,

He was the same,
Who, starting from the question in debate,
And, when corrected by a calm rebuke
Catch'd all the scandal malice could suggest,
Search'd to the heart, and cramm'd plain *Atheist*
Down his brave opponent's throat.
Sir Julius Cæsar. Vain insolence!
But 'tis the curse and fashion of the times;
When prejudice and strong aversions work
All whose opinions we dislike are Atheists.
Now 'tis a term of art, a bug bear word,
The villain's engine, and the vulgar's terror.
The man who thinks and judges for himself,
Unsway'd by aged follies, reverend error,
Grown holy by traditionary dullness
Of school authority, he is an Atheist.
The man who hating idle noise, preserves
A pure religion sealed in his soul,
He is a silent, dumb, dissembling Atheist?
Howard. I had forgot it—yes, the base-tongu'd gownman
Did call him Atheist—So men judge at home,
Who never trac'd a providence at sea,
And saw his wonders in the mighty deep.
The atheist sailor were a monstrous thing
More wonderful than all old ocean breeds.
But I will witness for my Raleigh's faith;
Yes; I have seen him when the tempest rag'd
When from the precipice of mountain waves
All hearts have trembled at the gulph below,
He with a steady, supplicating look,
Display'd his trust in that tremendous Pow'r
Who curbs the billows, and cuts short the wings
Of the rude whirlwind in its midway course,
And bids the madness of the waves to cease.
O! fellow soldier! were that folly thine,
Tho' thou wert dearer than the lore of honor
To my old bosom, I would pluck thee hence
Tho' my heart crack'd.———

It must be allowed that these sentiments are natural in the character that utters them, and they are besides just and poetical. Nor will any of your readers, I believe, dissent from the opinion of honest Howard, in the following:

O! how I hate this tribe of kissing courtiers!
There is some flavour in a woman's breath,
And nature bids us meet it with a gust,
But these new kissers, with their Spanish air
Make perjury conclude where lust begins.

The character of *Lady Raleigh* is purely feminine. She is soft, tender, and deploring. Her character of her son is happily executed.

These eyes shall ne'er behold
A form so delicate: all other youths
Seem'd cold and lifeless images to him.
A soul so rich in virtue, it chastis'd
Vice without speech, and utter'd thro his eyes
Silent persuasion: in the field of war
Cautious as age, and daring as despair,
Yet humble as the conquer'd when victorious.

The following remonstrance has truth and nature to recommend it.

Vain empty words,
Of honour, glory, and immortal fame.
Can these recal the spirit from its place,
Or re-inspire the breathless clay with life?
What, tho' your fame, with all its thousand trumpets,
Sound o'er the sepulchre, will that awake
The sleeping dead, and give me back my son?
No, no.—

The first scene of the second act introduces *Sir Walter Raleigh* to our notice, and he utters the following monologue, which is at least, removed from the common imagery of common poets.

Not yet the shadows of retreating night
Disperse, nor dawns the day spring from on high;
And yet, I thank thee, heaven, I bless thy pow'r,
That has unseal'd my eyes and wak'd my soul
To life, to action, and to think on thee.
There is no instant in the tide of time,
But man may seize, and fill the vacant space
With useful searches of improving thought.
The light attracts him with ten thousand views,
Offering her objects to the sense unsought,
That ask, and court, and press him to be known.
Then, soon as night succeeds, the darken'd air
Warns him to sweet retreat, and silent musings,
That trace the past ideas through the brain,
Now mix, and now divide the various heap,
Then form anew the separated kinds
Trying all ways to feed the greedy soul.
Thus even here I'm happy, thus disjoin'd
From pomps and thrones, from camps, and noisy war,
The boasted scenes and glory of my youth.
Well—they are past: this prison now is all,
And this I will enjoy—there's something here
I never tasted in the courts of kings.

The philosophic dignity and content which this passage breathes, are sufficiently accordant with the character of the speaker.

The following is at once poetical and true.

O Reputation! dearer far than life,
Thou precious balsam, lovely, sweet of smell,
Whose cordial drops once spilt by some rash hand,
Not all thy owner's care, nor the repenting toil
Of the rude spiller, ever can collect
To its first purity and native sweetness.

Better converse whole ages with the dead,
Pore on a broken marble, to retrieve
A single letter of a brave man's name
Who died at Marathon or Agincourt,
Than spend one moment with deceit and vice.

I know not whether the subsequent lines may not aspire to something of the manner of Shakspeare.

Were I a subtle sprite that sucks the air,
And lives on dew drops of the misty morn,
That whispers love to maidens in their dreams,
That stands at statesmen's elbows in their closets,
And dictates blood and treason to their hearts,
Then I might tell of plots, intrigues, and death,
Of falling kingdoms, and of worlds on fire.

I will now select several passages, which I consider as felicitous in thought or expression, or both. A lover exclaims of his mistress:—

O? I could bless her at the dawn of light,
And with the morning fragrance mix her name,
Invoke her in the thirsty noon-day heat,
And cheer the sober evening with her praise.

Vice in a flattering mirror views mankind,
Judging of others from its own similitude.
The good are few, and known to fewer still.

Think not I hold that vain philosophy
Of proud indifference, that pretends to look
On pain and pleasure with an equal eye.
To *be*, is better far than *not to be*,
Else nature cheated us in our formation.
And when we *are*, the sweet delusion wears
Such various charms and prospects of delight,
That what we could not *will*, we make our *choice*,
Desirous to prolong the life she gave.

Madmen and fools may hurry o'er the scene,
The wise man walks an easy, sober pace,

And though he sees one precipice for all,
Declines the fatal brink, oft looking back
On what he leaves, and thinking where he
falls.

When Sir Walter is informed of his approaching dissolution, he exclaims,

O death! I have sought thee in the
listed field,
Midst shouting squadrons and embattl'd
hosts,
Pursu'd thee in the noon-day sweat of war,
And listen'd for thee on the midnight
watch.
In frozen regions, and in sun-burnt climes,
In winds, in tempests, and in troubled seas,
In every element I sought—But thou
Hast shunn'd the searcher in each danger-
ous path,
Spar'd him in seas, in battle, and in storms,
To seize the weary wanderer at his rest,
And sink him in the coward arms of peace.

To his friends who flatter him with hopes and assurances of posthumous glory, he replies,

Go, cast a curious look on Helen's tomb;
Do roses flourish there, or myrtles bloom?
The mighty Alexander's grave survey,
See, is there ought uncommon in his
clay?
Shines the earth brighter round it to de-
clare,
The glorious robber of the world lies
there?
What, Egypt, do thy pyramids comprise?
What greatness in the high rais'd folly
lies?
The line of Ninus this poor comfort brings,
We sell their dust and traffic for their
kings.

These are the natural consolations of one who is trying to reconcile himself to what he cannot escape.

In his parting discourse with his son, Sir Walter gives him the following advice:—

Follow not fortune, nor aspire to Court;
If call'd to honor, hold thy country's good
First in thy view, that comforts all disgrace.
For know, a mighty statesman is so plac'd,
One good or guilty thought may damn or
save him,
And turn the fate of millions in an hour.
For me, regardless of thy father's fate,
Pursue his pattern in all acts but one.
Contract no friendship with an o'ergrown
greatness;
Falling it crushes thee: and standing long,
Grows insolently weary of support,
And spurn the props that held it up be-
fore.

The last speech of Sir Walter, before he goes off to execution, deserves to be transcribed.

'Farewel my friend.
The glass is almost run, the scene is short,
Presenting but one object to my view.
O eloquent! O just! O mighty death!
Who shall recount the wonders of thy
hand?
Whom none could counsel thou hast well
advis'd,
And whisper'd wisdom to the deafest ear:
Whom all have trembled at, thy might has
dar'd;
Whom all have flatter'd, thou alone hast
scorn'd,
And swept, poor deify'd mortality,
With common ashes to an humble grave.
Long have I pluck'd thy terrors from my
heart,
Call'd thee companion in my active life,
My solitary days, and studious hours;
Made thee familiar to my couch as sleep.
Come then my guest—the guilty soul de-
pends
Twixt doubt and fear—but thou and I are
friends.

I think the most fastidious reader will be willing to allow, that in the above there is enough to deserve praise, and little to merit censure.

Let me also observe, that I have met in this play with an expression, which I have always admired in Gray, as peculiarly happy. Sir Walter says,

May my fame die among the rotten
names
Of *summer friends*, court spies, &c.

And Gray, in his *Ode to Adversity*, has the following lines:—

Light they disperse; and with them go
The *summer friend*, the flattering foe.

I do not mean to infer that Gray ever read the tragedy of Sir Walter Raleigh, or consequently that he is a plagiarist: but as the expression is highly figurative, the coincidence is remarkable.

I did intend, when I sat down to write these remarks, to have noticed the affected, bombastical and turgid phraseology which is occasionally to be found in this play; but I know of no good that such an examination could produce. I hope however that the passages I have cited will authorise me to say, that as the production of a young writer, they indicate a soil from which excellent fruit might be expected: and I should be glad to learn from any of your correspondents,

whether Mr. Sewell ever produced any other dramas, or work of any kind.

I remain, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Dec. 4, 1808. X. X.

The EARL *of* ARGYLE'S EPITAPH.

Sir,

MR. Fox, in his History of James the IId gives a pathetic detail of the execution of Argyle, and notices the lines which he wrote on the evening previous to his execution. But that historian only quotes a part,* and perhaps it may not be unacceptable to your readers to peruse it entire, as well as an elegant translation of them into Latin, by the Rev. Mr. Jamison of Glasgow.

Thou, passenger, who shalt have so much time
As view my grave, and ask what was my crime,
No stain of error, no black vices brand
Did me compel to leave my native land.
Love to my country, truth condemn'd to die,
Did force my hands forgotten arms to try.
More from friends' fraud, my fall proceeded hat.i
Than foes, tho' thrice they did attempt my death.
On my design tho' Providence did frown,
Yet God, at last, will surely raise his own;
Another hand with more successful speed
Shall raise the remnant bruise the serpent's head.

The following is the translation by Mr. Jamison, in which it may be remarked how much common thoughts become dignified when transfused into a foreign, and especially a classical language.

Audi, hospes, quicunque venis, tumulumque revisis
Et rogatis quali crimine tinctus eram.
Non me crimen habet, non me malus abstulit error
Et vitium nullum, me pepulit patriâ.
Solus amor patriæ, verique immensa cupido
Dissuetas jussit sumere tela manus.
Opprimor, en! rediens, vi sola et fraude meorum,
Hostibus et sævis victima terna cado.
Sit licet hic noster labor irritus, haud Deus æquus
Respiciet populum sæcula cuncta suum.
Namque alius veniet fatis melioribus ortus
Qui toties ruptum fine beabit opus.
Sat mihi credo (quamvis caput ense secetur)
Hinc petor ætherei lucida templa poli.

I remain, Sir, &c.
Leeds, Dec. 9, 1808. W. T.

* See Fox's History, and Universal Magazine, for October, p. 329.

The SNAKE STONES *of the* DRUIDS.

SIR,

IN one of your late numbers you gave an account of the Snake Stones of the Druids; *(See the Bee, No. XII.)* and since reading that I have met with the following poetical account of the same subject, which you will perhaps admit into your pages, as tending to shew how far poetry can exalt the simplest topics. It is from the pen of Mason.

But tell me yet
From the grot of charms and spells,
Where our matron sister dwells;
Brennus, has thy holy hand
Safely brought the Druid wand,
And the potent adder stone,
Gender'd 'fore th' autumnal moon?
When in undulating twine
The foaming snakes prolific join;
When they hiss, and when they bear
Their wondrous egg aloof in air;
Thence, before to earth it fall,
The Druid in his holy pall,
Receives the prize,
And instant flies,
Followed by the envenom'd brood
Till he cross the silver flood.

I remain, &c.
Dec. 4, 1808. A. B.

A DESCRIPTION OF BAGDAD.

[Extracted from the *Travels* of the late *Abraham Parsons, Esq.*]

[*Concluded from p.* 408.]

THE mosques in this city are innumerable, ornamented with handsome domes and lofty columns: with the exception of the dome of the great mosque, which is covered with lead, they are all cased with painted and glazed tiles, which have a pretty effect; though, when the sun shines bright, the glare is hurtful to the eyes. The mosques, excepting the great one, which is of stone, as well as every house in the city, are built of

excellent bricks, which are well burnt. The principal houses have all large outlets, either yards or gardens, or both; in which many trees are planted, the loftiest of which are the palm or date trees, which are so numerous, that in July, August, and September, dates are sold at about a halfpenny a pound; all other kind of fruit are indeed exceedingly cheap. The water melons are much coveted for their excellence, and are sent by water as presents as far as Bussora, which is near seven hundred miles distant, either by the Tigris or Euphrates. The streets are all built in a straight line and paved, excepting the bazars. The houses make no appearance on the outside, as nothing is to be seen except brick walls and lattice windows; yet the principal ones are very commodious, and have all subterraneous apartments arched, and ornamented with handsome stucco-work, to which the families retire about ten in the morning, where they dine, and remain until about an hour before sun-set.

In the months of June, July, and August, to avoid the excessive hot weather, every one sleeps at night on the terrace, on the tops of the houses, as the subterraneous apartments are at that time very hot, although they are cool in the heat of the day. The air at Bagdad is so hot in these three months, that the mutton and fowls which are killed early in the morning, if not eaten by noon, become putrid. The butchers and poulterers kill their meat twice a day, so that it has hardly time to cool before it is dressed: yet, notwithstanding, this hot wind is not sickly, but the reverse, as there is not a more healthy place in any part of the world. In March last, the plague, which they had been strangers to for more than sixty years, was brought to this city by a caravan from Ezroom, and raged so violently, that of near five hundred thousand inhabitants, which both sides of the city is said to have contained before the plague commenced, not one hundred thousand remained alive when it ceased, besides the fifty thousand which had fled away to avoid it, and afterwards returned again; of which number was the pasha, and every person belonging to the seraglio, which was then shut up. The pasha and his suite retired to a country palace, with spacious gardens, about three miles from the city, where, forbidding all intercourse, they avoided the disease. The account seemed so surprising, that when it was observed I doubted the truth of it, I was referred to the register offices, which are two, one being kept on each side. The officers who kept the books were so civil as to shew them; by them it appeared, that upwards of three hundred thousand had been carried out to be buried, who had died of the plague, in the space of little more than four months.

The officer on this side said that they could not be mistaken, as the dead were all ordered, without distinction, to be carried out of one gate only, and the number amounted to two hundred and eleven thousand three hundred and fifty-four; adding, that after the plague had ceased, and the people began to return home again, the gate through which these people had been carried out to be buried was, by order of the pasha and his divan assembled, shut up with a strong brick wall, as it now is, the occasion of which I had not learned before.

Bagdad is the cheapest place for provisions that I had ever heard of or seen. They are all good in their kind, and the price of all sorts of grain, bread, butcher's meat, and fish, is regulated once in every month by the pasha and his divan (council). In the space of five months mutton has been to two or three paras the oka, that is, from three halfpence to twopence farthing for forty-six ounces English averdupoise weight, the Bagdad oka exceeding the Turkish four ounces; lamb at one para the oka more than mutton. Beef is not killed in the warm weather. The reason why the price increased from two to three paras in so short a time, was the great increase of inhabitants, as from the middle of July last year (at which time the plague had entirely ceased) to the middle of May this year, it was computed that the increase of the inhabitants was one hundred thousand; and from the middle of May to the middle of this present month of October, it is computed

that the number of inhabitants has increased in the same proportion; so that according to the computation made at those two periods, there has been as great an increase in the last five, as there was in the ten preceding months.

On inquiry I found that they made their computation by the number of empty houses which were rented by the new comers, and observing of how many the family of such persons consisted. Lodgers are a description of persons unknown among the Turks, as when once a man is married, neither father, mother, brother, nor sister (excepting they happen to be children) live in the same house with him. From all these circumstances I imagine that they cannot be much out in their computation. Bread in the last five months has been from one to one and a half paras per oka, exactly half the price of mutton.—Here are three sorts of fish in the river, the prices of which are from one to three paras per oka, and which have not deviated in five months. For example, the largest sort are from six to twenty pounds weight, their scales and form resemble salmon, excepting their nose, which is flat, and not unlike a swine's snout; their flesh is well tasted, but not firm; these are sold at one para the oka. The next sort, resembling nearly our grey mullet, are exceedingly good, with firm flesh; these are sold at two paras the oka. The third sort are shads, exactly the same as those in England in shape and taste, and were in high season all June, July, and most of the month of August; these were sold at three paras the oka: they sometimes weigh from four to six pounds. Besides, here are many different kinds of small fish, the prices of which are not regulated; but they are as cheap in proportion as the others.

The water of the Tigris is most excellent, so much superior to spring or well water, that the poorest person in the city will not deign to taste of either, although there are wells in the yards of most houses. At gentlemen's houses and in public khans are fountains of water continually playing, which are conducted by earthen pipes into this part of the city, from springs on a hill about five miles distant. At all these places they have well water, the Turks giving it the preference in making their ablutions, as it is clear, and river water turbid. The river water is carried to every house in skins upon horses and asses. Some families agree at a certain sum annually, others by the load. A horse load sells from two to three paras, according to the distance from the river to the house; an ass's load for half the price. It is asserted that there are above twenty thousand asses employed in this work, and at least half as many horses.

Coffee-houses are so numerous, that it excited my curiosity to enquire if there was any method of knowing the real number. I was told nothing was more easy, as they were all registered, paying an annual sum for their licence. A friend was so kind as to go with me to the office, when I found the number then occupied to be nine hundred and fifty-five, and of those untenanted four hundred and ninety, which the officer hoped to see all opened within a year, as he expected that in that time the number of inhabitants would increase so as to equal the population before the plague; he added, that more than half the present number have been tenanted within six months. Those coffee-houses which are in the skirts of the town, and in all the open situations, place awnings before their houses, to allure customers to a cool retreat in summer, whilst those which are on the banks of the river, and many others, have either large yards or gardens, in which there are arbors and trees for shade. It is not uncommon to see from two to three hundred people at a time at these coffee-houses, some playing at chess, others smoking and drinking coffee, and others engaged in conversation. I am told, that on the Mesopotamian side there are not three hundred coffee-houses, nor did they ever amount to four hundred before the commencement of the plague.

Besides the Meydan, there are several large void spaces, which we should call squares, although all are not really so, in two of which there is an immensely high building of stone, the only structure of that material,

except the great mosque, in the town. The Jew rabbies relate a tradition that they were temples in the time of the Persians, long before this place was conquered by the caliphs: the gates, which are folding, are more than twenty feet high and six inches thick, plated with brass on both sides, which is so very strong as to be still entire; the inside is one immense room without any division, and the largest I ever saw. I went into both of them through a wicket in the gate, and observed that they are now used as depositaries for grain. The roofs are arched, having no other support but the two walls on which they rest. The buildings are forty-eight paces long and seventeen broad, and are the only two structures of any antiquity in the city. This city has not any suburb, nor are there any houses to be seen in the neighbourhood nearer than a mile, and those are small country residences. On the Mesopotamian side there are not any farms, as the hordes of Arabs supply all the provisions, excepting grain, which all grows on this side the river.

The storks come here about the middle of March in great abundance, and return again some time in July with their young, which are hatched here. They make their nests on the tops of the highest buildings, such as the columns of the mosques, notwithstanding they are covered with glazed tiles; yet, as every column has a ball and a crescent on the top, it facilitates their fastening their nests by long twigs and other materials placed on the crescent, and so let down, and secured with some glutinous substance to make them secure

About the middle of June they begin to teach their young to fly, the parents always attending; and about the end of the month they begin to lengthen their flights, and are seen to go away in the morning early, and not return until evening; this they always perform in three or four squadrons or divisions in a very regular manner. They continue afterwards to fly to places near the city, and are seen to alight and feed daily on the banks of the river.

About the middle of July they all combine, about two hours before sunset, in three or four divisions; they then soar higher than usual, and make several circuits about the city and adjacent country; this they repeat daily, with such regularity and seeming obedience to their chief (who always is single and foremost) that it delights and surprizes every beholder.

At length the 25th day of July arrived, the day on which they took their final departure for this year. Early in the morning they all collected and formed themselves into four divisions, and flew, or rather sailed, round the city very leisurely and not very high, then continued some time hovering near together, as if in consultation, and about eight in the morning they flew straight away very swiftly to the north-west.

During the time of the plague, many families were entirely destroyed, in consequence of several villains, either separately or in partnership, taking advantage to enter and despoil such houses as were left defenceless, which caused the ruin of many of those surviving relations, whose whole dependance was on the deceased. Hence it was common to see many men and women (who, heretofore, had been in good circumstances) walking the streets, with dejected appearances, seeking alms; they never begged, but would accost those whom they thought capable of affording them relief, with a down-cast look, and an air that pleaded more strongly than words; and at the same time presenting them with an orange, a lemon, or an apple, or something equivalent; which, if accepted, alms were given; if not, it was civilly returned.

Another sort of distressed and pitiful objects were frequently met with, some of which were merry, and others melancholy mad, occasioned by the loss of parents or children, their dearest friends, or their fortune, during the plague. I have many times seen well-disposed people bring one or two into a coffee-house, give them victuals, and afterwards sherbet and coffee. The merry would eat and drink, look round, and laugh at every body the whole time, and go away laughing without speaking a word to any one. On the contrary, the melancholy, although pressed to sit down, would receive every thing

with indifference, and whether they eat or drank or refused, they never spoke, although often intreated; but would, after seeing every thing around with a silent indifference, rise and walk slowly away.

An ORIGINAL LETTER *from* WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, *giving an Account of his last Interview with the first* LORD LYTTELTON.

SIR,

IN answer to your correspondent Senex, who accuses me of acting contrary to my profession, (p. 99 of your last volume), in the account which I have given of some transactions between the first Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Mickle, in the Life prefixed to the last edition of Mickle's Poems, I can only say, that I have always considered truth as the first object with the historian; that it was incumbent upon me as the writer of that Life to give a faithful account of what occasioned that difference between the Peer and the Poet, which put an end to all personal intercourse, and all farther correspondence; and the more so, as the readers of the former lives of Mickle (and the lives are many), must have considered the freedom with which his Lordship criticised the piece on Liberty, (first published in the last edition) as the only cause of their disagreement. I have, therefore, for the information of your numerous readers, inclosed Mr. Mickle's letter to his brother, giving a very circumstantial account of his last interview with his patron: by comparing this with the extract which I have given in the Life, your readers will perceive that I had omitted some courtly, consequential expressions and glaring egotisms, as unwilling "to exhibit as an unprin-"cipled, unfeeling, shuffling, courtly "sycophant, a personage who stood "foremost in the defence of revela-"tion, and in the cause of humanity "and benevolence."

Whatever blame may attach to me, for publishing unpleasant facts hitherto unknown, the Life, as the "British Critic" observes, may be of great use to those who wish for a patron; and those who compare this letter with his Lordship's prior and subsequent letters and behaviour to the author, may be convinced, that a court is a very dangerous place for a christian; and that we "ought not to put our trust in princes, nor in any child of man."

Your's, &c.

Dec. 13, 1808. J. SIM.

P. S. I shall beg the favour of you to insert, in your future numbers, some letters that passed between the celebrated Mr. Boswell and Mr. Mickle, concerning the transactions of the latter with the monarch of Drury, in endeavouring to bring his Tragedy upon the stage, and other literary subjects, by which your readers will judge how far I am blameable "in publishing a conver-"sation, in which an intimate friend "of Mr. Garrick's, after hearing Mr. "Mickle's account, is said to have "called Mr. Garrick a d—d s——l."

"DEAR CHARLIE,

"After a most tedious and wearisome week, Sunday, that was only long'd for as to give an unhappy certainty, at last arrived; the apprehension of some things I feared gave me spirits, and I never went with less agitation. After waiting a large half hour, and hearing a don all in lace dismissed, I was introduced, and received with his ordinary good nature, and made sit down. Mr. M'T. was some time after in the room doing some things, during which his Lp. was silent. He first began with an apology for not sending for me sooner, and mentioned his great hurry. He then told me he was afraid he could do little, but that his reason for not writing was that he might see myself, and understand fully what I would have him to do, which he would as far as possible: (I shall repeat here his sentences as near verbatim as I can.) You want me to recommend you to my brother; I am afraid that would be of no real service to you: he has some offices to dispose of; I suppose that is what you want: but he has so many people of the island always ready and obliged to promise to, that before any place falls, it is perhaps a year or two bespoke. To be sure my recommendation would

have great weight with him; but you see it would be some years before it could be of service to you, and that is not what I would advise you to. My brother has desired me to be sparing how I recommend people to him, as he would be sorry not to oblige those I send: but if it could be useful to you, I should not refuse you a letter to him.

The having such a letter, I replied, would make one well looked upon, and might be of service to me with the merchants.

That's another reason, he returned, why I did not write to you, that we might talk of that. I am no statesman in this, Mr. M. I always laid it down as a rule, which I will never forsake, never to give false hopes. I shall tell you plainly what a letter to my brother would do: he would receive you very politely, and invite you to dine with him; that would put you to expences, in better or good (I forget which, because it damped me a little) clothes to appear at his table, and afterwards he would drop you, so far as not see you oft; and if you could make a bustle after some years, it might be in his power to give you a place. Well, but as to his recommending you to the merchants, I shall do what I can; and if you go there, I shall write him that you are an ingenious young man that I have a great regard to, and desire him to take notice of you; that you have wrote some very fine poems, which you will shew him, and I can promise you he will do what he can; but I tell you honestly what that is. But would it not be better to speak to some of the principal traders here,—there's Beckford and Fuller. I shall speak to Fuller for you; I expect to see him soon.

'Twas very kind, I replied, and would much oblige me. This he repeated, and very cheerfully said again he would: but, added he, let us see what else is to be said. There's your relation Gov. Jo. America is a much wholesomer place,—if you could get a place under him; but these are so ill to get, and I would not advise you to go there to wait; but if you have money, or design to purchase a lot of land, he might be of great service to you in that way.——That was not my case, I told him. Well, then, says he, there it is: what would you do abroad?—On this I mentioned my cousin, Capt. Jo. the Gov.'s uncle, who had been at Jamaica, and was to give me letters.

Aye, says he, have you a cousin there?—No, my Lord; he has come home, and bought an estate in Scotland, and is to give me letters to his friends in Jam. — Well, these letters are good to have, he added; but you must not expect too much from them.

I forgot my reply to—there it is, what would you do abroad? it was, If I keep my health, by two or three years' diligence, and good behaviour, I have at most a certainty of being bettered, and perhaps in time taken into a share, which I could never expect at home. After this I mentioned the Capt. my cousin. He then talked of the danger of the place; that one half died that got there; that I must lay my account with a violent fever; and even recovering was no certainty of escaping. He then talked of his brother's health; that he had been very bad of late, and had had a dangerous fever in Carolina; but that, as I was thin and sober I had the better chance. On this I mentioned people's getting drunk, and being killed by the night-dews.—Very true, says he, that kills many; but tho' you would escape that, the most temperate are in danger, &c. &c. (I only mention this to shew his good opinion of me). Now there's another point, a clerkship in the public offices at home: you write a good hand, and that is just the thing I could wish for you; that's what is proper for you. But it has not been in my power this long time to do any thing that way. (Here he mumbled the word else). You know I'm in the op. and I cannot seek any thing, as things stand.—Here he talked a good deal, which I need not repeat; but ended with telling me what he had within these few days refused accepting; but if I could have accepted, added he, I could have done as I wish for you. But I think you ought to see what these friends you talk of can do: England, I should think, is the place for you. Here he muttered something about himself I did not hear rightly. After a pause—

or the East Indies, said he; I perhaps could be of service there, if I knew exactly what you like, and what would suit. I wish we could contrive ——

These words he repeated with great good nature. I expressed my obligations, and said or hammered out, that I would see, and inform him. By this time we were a-foot; when finding him so good, I ventured to mention the Inscription:—That will only be esteemed a puff, says he, and may do as much harm as good; it is the intrinsic merit must make a piece live.—Very true, my L. but a thing of much more merit than it may remain quite unnoticed without.

Why, replied he, I have been overpersuaded just to please some people to allow of dedications; but it was to no purpose, it could not, you know that, save the pieces from oblivion; and it has so much of the puff in it, that I really do not like it. But—— Here I interrupted him—Your Lordp. is best judge, and I entirely submit to it. He went on—You'll let me know when you publish your Odes. I was glad to hear, *two*, twice or thrice repeated.—And I shall let some booksellers that I deal with know that I esteem them as very fine poems, and recommending them in company is the best way to serve you: and be sure to let me know before you publish. I'll leave orders it shall be done. I believe the season is too late now; yes it is: so you are not to stay and enjoy your fame. This was said with a smile; then composing his features, he said something about England being the place.

Thus with acknowledgements on my part, and assurances of regard on his, we parted.——

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

POEMS, *by the Rev.* GEORGE CRABBE, LL. B. *Third Edition.* 1 vol. 8vo. 1808.

[Continued from p. 438.]

THE next poem in this volume is the *Parish Register*, divided into three parts. The idea is novel, and affords ample scope for the description of rural manners. The Village Register is considered as containing principally the annals of the poor; and under the distinct heads of *Baptisms, Marriages,* and *Burials,* such a view is taken of villatic customs, feelings, and prejudices, as interest the reader in the highest degree. Mr. Crabbe, indeed, is remarkably felicitous in his delineation of character as modified by the ordinary passions of human nature: and the moral maxims which dignify his pages, embellished with the ornament of poetry, confer upon the labours of his muse a higher merit than can be claimed by verse, which is merely descriptive.

Pleased, as we confessedly have been with the contents of this volume, and actuated by a desire to communicate the delight which we have ourselves felt, our extracts will be more copious than they usually are; and that our readers may receive unmingled satisfaction, we shall not interrupt the career of our commendation by the torpid touch of censure. We have already hinted that there are, scattered throughout Mr. Crabbe's Poems, certain literary offences; we do not indeed mean these delinquencies to escape, but we shall defer judgement till our more pleasing duty is discharged.

The first part of the *Parish Register* is devoted to the consideration of village baptisms, and it is preceded by an introduction which delineates rural manners. Here, as in the *Village*, Mr. Crabbe colours darkly: he again strives to dispel the illusions which, probably, exist with regard to the supposed purity and innocence of rustic habits; and to shew that fields, and groves, and vallies, are no longer tenanted by those swains and virgins which pastoral poets represent. He first, indeed, exhibits the picture of cottages inhabited by frugal and industrious families, which is pleasing enough; and then he changes the scene, and depicts the following:—

Fair scenes of peace! ye might detain us long,
But Vice and Misery now demand the song;
And turn our view from Dwellings simply neat,
To this infected Row, we term our Street.

Here, in cabal, a disputatious crew
Each evening meet; the Sot, the Cheat, the Shrew;
Riots are nightly heard; the curse, the cries
Of beaten Wife, perverse in her replies:
While shrieking Children hold each threat-'ning hand,
And sometimes life, and sometimes food demand:
Boys in their first stol'n rags, to swear begin,
And girls, who heed not dress, are skill'd in gin:
Snarers and Smugglers here their gains divide,
Ensnaring females here their victims hide;
And here is one, the Sybil of the Row,
Who knows all secrets, or affects to know.
Seeking their fate, to her the simple run,
To her the guilty, theirs awhile to shun;
Mistress of worthless arts, deprav'd in will,
Her care unblest and unrepaid her skill,
Slave to the tribe, to whose command she stoops,
And poorer than the poorest maid she dupes.

Between the road-way and the walls, offence
Invades all eyes and strikes on every sense;
There lie, obscene, at every open door,
Heaps from the hearth and sweepings from the floor;
And day by day the mingled masses grow,
As sinks are disembogu'd and kennels flow.

There hungry dogs from hungry children steal,
There pigs and chickens quarrel for a meal,
There dropsied infants wail without redress,
And all is want and woe and wretchedness;
Yet should these boys, with bodies bronz'd and bare,
High-swoln and hard, outlive that lack of care—
Forc'd on some farm, the unexerted strength,
Though loth to action, is compell'd at length,
When warm'd by health, as serpents in the spring,
Aside their slough of indolence they fling.

Yet ere they go, a greater evil comes—
See! crowded beds in those contiguous rooms;
Beds but ill parted, by a paltry screen,
Of paper'd lath or curtain dropt between;
Daughters and Sons to yon compartments creep,
And Parents here beside their Children sleep:
Ye who have power, these thoughtless people part,
Nor let the Ear be first to taint the Heart.

Come! search within, nor sight nor smell regard;
The true Physician walks the foulest ward.
See! on the floor, what frowzy patches rest!
What nauseous fragments on yon fractur'd chest!
What downy-dust beneath yon window-seat!
And round these posts that serve his bed for feet;
This bed where all those tatter'd garments lie,
Worn by each sex, and now perforce thrown by!

See! as we gaze, an Infant lifts its head,
Left by neglect and burrow'd in that bed;
The Mother-gossip has the love suppress,
An Infant's cry once waken'd in her breast;
And daily prattles, as her round she takes,
(With strong resentment) of the want she makes.

Whence all these woes?—From want of virtuous will,
Of honest shame, of time-improving skill;
From want of care t' employ the vacant hour,
And want of ev'ry kind but want of power.

Here are no Wheels for either Wool or Flax,
But packs of Cards—made up of sundry packs;
Here is no Clock, nor will they turn the Glass,
And see how swift th' important moments pass?
Here are no Books, but ballads on the wall,
Are some abusive, and indecent all;
Pistols are here, unpair'd; with Nets and Hooks,
Of every kind, for rivers, ponds, and brooks;
An ample flask that nightly rovers fill,
With recent poison from the Dutchman's still;
A Box of Tools with wires of various size,
Frocks, Wigs, and Hats, for night or day disguise,
And Bludgeons stout to gain or guard a prize.

To every House belongs a space of Ground,
Of equal size, once fenc'd with Paling round;
That Paling now by slothful waste destroy'd,
Dead Gorse and stumps of Elder fill the void;
Save in the centre-spot, whose walls of clay,
Hide Sots and Striplings at their drink and play;

Within, a board, beneath a til'd retreat,
Allures the bubble and maintains the cheat;
Where heavy Ale in spots like varnish shows,
Where chalky tallies yet remain in rows;
Black Pipes and broken Jugs the seats defile,
The walls and windows, Rhymes and Reckonings vile;
Prints of the meanest kind disgrace the door,
And cards in curses torn, lie fragments on the floor.

Here his poor Bird th' inhuman Cocker brings,
Arms his hard heel and clips his golden wings!
With spicy food th' impatient spirit feeds,
And shouts and curses as the battle bleeds;
Struck through the brain, depriv'd of both his eyes,
The vanquish'd bird must combat till he dies;
Must faintly peck at his victorious foe,
And reel and stagger at each feeble blow;
When fall'n, the savage grasps his dabbled plumes,
His blood-stain'd arms, for other deaths assumes;
And damns the craven-fowl, that lost his stake,
And only bled and perish'd for his sake.

Such are our Peasants, those to whom we yield
Glories unsought, the Fathers of the Field;
And these who take from our reluctant hands,
What *Burn* advises or the Bench commands.

Our Farmers round, well pleas'd with constant gain,
Like other farmers, flourish and complain.—
These are our Groups; our Portraits next appear,
And close our Exhibition for the Year.

After this succeeds the inspection of the parish register; and, as the various baptisms appear for the preceding year, the circumstances attending them are narrated. The following is perhaps the best:—

To name an Infant met our Village-sires,
Assembled all, as such event requires;
Frequent and full, the rural Sages sate,
And Speakers many urg'd the long debate,—
Some harden'd knaves, who rov'd the country round,
Had left a Babe within the Parish-bound.—
First, of the fact they question'd—"Was it true?"
The Child was brought—"What then remain'd to do?
"Was't dead or living?" This was fairly prov'd,
'Twas pinch'd, it roar'd, and every doubt remov'd;
Then by what Name th' unwelcome guest to call,
Was long a question and it pos'd them all:
For he who lent a Name to Babe unknown,
Censorious men might take it for his own;
They look'd about, they ask'd the name of all,
And not one *Richard* answer'd to the call;
Next they enquir'd the day, when passing by,
Th' *unlucky* peasant heard the stranger's cry;
This known; how Food and Raiment they might give,
Was next debated—for the rogue would live;
At last with all their words and work content,
Back to their homes, the prudent Vestry went,
And *Richard Monday* to the Workhouse sent.
There was he pinch'd and pitied, thump'd and fed,
And duly took his beatings and his bread;
Patient in all controul, in all abuse,
He found contempt and kicking have their use:
Sad, silent, supple; bending to the blow,
A slave of slaves, the lowest of the low;
His pliant soul gave way to all things base,
He knew no shame, he dreaded no disgrace:
It seem'd, so well his passions he suppress'd,
No feeling stirr'd his ever-torpid breast;
Him might the meanest pauper bruise and cheat,
He was a footstool for the beggar's feet;
His were the legs that ran at all commands;
They us'd on all occasions, *Richard*'s hands;
His very soul was not his own; he stole
As others order'd, and without a dole;
In all disputes, on either part he lied,
And freely pledg'd his oath on either side;
In all rebellions *Richard* join'd the rest,
In all detections *Richard* first confess'd;
Yet though disgrac'd, he watch'd his time so well,
He rose in favour, when in fame he fell;
Base was his usage, vile his whole employ,
And all despis'd and fed the pliant boy:
At length, "'tis time he should abroad be sent,"
Was whisper'd near him,—and abroad he went;
One morn they call'd him, *Richard* answer'd not,
They doom'd him hanging and in time forgot,—
Yet miss'd him long, as each, throughout the clan,
Found he "had better spar'd a better man."

Now *Richard*'s talents for the world were fit,
He'd no small cunning and had some small wit;
Had that calm look which seem'd to all assent,
And that complacent speech which nothing meant;
He'd but one care and that he strove to hide,
How best for *Richard Monday* to provide;
Steel, through opposing plates the Magnet draws,
And steelly atoms culls from dust and straws;
And thus our Hero, to his interest true,
Gold through all bars and from each trifle drew;
But still more surely round the world to go,
This Fortune's Child, had neither friend nor foe.

Long lost to us, at last our man we trace,
Sir *Richard Monday* died at *Monday-place*;
His Lady's worth, his Daughter's we peruse,
And find his Grandsons all as rich as Jews;
He gave reforming Charities a sum,
And bought the blessings of the Blind and Dumb;
Bequeath'd to Missions money from the Stocks,
And Bibles issu'd from his private box;
But to his native place severely just,
He left a pittance bound in rigid trust;
Two paltry pounds, on every quarter's day,
(At church produc'd) for forty loaves should pay;
A stinted gift, that to the Parish shows,
He kept in mind their bounty and their blows!

We will make one more extract from this part:—

Last in my List, five untaught Lads appear;
Their Father dead, Compassion sent them here,
For still that rustic Infidel denied,
To have their Names with solemn Rite applied:
His, a lone House, by Dead-man's Dyke-way stood;
And his, a nightly Haunt, in Lonely-wood;
Each village Inn has heard the ruffian boast,
That he believ'd 'in neither God nor Ghost;
'That when the sod upon the Sinner press'd,
'He, like the Saint, had everlasting rest;
'That never Priest believ'd his Doctrines true,
'But would, for profit, own himself a Jew,
'Or worship Wood or Stone, as honest Heathen do;
'That fools alone on future Worlds rely,
'And all who die for Faith, deserve to die.'
These Maxims,—part th' Attorney's Clerk profess'd,
His own transcendant genius found the rest.
Our pious Matrons heard and much amaz'd,
Gaz'd on the Man and trembled as they gaz'd;
And now his face explor'd and now his feet,
Man's dreaded Foe, in this Bad Man, to meet:
But him our Drunkards as their Champion rais'd,
Their Bishop call'd, and as their Hero, prais'd;
Though most when sober, and the rest when sick,
Had little question, whence his Bishoprick.

But he, triumphant Spirit! all things dar'd,
He poach'd the Wood and on the Warren snar'd;
'Twas his, at Cards, each Novice to trepan,
And call the Wants of Rogues the Rights of Man;
Wild as the Winds, he let his Offspring rove,
And deem'd the Marriage-Bond the Bane of Love.

What Age and Sickness for a Man so bold,
Had done, we know not;—none beheld him old:
By night, as business urg'd, he sought the Wood,
The ditch was deep, the rain had caus'd a flood;
The foot-bridge fail'd, he plung'd beneath the Deep,
And slept, if truth were his, th' eternal sleep.

This is impressive, and the character is delineated with much felicity.

The second part, which contains the *Marriages*, affords, as may be supposed, an ampler scope for illustration, and more to interest the feelings of the reader. We extract with pleasure the following, as well from its intrinsic merit, as from the circumstance of its "being the last composition of the kind that engaged and amused the capacious, the candid, the benevolent mind of C. J. Fox."

Two summers since, I saw at Lammas Fair,
The sweetest Flower that ever blossom'd there;
When *Phœbe Dawson* gaily cross'd the Green,
In haste to see and happy to be seen;
Her air, her manners, all who saw, admir'd;
Courteous though coy and gentle though retir'd;

The Joy of Youth and Health her Eyes display'd,
And Ease of Heart her every Look convey'd;
A native Skill her simple Robes express'd,
As with untutor'd elegance she dress'd;
The Lads around admir'd so fair a sight,
And *Phœbe* felt, and felt she gave, Delight.
Admirers soon of every age she gain'd,
Her Beauty won them and her Worth retain'd;
Envy itself could no Contempt display,
They wish'd her well, whom yet they wish'd away;
Correct in thought, she judg'd a Servant's Place
Preserv'd a Rustic Beauty from disgrace;
But yet on Sunday-eve in Freedom's hour,
With secret joy she felt that Beauty's power;
When some proud bliss upon the Heart would steal,
That, poor or rich, a Beauty still must feel.

At length, the Youth, ordain'd to move her breast,
Before the swains with bolder spirit press'd;
With looks less timid made his Passion known,
And pleas'd by manners, most unlike her own;
Loud though in Love and confident though young;
Fierce in his air and voluble of tongue;
By trade a Tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
He serv'd the Squire, and brush'd the coat he made;
Yet now, would *Phœbe* her consent afford,
Her slave alone, again he'd mount the Board;
With her should years of growing Love be spent,
And growing Wealth: — She sigh'd and look'd consent.

Now, through the lane, up hill, and cross the Green,
(Seen by but few and blushing to be seen—
Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid),
Led by the Lover, walk'd the silent Maid:
Slow through the meadows rov'd they, many a mile,
Toy'd by each bank and trifled at each stile;
Where, as he painted every blissful view,
And highly colour'd what he strongly drew,
The pensive Damsel, prone to tender fears,
Dimm'd the false prospect with prophetic tears:
Thus pass'd th' allotted Hours, till lingering late,
The Lover loiter'd at the Master's gate;
There he pronounc'd adieu! and yet would stay,
Till chidden—sooth'd—intreated—forc'd away;
He would of coldness, though indulg'd, complain,
And oft retire and oft return again;
When, if his teasing vex'd her gentle mind,
The Grief assum'd, compell'd her to be kind!
For he would proof of plighted Kindness crave,
That she resented first and then forgave,
And to his Grief and Penance yielded more,
Than his Presumption had requir'd before:—
Ah! fly temptation, Youth, refrain! refrain,
Each yielding Maid and each presuming Swain!

Lo! now with red rent Cloak and Bonnet black,
And torn green Gown loose hanging at her back,
One who an Infant in her arm sustains,
And seems in patience, striving with her pains;
Pinch'd are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are fled;
Pale her parch'd lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnotic'd from their channels flow;
Serene her manner, till some sudden Pain,
Frets the meek soul and then she's calm again;—
Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
And every step with cautious terror makes;
For not alone that Infant in her arms,
But nearer Cause, her anxious Soul alarms;
With Water burthen'd, then she picks her way,
Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay;
Till, in Mid-Green, she trusts a place unsound,
And deeply plunges in th' adhesive ground;
Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she takes,
While Hope the Mind as Strength the Frame forsakes:
For when so full the Cup of Sorrow grows,
Add but a drop, it instantly o'erflows —
And now her Path but not her Peace she gains,
Safe from her Task, but shivering with her pains;
Her Home she reaches, open leaves the door,
And placing first her Infant on the floor,
She bares her Bosom to the Wind and sits,
And sobbing struggles with the rising Fits;
In vain, they come, she feels th' inflating grief,
That shuts the swelling Bosom from relief;
That speaks in feeble cries a Soul distrest,
Or the sad laugh that cannot be represt;
The Neighbour-Matron leaves her Wheel and flies
With all the aid her Poverty supplies;

Unfee'd, the Calls of Nature she obeys,
Not let by profit, not allur'd by praise;
And waiting long, till these Contentions cease,
She speaks of Comfort and departs in peace.

Friend of Distress! the Mourner feels thy Aid,
She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.

But who this Child of Weakness, Want, and Care?
'Tis *Phœbe Dawson*, Pride of *Lammas Fair*;
Who took her Lover for his sparkling Eyes,
Expressions warm, and love-inspiring Lies:
Compassion first assail'd her gentle Heart,
For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart:
"And then his Prayers! they would a Savage move,
"And win the coldest of the Sex to Love:"
But ah! too soon his Looks Success declar'd,
Too late her Loss the Marriage-rite repair'd;
The faithless Flatterer then his Vows forgot,
A captious Tyrant or a noisy Sot:
If present, railing, till he saw her pain'd;
If absent, spending what their labours gain'd,
Till that fair Form in want and sickness pin'd,
And Hope and Comfort fled that gentle Mind.

Then fly temptation, Youth; resist, refrain!
Nor let me preach for ever and in vain!

In the following, our readers will be pleased with the trio of similes with which it concludes:—

Now to be wed, a well-match'd Couple came;
Twice had old *Lodge* been tied, and twice the Dame:
Tottering they came and toying, (odious scene!)
And fond and simple, as they'd always been.
Children, from Wedlock we by Laws restrain;
Why not prevent them, when they're such again?
Why not forbid the doating Souls, to prove,
Th' indecent Fondling of preposterous Love?
In spite of Prudence, uncontroll'd by Shame,
The amorous Senior wooes the toothless Dame,
Relating idly, at the closing eve,
The youthful Follies he disdains to leave;
Till youthful Follies wake a transient Fire,
When arm in arm, they totter and retire.

So a fond Pair of solemn Birds, all day,
Blink in their seat and doze the hours away;
Then by the Moon awaken'd, forth they move,
And fright the Songsters, with their cheerless Love.

So two sear Trees, dry, stunted, and unsound,
Each other catch, when dropping to the ground;
Entwine their wither'd Arms 'gainst wind and weather,
And shake their leafless Heads and drop together.

So two dead Limbs, touch'd by Galvani's Wire,
Move with new life and feel awaken'd fire;
Quivering awhile, their flaccid Forms remain,
Then turn to cold torpidity again.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

THE BATTLE OF MAIDA, *an Epic Poem, by Lieut.-Colonel* RICHARD SCOTT, *of the Hon. East Company's Bengal Establishment.* 1 vol. 1808.

WHILE the philanthropist deplores the effects and the necessity of war, the patriot owns within his bosom, that the heroism of the warrior deserves to be recorded. The influence of example, as a stimulus to great actions, must be admitted to a certain degree, though, perhaps, too much has sometimes been demanded for that influence, and too little for the native energies of character. However, one point will be agreed upon by all; that virtue deserves to be celebrated; and therefore we shall never withhold our sanction from any effort, whose object it is to commemorate actions of bravery and merit.

Public opinion is fixed with regard to the prowess of the heroes of Maida. That battle, however, only proved what ought never to be doubted: that British valour will always make a successful resistance to the arms of France, when opposed to each other upon any thing like equal terms. An overwhelming superiority of numbers must render the highest human courage abortive: but in those cases where France and England have met upon a *moderate equality*, (allowing some superiority in force to the former) the result has always been honourable to our own armies: and may it ever be so!

Colonel Scott has justly considered the *battle of Maida* as a fit subject for the British muse, and he has endeavoured to "marry to immortal verse" the names of those who distinguished themselves on that occasion. The execution of the poem is above mediocrity: but there are some digressions to India affairs that interrupt the unity of the action. We noticed also some trivial errors of expression, which the author will easily detect, and correct in a future edition: one is, his use of the antiquated expression *hath*.

As a specimen we select the following, which is written with considerable vigour:

" Now martial bands the site appointed trace,
With canvas dwellings verdant meadows grace;
Though thousands now the plain unknown possess,
With ready feet accustomed paths they press;
With joyous hearts of welcome viands share,
As curious peasants throng with wholesome fare;
Wondering they gaze to see a city grow,
And frowning threaten Ferdinando's foe:
His camp secure, Bellona's laws obey'd,
A wider scene the morning's dawn survey'd;
As his keen eye sweeps o'er the destined plain,
The conscious chief instructs his veteran train.

" Amid those streams the martial plain behold,
Etherean hills and trees surcharged with gold;
Here sweet Lamato's banks her streams disclose,
There rich Ippolito meandering flows;
A charming landscape doom'd to blush with blood,
With gore and carnage stain'd each silver flood;
To thee, De Loutherbourg, our praises rise,
As o'er thy scenes we cast admiring eyes.
The raging field the martial lover warms,
With dread and pity swells the virgin's charms!

" High beats each breast, as on the aerie hight
The foe is view'd arraying for the fight;
With Austerlitzian laurels crown'd each crest,
With hate of British race inspired each breast;
Like vultures cowering o'er a recent prize,
They snuff fresh game and glut their greedy eyes;
Exulting mark new quarries spring below,
Too light a stoop for such a ravenous foe.
So proud Menou his fancied victims view'd,
And Alexandria's plain with Britons strew'd;
By Abercrombie's sword this dawn obscur'd,
The half won field great Hutchinson matur'd!

" Lamato's depths, her sister's rapid ford,
Each covert dark, and deep ravine explored,
The fourth auspicious morn's ascending ray
To conquest lighted Britain's firm array;
Brighter than graced Campania's martial reign,
Since Roman eagles wing'd Calabria's plain.

" The Poles' defeat, when haughty Reignier learn'd,
With shame and pride his angry bosom burn'd;
Vengeful he view'd the British line advance,
And thus inflamed the pride of trophied France:

" ' This day, my gallant friends, this single day
' Shall your long labours, high deserts repay;
' Before your conquering arms have lately flown
' Jove's towering eagles; and your high renown
' With lustre gilds Alpinea's crystal seats,
' All Europe measures in your foes defeats!
' Dare rash Britannia's maiden bands advance,
' Thus tempt the vengeance of almighty France?
' Though her's the trident of the boisterous main,
' On martial plains omnipotent we reign.

' On, then, my sons, and at one single blow,
' Strike from yon field th' amphibious thing below,
' Shew Bonaparte with what dex'trous ease
' Your prowess gains such victories as these!'
So erst their sires, on Cressi's crowded field,
In fancy saw Old England's monarch yield,
Where sable Edward won the plumed crest
That fires to glory princely George's breast!
So when, on Poictier's field, proud Gallia's hosts
Drew from unequal arms unmanly boasts,
Gall'd by their jeers, the lion couch'd, and sprung,
O'er Gallic crests, with mane high bristling hung,

Till Monarch, Prince, and vaunting nobles yield
The gorgeous spoil of Poictier's bloody field!
Nor less the fame which youthful Edward won,
That graced in peace the royal father's son.

"Behold, in awful march and firm array,
Britain's determined columns shape their way!
Death (in approaching terrible) imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
Britannia's weal o'ercomes the love of life,
O'erlooks the foe, advantaged by his post,
Lessens his numbers and contracts his host!"

TRAVELS *through* SPAIN *and part of* PORTUGAL, *with Commercial, Statistical, and Geographical Details.* 2 vols. 12mo. 1808.

HERE is another work brought forward as a speculation likely to succeed at a moment like the present, when there is a general avidity existing to learn something of a country whose operations excite such a universal interest. These volumes, indeed, come before us in a very questionable shape, and we have more than one doubt that they are the unsophisticated produce of compilation. At least, if they be authentic, they have not many evidences of authenticity about them; and they contain nothing which an expert compiler might not collect from sources already public. The travels are *said* to have been performed in 1803.

We will, however, set aside doubt, and consider them as they are meant to be considered; and we can safely say, that they may be read with interest and pleasure. They are introduced by an historical sketch of Spain from the earliest times, useful only to a very superficial reader.

Our travellers (for the plural *we* is constantly used) arrive at Barcelona from Genoa on the 22d of May, 1803. From hence they proceed along the eastern coast of Spain to Valencia, then to Madrid, and take Lisbon in their way home. Of course they tell of all they see in this route, and it is at least told without heaviness or insipidity.

From Barcelona, a visit is paid to Montserrat, and the account differs from that given by Thicknesse.

"At six o'clock in the morning of the 27th of May, we mounted our mules, and set out on our excursion. We found the whole road enlivened by commerce and industry. The gardens which surround Barcelona are particularly striking; nothing can exceed their richness and fertility.—At a considerable village where the manufacture of lace is carried on, we passed the Llobregat by a solid and handsome bridge: the view up and down the vale through which it glides, is rich and beautiful beyond description. Here the road divides itself into two, leading to Zaragossa and Valencia; we took the former, which brought us to the foot of the celebrated mountain; and we found it in tolerable order the whole way. The cultivation and fertility of the country surprised and delighted me. The plain of Capra only surpasses it by its pendant vines, but here the prospects are infinitely more various; hemp, corn almost ready for the sickle, vineyards, olive-groves, mulberries, and hedges of aloes, form the principal objects in the view. The Llobregat shews itself here and there; hills covered either with cultivation, or with woods of dwarf-pines, bound the landscape to the right and left; and Montserrat forms a grand background for the picture. From the clearness of the atmosphere, it seemed but at a little distance, when it was twenty miles from us. The villages are remarkably clean: no heaps of filth as in Italy and Provence, no crowds of beggars; every one was employed; and the only mode of begging which the children practised, is to run out of the gardens and offer you flowers. The present scene, and the prospect of Montserrat gave us a very delightful day. In a little village which we passed this morning, we bought some excellent bread and tolerable wine for our breakfast.

"The approach to Martorel is highly picturesque; especially when a turn of the road discovers at once the town and river, the bridge, and the arch of Hannibal. The learned have doubts respecting the origin of this remnant of antiquity; some attribute it to Trajan: but the common people, with

their usual decision, have given it the name of the Devil's Bridge. We found that it has been almost entirely renovated: it is very high; and consists of three pointed arches, a great and two smaller ones. The arch of Hannibal, as it is called, stands on the side opposite the town: it is perfectly simple; being merely an arch of large cut stones without cement, and the rest consisting of irregular stones cemented together. At an inn at Martorel we rested our mules and ourselves for an hour and a half; we then pursued our journey through some groves of dwarf-pines, and a less cultivated country, to the foot of Montserrat. Here we found a small village, where we reposed a moment before we ascended. The ascent reminded me strongly of the Cornici coast road of the maritime Alps, between Nice and Genoa; though there was no part so bad as to induce us to get off our mules and walk. The mountain is fine on the side towards the sea; but it is in the style of the Derbyshire, and many other white rocks with green brushwood which I have seen, though on a much grander scale than any of them. We were at first disappointed at not finding it covered with spiral cones, as Thicknesse had drawn it; but we "wound our way" in silent expectation; here and there observing an ancient stone cross, which proclaims the mountain to be a religious sanctuary. At length on turning a corner we beheld the convent situated in a recess among the rocks, which rise into cones above it. The building is very unworthy of its place and destination; it is too modern, and has more the air of a manufactory than an abbey: taking it, however, in a general view, it is an awful and picturesque retreat. We prepared our letters, and advanced to the gate: all was silent, except the faintly heard Llobregat in the vale below; the perpendicular rocks called our attention, and reminded us of some ancient castle with a hanging turret. The convent itself is a collection of houses, like a town. We entered the gates about five o'clock; and observed a solitary monk, as if returning from his walk: I bowed respectfully to him, and presented my letters; he gave them back, coldly saying they were not for him. He entered the cloister; and as I observed no one else, I followed him, and begged him to direct me to find the gentleman to whom the letters were addressed: he grumbled a good deal in Catalan, and seemed perfectly out of humour; when fortunately a servant of the convent came up, took the letters, and conducted us to the chamber of father ——, to whom one of them was an introduction. He received us civilly, and offered us wine and chocolate: he spoke pretty good French; which he said he had learnt from four bishops, who, at the period of the revolution, escaped from the south of France into this asylum. Almost the first inquiry which the monk made of us was, whether we were at war or not? After some conversation, he desired a servant to shew us an apartment; regretting exceedingly that, on account of the feast of the Holy Ghost, (Whit Sunday) we should be very badly lodged: he promised to call us to-morrow at four, and take us round the mountain. Our beds were what the monk had taught us to expect; but the sheets were clean, and we were so fatigued that we did not complain of any little inconvenience.

"28th. At 4 o'clock we were roused by a knocking at our door: father —— was ready to attend us; we therefore hastily dressed ourselves, and followed him up the mountain. He had provided us with long sticks, which we found not only useful but necessary. The scene we beheld on leaving the convent gate was magnificent; we were absolutely on a level with the sun, and the whole vale below us was a vast sea of white clouds. After ascending the hill a little farther, a new and most romantic prospect broke upon us: we beheld at one view thirteen out of the fourteen hermitages, and the convent in its rocky recess beneath. The hermitages immediately above the convent have an effect more picturesque than can be well imagined; while those of St. Jago, St. Juan, and St. Oposse, seem to grow to the cones, and have a most extraordinary appearance: all of them, but particularly these last, seem inaccessible. The mountain

rises perpendicularly, but nature has left room for terraces: it has two crowns of cones, or bolsters; one immediately over the monastery, and the other where the hermitages which I have just mentioned are situated, and to which we now proceeded. The first we gained was St. Jago, the residence of a hermit from Grenada: he prepared us a little chocolate, which we thought to be a very insufficient breakfast, not knowing the hospitable dispositions of the other hermits. This cottage, like all the others, consisted of a little chapel, a passage, a sitting-room, a study, a workshop, and a kitchen: these apartments are of different sizes in different hermitages; but the number of rooms is always the same, except indeed that in some instances the study and the sitting-room are in one. His books were, as might be expected, writings and lives of saints; the *Mistica Condad di Dios* I observed in all. The workshop is for making crosses to employ time, and to give to pilgrims.

"We now proceeded to St. Catherine, which is situated below; and then mounted to St. Inan and St. Onorse, which grow together on the side of a cone: in the former is preserved a bone of John the Bapsist, which is the only relic to be fonnd among the hermitages. We now ascended still higher, to St. Madeline, where we were refreshed with some wine and bread. Above this is the highest accessible peak of this part of the mountain. We climbed to it; and, after enjoying the extensive prospect, returned to the cell of S. Madelina: then descending a flight of steps between two cones, called Jacob's Ladder, we came into the valley which runs along the summit of the mountain; this is a perfect shrubbery, and the cones are even here in the most grotesque shapes. The southern crown is called the organ, from its resemblance to a number of pipes. The day was particularly warm; and notwithstanding the prodigious height, we were scarcely once refreshed by a breath of air during our whole walk. At the end of this valley, on an eminence, stands the hermitage of St. Jerome, which is the most remote and highest of them all: it is not at present inhabited, but a young man is in training for that purpose. Near this is the most lofty station of the whole mountain: on it stands a little chapel dedicated to the Virgin, and the care of which devolves to the hermit of St. Jerome; it has lately been blasted by lightning, which did not fail to remind us of the exclamation of Lucretius. After much fatigue we seated ourselves on this lofty pinnacle, and surveyed the country round. We are here almost too high to see the traces of cultivation, so that the whole province has the appearance of a hilly desert: indeed the land is not fertile, except in the vale through which the Llobregat flows; but the vast industry of the inhabitants has done every thing that is possible. A stranger is principally struck by the want of towns, especially in that part towards the Pyrennees. The real character of the country, when viewed from a moderate height, is hilly, and a great part of it cultivated; but patches of barren lands, and woods of olives and pines, are every where visible. The winding of the Llobregat, and the grand outline of the snowy Pyrennees are the distinguishing features of the prospect.

"Barcelona is concealed by the intervention of a mountain. The largest town we see is Manrerar, on the road to Laragona. Thicknesse is wrong in supposing that any part of Valentia can be discovered from this height; since it is a flat country, and lies behind the hills of Catalonia. Majorca and Minorca are often discerned from the convent at sunset.

"The Pyrennees are neither so lofty nor so irregular as I had expected: they bear a considerable resemblance to the coast of Corsica, which I have lately seen. Just below the eminence on which we stand is the northern extremity of the rock; perfectly inaccessible, and appearing as if sawn asunder in many parts. We descended once more into the mountain valley, and then climbed to the hermitage of St. Antonio, the smallest of them all; we were refreshed here by an omelet, and our guide rested himself while the hermit conducted us to a spot where the echo is heard four

times; the approach is difficult and dangerous; but we arrived at it, and called to many of our friends, whose names were four times re-echoed among the rugged peaks of the mountain."

The reflections excited by contemplating the lives of the hermits who live, secluded from the world, in the different recesses of this mountain, may be extracted:

"This day's expedition was as romantic as the fancy could wish, and curiosity was entirely satisfied; but still the spectacle with which, at a distance, my imagination has frequently been delighted, excited very different sensations when I was obliged to contemplate the reality. If enthusiasts are to be pitied, how much more so all they who, without being so, are condemned to lead the lives of enthusiasts? The hermits of Montserrat are probably quiet men who, upon the whole, consider this mode of passing their existence preferable to active industry. In my walk round the mountain this morning, I did not surprize one of them at his books, or at his prayers. I saw many of them happy in being able to snatch a short conversation with the labourer who was digging their garden: they all laughed and talked with father ——, inquiring eagerly whether it was peace or war; and followed us to the very verge of their prescribed limits, to catch the last words of our conductor. Their garden indeed must be their pleasantest occupation. What delight can ignorant men have in books? and *such* books! None of them are priests except the mountain-vicar, and one who lives in an hermitage (which we did not see) where the sacred image was discovered. Provisions are carried to them twice a week, but on all great festivals they descend to the convent."

It is imagination, therefore, which lends its brightest tints when we dwell with fondness over the idea of religious retirement, and half long for the placid delights of prayers and solitude. Every thing, indeed, proclaims aloud, that man is a social being; and can it be wondered, that when he disunites himself from that chain of which he is formed to constitute a part, he finds himself exposed to the inroads of all those evils which are but faintly felt when operating upon society, but which deteriorate human happiness when sustained individually? In moments of enthusiasm we are led to fancy bliss beyond the circle of our fellow-creatures; but woe to him who pursues the phantom, and forsakes a world to which he never can return, in the vain hope of communing with stones and trees, repasting his mind with meditation or rectifying his passions by penance.

The following account of the Prince of the Peace, is worth extracting:—

"Don Manuel Godoy was born at Badajos about the year 1766 or 1767, of parents, whose necessities were often relieved by the usual donation of soup, &c. at the convents, and who were occasionally employed in secreting smuggled goods during the night. Many of the respectable inhabitants of that city are still living witnesses of the miserable situation of the Godoy family. Their connection with smugglers,* however, increasing as the family acquired strength, it was doubtless that idea that first induced the two elder brothers Luis and Manuel, to become soldiers in the king's life guards, where smuggling is carried on in the most open manner. Luis set out for Madrid and entered a private soldier in the life guards, where he had not done duty long, before his portly figure caught the attention of the then Princess of Asturias, who enjoyed the honours of Queen, Charles III. being a widower. She began in her usual manner of sending him rich presents, such as a snuff-box of tortoise-shell, with her portrait set in gold, which was generally worth an ounce of Spanish gold, or 3*l.* 12*s.* sterling. Sometimes articles of much greater value, and sometimes a purse full of ounces of gold. At length she ventured to procure him a pair of colours, and Luis appeared a complete officer. During this time

* Badajos has existed many years by smuggling only, there being no legal commerce pursued that can be avoided.

Manuel arrived; and his brother's success enabled him to keep him as a cadet rather than to enter as a private soldier, hoping that he should soon be able to procure him preferment. In the mean time the jealous eye of Charles III. regretting his error of forcing his son to marry, became every day more alert to the gross imprudences of his daughter-in-law, and he beheld her attachment to this new-made officer with the most poignant indignation, and sent him into exile, prohibiting his ever coming within twenty-five leagues of Madrid, giving him, however, the command of a company in the militia of Estremadura, and also of an old fortress in that province. He was also promised the cross of the military order of Alcantara, but Charles's passion was too violent to wait that ceremony, and he was dismissed with the nominal title of the order. This was the period when the family began to think seriously of nobility; and it was then that they found the noble appendage of *de Alvarez*. Whether the Godoys were originally of Alvarez, and had acquired a title to that seigniory, which the vulgar pronunciation of the Estremadurians had originally contracted, and in fine omitted, is a question I have not found any Spanish antiquary disposed to resolve. It now rests on the *ipse dixit* of the Prince, and there exists no negative evidence. The exile of Luis was effected; and the Queen (the Princess of Asturias) with all the facility that one forgets a lady of easy virtue, forgot her lover in the pursuit of other gallants. It has been said, but erroneously, that her majesty kept sending him presents in his exile, by the hands of Manuel, who was introduced to her by the Duchess of Alva, under pretext of playing on the guitar, the latter circumstance is too ridiculous to require refutation: but the contrary is the fact, nor does it appear that the Queen ever saw Manuel till after the death of Charles III. Indeed she was too much occupied in meeting with gallants whom she could enjoy, without spending in fruitless efforts the time necessary to her other amusements. During the long banishment* of Luis, Manuel procured an appointment in the guards, and also had married an amiable young woman, by whom he has had four or five children. At length the death of Charles III. gave existence to the era of our hero's glory. On this event Luis, hoping to be recalled from exile, determined on addressing a loving memorial to her majesty, recalling to her memory the numerous tender pledges of his attachment, and his eagerness again to approach her person. The difficulty of presenting this memorial to the hands of the Queen herself, was the only obstacle; and for this Manuel was deemed the most proper person. This he performed *con acierto*†. Her majesty received the memorial most graciously, but was more struck with the young, bold, and brawny figure that presented it, than with the plaintive tale of an inamorato long since enjoyed. The Queen, after appointing a more convenient hour to take the matter into consideration, and to converse with him personally, dismissed Manuel with a present, which at once indicated her private feelings and personal attachment. From this period fortune seems to have borne him on her wings to the temple of honour, as his advancement was as rapid as the smiles of that fickle goddess. Luis's exile was terminated, and he received a colonel's commission in the guards. But a new office was cre-

* The precipitation and rigour of banishment from the court of Madrid, present an example of merciless cruelty and tyranny: the *desterrados* are gone in an hour, no one knows where, no one dares to ask, and no one knows their former friends or connections, lest they should be involved in a similar fate. Nor does any one dare either to write or receive a letter. Thus a character, as popular in Madrid as some speakers in the House of Commons in London, will be precipitated in a day into an oblivion as great as if dead forty years. These are the blessings of absolute monarchy!

† We have no word in English so emphatic as the above to express with effect.

ated for Manuel, adjutant-general of the life-guards, with the rank of major-general in the army. He had not held these situations long, till he succeeded, through the consummate address of the Queen, in ingratiating himself with the King, and was shortly after made a lieutenant-general in the army, and called upon to be one of his Majesty's ministers, in the capacity of first secretary of state. It was at this period that he acquired such a complete ascendancy over the King's mind, by doing every thing as he thought proper, without inquiring for his Majesty's approbation. This was so flattering to the King's natural indolence, which hates political affairs, that he resolved never after to have another minister; and that he should govern and direct the helm of the state as might be agreeable to his particular views. His Majesty felt grateful to the man who had thus relieved him from the burden of government, and he continued pouring honours and wealth upon his head. It was now that Manuel was to be ennobled, and it must be confessed, that he evinced address, in claiming nobility from his ancestors, rather than for his personal merit. Don Manuel Godoy de Alvarez was created a grandee of Spain of the first class, under the title of Duke of Alcadia: the King bestowing on him the royal domain of Alcadia, and also the revenues of four of the most wealthy military orders, which must have been rather above than below 100,000*l.* sterling a year. The now Duke of Alcadia found his power unlimited; his most distant relatives all placed in the most lucrative offices; the most trifling favours of the court not to be obtained without his permission; and the ancient grandees of Spain paying their court to him, and attending his levees with equal assiduity as those of the King's. The Queen's liberality to him, at least in her personal favours, was unremitting; and their amours now became so common, so public, and so much in defiance of all decency or decorum, that I should be sorry to abuse the language in a description of their wanton excesses. The period of the war with France arrived, in which the Duke of Alcadia evinced more power than political sagacity. The grand council of Castille was summoned, which was then a spirited, liberal, and independent body. This council, with the brave Count de Aranda at its head, decided in favour of *defensive* measures, contrary to those of the duke. Their timidity or prudence greatly incensed the Duke of Alcadia, who, determined on *offensive* measures and on plunder, dissolved the council with great indignation, and banished the worthy Count de Aranda to Sarragoza, where he arrived just long enough to witness the disgrace and downfal of his country."

The peasants of Catalonia have a curious mode of drinking. The wine bottles are made somewhat in the form of a tea-pot: by means of a tube they spout the wine into their mouths at a little distance, and are very adroit at this clean custom.—Half a dozen peasants at dinner will thus hand the bottle round, and never once touch it with their lips. This mode of drinking is ancient and classical, as may be seen in the Frescoes of Herculaneum.

The following sentence approaches to an Irish bull, from the impropriety of its construction:—

"We passed a mountain covered *with white goats and sheep: the latter are most of them black.*" Arrah!

The mode of driving practised by the muleteers is remarkable. One of them holds a short whip and the reins which are merely attached to the pair of mules that are next the carriage; the other sits by him with his lap full of stones, which, when he wishes them to trot, he very expertly pelts at the heads of the leaders; and in case they seem inclined to quit the road on account of such violent treatment, he is ready to jump down to prevent an accident.

The language of these volumes is not always correct. For the vulgar expression *shabby*, the author seems to have an unusual predilection: and such faults as "every remains," p. 41, and "half a dozen horsemen, *many* of whom had swords," p. 163, with others of a similar nature, convey no very exalted notion of the author's or authors' grammatical skill.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

THE wind whistled sad—on a grave-stone reclining,
While thicken around me the shadows of eve;
The gloom of the scene with my sorrows combining,
I breathe but to sigh, and I think but to grieve:
The sun of my life is for ever beclouded;
The joys of affection for ever are fled;
In the cold narrow house is MARIA enshrouded;
She that once was so lovely now sleeps with the dead.

And lovely thou wert as the Spring's early flower!
As sweet, mild, and simple—and ah! yet as frail!
For the blight of disease with its pestilent power
Has withered the bloom of the Pride of the Vale.
No more shall those eyes that were wont to be glowing
With love, joy, and tenderness, beam upon me;
Those eyes with the dew-drop of pity o'erflowing,
When the tale of distress was unfolded to thee.

MARIA! how oft when mild eve was advancing,
Have we wandered to listen the blackbird's wild song;
With the sweet sounds of Nature our hearts have been dancing,
And the raptures of Love would the pleasure prolong!
But now if I rove in the light of the morn-
When carol the songsters from each bush and tree,
Love and gladness the face of the landscape adorning,
Yet, alas! there's no love, nor no gladness for me!

Manchester, Dec. 1808. W. P.

QUATORZAIN.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

LO! where stern Winter wrapp'd in cloudy guise,
With all his hideous and unfeeling train,
Advances boldly from the northern skies,
To fill a portion of the year with pain!

Whilst down the southern precipice amain,
Scar'd at his traits, the pensive Autumn flies;
Where shock'd, she views huge, tow'ring hills of slain,
And Gallia's eagles steep'd in crimson dies.

The gorgeous dress which Nature lately wore,
Lies rent to tatters on the noxious ground;
Thy song, sweet Philomela! is no more;
But still my harp yields its accustom'd sound!

Now, now ye Wealthy! stretch your hands and save,
The suffering Poor from Hunger and the Grave!!

Grafton-street, Dec. 1808. J. G.

SONNET.—To VENUS.

Written at Hetching in the Weald of Sussex; and inscribed to my Fellow-ramblers—Miss BESLOE, *and Miss* BOWMAN.

By CLIO RICKMAN.

'TIS not alone, because thy beams so bright,
Scatter a radiance 'cross the etherial plain:
'Tis not alone, because thy splendid light,
O'er the blue concave holds her solemn reign—

That I adore THEE! lovliest orb of Heaven;
But 'tis the memory of departed days,
When to my evening walks was kindly given,
Associates dear, cheer'd by thy brilliant rays.

It is because, a favourite groupe as now,
While FRIENDSHIP, FEELING, TASTE, attend our walk;
Raise to thee VENUS! every tender vow,
Enrich our souls, and elevate our talk;

It is because thou bring'st each thought along,
Sacred to TRUTH, AFFECTION, LOVE, and SONG!

QUATORZAIN.

'TWAS a sweet sound most grateful to mine ear,
Borne on the wayward solitary gale;
Methinks it issued from some mystic sphere,
For long I heard it in the ether sail:
Sublime it was and magically deep,
Or, like the numbers of Menander's shell;
It rises now where yonder willows weep,
And 'gins with mournful cadences to swell!

Such was the sound at eve's inspiring tide,
I often heard when she, who now is gone,
Roam'd through the woodlands wild, in Beauty's pride,
Or, on yon hillock, 'neath the moon-beams, shone!
And 'twas the summons of the Seraph's Lore,
For her those realms to seek, where reigns th' immortal Sire!

Grafton-Street, Dec. 1808. J. G.

To the Editor of the Universal Mag.

SIR,—I beg gratefully to express my thanks for the insertion, in your Publication of last month, of the Verses "*To Anna*," from whom I have lately received the enclosed Copy of Lines written *in her* FIFTEENTH *year*. You may perhaps not think *them* unworthy of a place in the Magazine of the following month. The few Stanzas I take the liberty to subjoin *were sent in return*; and I hope I do not encroach too much upon your goodness by presuming that you may possibly give them admission. I am, Sir,

With much respect,

Your obliged and most obedient Servant,

3*d Dec.* 1808. *A constant Reader.*

ON SEEING A LITTLE ROSE BUD CONCEALED AMONGST ITS LEAVES.

Written at FIFTEEN *Years of Age.*

HAIL! modest, beauteous, charming Rose,
The pride of Flora's bower;
The queen of every flower that blows—
All own thy blushing power.

No longer hide thy lowly head,
We wish thy form to see:
Be not afraid, we'll guard thy bed;
Fear not! thou shalt be free.

No blustering wind shall nip thy stem,
The zephyrs blow for thee;
All love thee well, thou fairest gem,
Fear not! thou shalt be free.

The Winter's past, the rains are o'er,
The Spring is drest for thee:
Come then, thou modest, lowly flower,
Fear not! thou shalt be free.

A. L.

To * *

WHEN * * saw the budding rose
Just peep between its leaves,
She hails the loveliest Flow'r that blows,
And courage sweetly gives:—

"*No longer hide thy lowly head,*
"*I wish thy form to see;*
"*Be not afraid! I'll guard thy bed;*
"FEAR NOT! *thou shalt be* FREE."

The beauty of the opening bud
Her gentle eyes survey;
And, as the Maid admiring stood,
I pensively did say—

'O listen to the tale I tell,
'You bade me "not to fear:"
'*This little Rose-bud is* MY *cell*;
'Twas FANCY plac'd *me* there.'

She heard me not the tale disclose;
But, sweetly as before,
Thus * *, gazing on the Rose,
Address'd the sov'reign Flow'r:—

"*No blust'ring wind shall nip thy stem;*
"*The zephyrs blow for thee;*
"*All love thee well, thou purest Gem!*
"*Fear not,* THOU SHALT BE FREE."

Between the leaves I saw her face,
Which cheer'd me, as the sun;
Her form beheld, and ev'ry grace
That through her nature run,

My cell so small, cou'd scarce contain
My palpitating heart—
And * * left me to my pain,
Unconscious of the smart!

But as she bent her wand'ring way
From Flora's rosy bow'r,
Methought I heard the Angel say
Thus, fondly of the Flow'r:—

"*The Winter's past, the rains are o'er;*
"*The Spring is drest for thee:*
"COME THEN, *thou modest lowly Flow'r,*
"*Fear not!* THOU SHALT BE FREE."

Oh! sweetly from her lips it came,
And spread around my heart;—
Soon bursting into gentle flame,
It warm'd the vital part.

What, lovely * *, prompted thee
To leave yon Rose behind?
You gave the hope "it should be free,"
Yet, left the Bud confin'd.

Oh! to your bosom take the Rose,
And yield a softer bed,—
I'll change *my Cell*, and there repose
My heart, and lay my head.

H. S. L. S.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF TWO BIRDS.

PHŒBUS, the Golden God of Day,
Had left th' etherial plain,
With setting glories marked his way,
And sought the western main.

The Moon display'd a silver scene,
And rose her place to fill;
The starry Heav'ns were all serene,
And hush'd Creation still.

Morpheus had seal'd each vestal's eyes,
And in celestial dreams
They pass the separating skies,
And reach the blissful scenes.

Charlotte, whose bosom knew no care,
Had joined them in repose;
In kind compassion to the stars,
She bade their rivals close.

Two feathered Warblers long had been
The partners of her love;
Their pleasing chains with joy sustain'd,
Unmindful of the grove.

Long in a cage this little pair
Together had been kept,
And thither Charlotte did repair
Each night before she slept.

And now to hear their even' song
As usual she had been,
But the sly cat, who'd watch'd them long,
Had slip'd in too unseen.

How shall the sympathising Muse
The cruel sequel tell?
Or how relate what sorrows rose
When Morn appear'd again?

No mean suspicion fill'd her breast,
Nor taught her how to fear;
Guiltless herself, she went to rest,
Nor thought of danger near.

The Cat now hastes to seize her prey,
As Destiny decreed;
Doomed never more to hail the day
The hapless victims bleed.

Their dying eyes they cast around
To find their guardian fair—
Where could their guardian fair be found—
She was no longer there.

No longer able to defend,
The suff'rers met their death;
And, destitute of every friend,
Heave their expiring breath.

Why didst thou shine in that sad night
Unpitying Luna, why?
Thou shouldst have fled the bloody sight,
And left the gloomy sky.

But now her borrowed beams withdrawn,
She yielded up the sway;
Aurora lent a livelier dawn,
And led the blushing day.

The Bird whose sorrows know no rest
Its mournful notes had sung,
The early Lark had left its nest,
The Matin Peal had rung.

Bright Phœbus left his watry bed,
His toil renew'd again—
His joy-diffusing influence spread,
And seiz'd the golden rein.

Awakened by his rising ray,
To seek her Birds she went;
To where her fav'rites mangled lay
Her trusty steps she bent.

But when she to the door drew near
She heard no flutt'ring wing—
No usual signs of joy were there—
No more she heard them sing.

No more they need their Charlotte's care;
They hear her voice no more:
Entering, she saw the lifeless pair
Extended on the floor.

She view'd the scene with sad surprise;
But grief must flow in vain:
Alas! they hear not now her sighs,
They know not of her pain.

Then cease those useless tears to shed,
E'en *you* must weep in vain:
Not all your sighs can wake the dead,
Nor bring your Birds again.

Cease to lament that common fate
That never knew to spare:
You also, at some future date,
That common fate must share.

Those eyes must once forget to shine;
Those lips will smile no more;
That face must all its bloom resign,
Which charmed each heart before.

But since the stroke you cannot shun,
Oh! may you feel it late:
And first may many a Summer's Sun
Survey your smiling fate.

May no dull care nor passions rude
Your happiness molest,
Nor any future grief intrude
T' invade your peaceful breast.

Mile End. M. M.

SONNET.

Written on visiting a Spot after long Absence, where many new and elegant Improvements were made, and an old favourite Summer-House destroyed, and its Site left to run to decay.

By CLIO RICKMAN.

HERE stood a seat! devoted once to love,
By FRIENDSHIP, FEELING, SENTIMENT held dear;
This seat is gone! ah wherefore did ye move,
A temple rais'd in hours we most revere?

The gentle OUSE flowed at its feet, and round,
A soothing, darksome, shade, embowering grew;
It was a seat of silence as profound
As TALENT, TASTE, and FANCY ever knew.

Why stands it not?—in LATER days, oh! say,
Is aught so sweet as dwelling on the PAST?
When all was innocent, was warm, and gay,
Hours most rever'd, tho' hours not doom'd to last.

The least we can, is sure those haunts to save,
Which having charm'd us ONCE, are dear for WHAT THEY GAVE.

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. JOHN CURR's *of Sheffield, for a Method of applying Flat Ropes, Flat Bands, or Belts of any kind, to Capstans and Windlasses of Ships and Vessels, in, out of, or about Ports, Harbours, Rivers, Seas, or Creeks; and also for a Method of applying flat or round Ropes, Lines, Bands, or Belts, for the purpose of catching and detaining Whales.*

THE method of applying flat ropes, bands, or belts, of any kind, to ships or vessels, to tow or convey in or out of harbours, rivers, seas, or creeks, is as follows:—The flat rope, band, or belt, is attached to the capstan, so that it can easily be taken off when required, or by having a splice may be disunited within a few yards of the end, which will be more convenient, and may be wound and lapped upon itself; or, if it is more convenient, may be wound upon the capstan, in two or more tiers, in the same manner as a flat cable is wound upon a windlass, as described in a patent of Mr. Curr's, of July, 1806; in which case it is not necessary to apply multiplying wheels to work it; but if the flat rope, band, or belt, be wound in one tier only, in order to give sufficient power to the sailors to heave the ship forward, when the flat rope, band, or belt, has increased in diameter, to the greatest extent possible, which may be worked by a small nut wheel, or nut wheels, of convenient dimensions; and two flat ropes, bands, or belts, or more, may be applied on the same capstan, as will be hereinafter described. One or more flat ropes, bands, or belts may be applied on the same capstan. A commodious method of working two flat ropes, bands, or belts, on one capstan, is displayed in the plate, which shews a platform and an elevation of the capstan. A large tooth wheel is represented fixed on the capstan axletree, and a moveable wheel, which, having a circular centre, will turn round without moving the capstan, axletree, or capstan drum; a nut wheel which turns the tooth wheel, and which, by raising the gudgeon, and fixing a proper block under the collar, may be applied to turn the cog-wheel; by which method either of the two flat ropes, bands, or belts, may be worked separately by the drum-head, one flat rope, band, or belt, being wound upon the one drum, and the other flat rope on another; and if it be required to work a round rope upon the drum-head, it may be done by raising the gudgeon, and the part connected with it, so that the nut wheel may be clear of both tooth wheels, and placing a block under the collar of the axletree or gudgeon of a proper thickness. Each flat rope, band, or belt, will require a leading roller or rollers, to guide it both from the stem and stern of the ship, in a fair direction to the capstan; and may then be conveyed by another roller or rollers, in any direction required; and palls, or other stops, must be applied to the tooth wheels, to hold them in any situation required. The nut wheel should be fixed about the centre of the vessel, which will allow room for a sufficient length of capstan bars, and give room to the sailors to apply their powers to the greatest advantage. For the convenience of sending out a guess-line, or for other purposes, it may be proper to have the flat rope, band, or belt, divided into two or more parts, and so connected together by splices that it may easily be disunited. The tooth wheel above described, is fixed horizontally, but may be fixed to work in any other position more suitable and convenient. If the flat rope, band, or belt, is applied to a windlass, it must lap upon itself, and be used as above directed for the capstan.

The advantages of Mr. Curr's invention of towing ships and vessels, consist in saving the labour of the men, in expedition, and preventing the ship's decks being so much encumbered with ropes. The method of applying flat or round ropes, lines, bands, or belts, for the purpose of catching and detaining whales is as follows:—When a whale has nearly run out with the line of one boat, and it is necessary to join it to the line of another, having previously made a knot within a few yards of

the end of the line, so large that it cannot pass through the stop, or having fixed a hoop or bulk of any kind on the line which will answer the same purpose as a knot, which being in contact with the stop, the end of the line may then be taken and attached to the line of another boat: this being done, the collar may then be drawn out, and the stop raised up. The rope or line is then entirely disengaged from the first boat, and the management of the whale is put in care of the second boat. The same means may be used to attach the line to a third boat, or more, if required; or, instead of having a stop, the same purpose may be effected by having an upright, or uprights, of wood, or other fit material, fixed near the stem for the line to pass through, with a collar to keep the line in its proper place; or by making the uprights sufficiently high, a cotter may not be necessary, and a screw, lever, or wedge, or other mechanical power, may be applied to press upon the rope, to hold it fast without a knot; or it may be held fast by the men in the boat, until it is connected with the line of another boat.

A method is shewn by which the same purpose may be effected while the whale continues to run the line out of the boat, which is to double the whale line for about 20 or 25 yards, more or less, and to connect the end of it slightly by a piece of packthread. This being done, the line must then be wound upon the reel, beginning to lap on the part first which is fixed upon a small pin, attached to the axletree of the reel, so that when the single part of the line is all run off, the end of it may then be disunited, and will wind off the reel, and may be taken to, and connected with the line of another boat, while the whale continues to run out with the line. When there are two or more reels in the boat the same method may be used to attach the lines of one reel to those of another. As the lines, in running out, occasionally cut a nitch, or hole, in the ice, and in the usual way of knotting, or fixing the ends together, a bulk is made, which sometimes fastens in the nitch, or hole, and either breaks the line, or draws out the harpoon from the whale. A hollow conical fixture, made of iron, or other fit material, (which will accommodate a knot within to fasten the rope) is recommended, which, from its construction, together with its own gravity, will be inclined to throw itself out of the nitch or hole above mentioned.

Mr. WILLIAM BELL's *of Birmingham, for an Improvement in making Pipes, or Pumps, for conducting Water, and other Liquids.*

IT has been found, by long experience, that pumps, or pipes, for conducting water from water works, which have been made of wood, iron, lead, or any other metallic substances, have been justly objected to for the various following reasons:—

First, pumps, or pipes, which are made of wood, are liable to constant decay, and, in a short time, to become rotten: and it is invariably the case that in their rotten or decayed parts they generate insects, and vast numbers of noxious animalculæ, which may always be discovered in water that passes through wood pipes, or pumps, which have been some time in use; and Dr. Buchan observes, that "waters become putrid by the corruption of animal and vegetable bodies with which they abound." Water, which is conducted through pumps or pipes made of iron, lead, copper, or most other metallic bodies, becomes impregnated with the corrosive qualities of the metals which renders it unwholesome and poisonous, and of course unfit for cooking, or washing linen, and many other domestic uses. The nature of this improvement is, therefore, to remove the above objections, which is completely performed by making tubes of porcelain pottery, and various compositions, which are vitrifiable, and not liable to corrosion or decay. These tubes are formed in such a way at the ends, as to fit one within the other, which are connected or united together by cement, so as to make them water, or air-tight. And by the addition of any number of these tubes, connected as

aforesaid, one complete tube, or pipe, is formed, to any extent which may be required. The method of inclosing them in cast iron pipes or cases is preferred; which pipes or cases serve as defenders of these porcelain or pottery tubes, to prevent breaking or bursting. Cases, or pipes, may be made of wood, and various other substances for enclosing these pottery tubes; but for the sake of compactness, strength, and durability, cast iron cases, boxes, or pipes, are recommended. There are compound metals, which are less corrosive than the real metals, as aforesaid, of which tubes may be made; and, if enclosed in the manner above mentioned, would be useful in conducting water and various liquids, either hot or cold, for particular purposes; as also thin tubes, made of wood, which may be prepared for durability by boiling, burning, or charring, which has the effect of preventing its breeding or harbouring insects, &c.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

IN the sitting of November 10, 1808, Sir Joseph Banks in the chair, the secretary read a summary of M. de Luc's paper on the action of electricity and galvanism, or the electroscopical agency of electric and galvanic matter. In this paper M. de Luc proved, that neither of them have any chemical action, unless when combined with other bodies; that the galvanic and electric fluids are essentially the same; as zinc has the greatest affinity for electricity, and silver next to it; so that when these two metals are separated by moistened paper, the reciprocal electric attraction is called into action in the same manner as by the friction of the electric machine; and that it is the action and re-action of this attraction which have given birth to the appellation of positive and negative electricity. The simple electric or galvanic fluid, he also stated, passes through bodies without producing any chemical changes, unless the bodies were previously prepared and the electricity highly concentrated.

Dr. Young has since read the Croonian lecture on the muscles of the heart, and the motion of the blood. This lecture was a continuation of his former paper on the motion of fluids in elastic or flexible tubes, which appears in the first part of the Transactions of the present year. Dr. Y. took a view of the nature of fever, and its effects on the blood, as well as of blood-letting, which he thought was generally inadequate to produce the effect intended. He also gave a theory of mortification, which the Germans call "*cold* burning."

Mr. Childers read a paper on the means of constructing very powerful galvanic batteries. From a number of experiments performed before Mr. Davy and others, Mr. Childers concluded that, if it be desired to act on substances which are non-conductors of galvanism, very broad plates of copper and zinc are preferable; but if on substances which are good conductors, then narrow plates in greater numbers will be found most convenient: the former continue to emit fluid for forty-eight hours, the latter for a much shorter time; but they emit it much quicker, and are better adapted to general experiments.—Mr. C. also recommends having the plates moveable instead of being soldered together, as the trough can be much easier cleared out after using it. He recommended Wedgewood's ware to make the troughs of, or glass, both of which he preferred to the materials now in use.

Water Spouts at Sea.

Nearly the whole of the following paper was transmitted to Sir Joseph Banks, on the return of William Ricketts, Esq. commander in the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas, in 1800 and 1801, and is deposited in the archives of the Royal Society.

"From the sensation of alarm generally prevailing in ships on the approach of water spouts, and the serious consequences that may result from the endeavours of mariners to avoid them, I have been induced to

believe that any communication tending to throw light on the subject, cannot fail to prove very desirable to the Royal Society.

"Previously to the month of July, 1800, my opinion of water spouts was formed on the basis of those popularly inculcated among sailors. By them I was led to imagine that *all* water spouts were solid columns of water, *pumped* up, as it were, by the action of the clouds from the sea, the vicinity to which was attended with imminent danger, as well from a vortex created by the ascending fluid, as from the occasional fall of a tremendous deluge from above; and it was under considerable apprehensions arising from such impressions, that at the latter end of July, 1800, (while sailing among the Lipari Islands), I was suddenly awakened by a hurried exclamation from the officer on watch, that a water-spout was near, and would soon be aboard us. On my reaching the deck (which was done without the delay of dressing), I immediately perceived from the larboard quarter, that a phenomenon of that nature was actually approaching us. The night at this time was dark and calm, though the water was slowly undulated. The clouds were generally low, black, and stationary, while the object of alarm, but a few yards from the quarter, appeared as part of a cloud itself, descending in a tapering and circular form to the sea. Hardly had we time to make these observations, before the spout (accompanied by a broken sound of sharp and heavy rain), moving at the rate of two knots, proceeded gloomily towards us, almost touching our stern; and in less then two minutes more, the whole phenomenon, without any visible alteration of form, had suddenly and totally disappeared. It was particularly remarked, that the moment the spout had proceeded beyond the larboard quarter, a light air of wind came in from that point, as though we had been becalmed by its approach; and, on examination, the after part of our main-sail was found to be wetter than the rest.

"As, from the latter circumstances, and the dampness sensibly felt by all those who stood only in their linen on deck, no doubt could possibly be entertained that, had the popular notion of a created vortex, &c. been correct, inevitable destruction must have followed: it afterwards became with me a matter of doubt, how far experience would prove the received opinions to be just. Respecting the propriety of these doubts, a very fine opportunity of judging not long afterwards occurred. It was in the month of November, 1801, whilst cruising along the Istrian shore, that, soon after noon, our attention was excited by the appearance, in the south, of a lofty black inverted column, resting as it were on the sea, and reaching to the clouds. Round the lower extremity of this column, there arose a thick and voluminous vapour (resembling steam), which, on its attaining a moderate height, flew out in scroll or volute-like forms to the east and the west. Whilst we were occupied by the above phenomenon, our attention was hastily diverted by what at *first* appeared only a small agitation of the water; afterwards, by observing it rise into a vapour; and ultimately, by seeing that vapour ascend in the form of a cloudy pillar from the sea. In the mean time (that is, from the moment the vapour began to appear), a dark cloud immediately over, was observed to be dilating itself (downward) into the shape of an udder, from whence there instantly descended a pillar, similar in figure and colour to the former.

"It was then directly remarked, that, although the velocity of both these pillars, or parts of a pillar, was increasing as they drew near, yet, that the speed of the upper one was considerably greater than that of the lower; this disproportion continuing till they had nearly united, when a junction, on both sides, was rapidly formed. During the period of making the latter remarks, the column first noticed was suddenly divided more than two thirds down; the superior part flying upwards like the curling of a shaving, whilst the other sunk away with the vapour, which previously began to subside. In several other parts of the same dark cloud, great downward swellings, or udders, appeared, under which, but

not always in a vertical direction, the water was seen to foam, and vapours of different elevations arose, producing an effect extremely curious, and altogether difficult to describe. In all, seven water spouts were completely organised, out of which number two were made as curves, retaining that shape throughout; one enlarged its original curve, till it became a perpendicular; two others, leaning obliquely, never altered their position till broken; and the remainder, being at *first* vertical, were always the same, and beautifully formed. However curious, on perusal, may seem the preceding remarks, there remains one, still more extraordinary, to be stated. It is, that straight up the centre of several spouts, (like quicksilver in a glass tube) we could distinctly mark the ascension of a fluid, light in its colour, and subject to great variations in its pace; but it was constantly observed, that the nearer the spouts approached to perpendicular, the more actively the fluid was moved. The durations of the above phenomena were from three to five minutes; and it is proper to observe, that *not the smallest symptoms of falling water was at any time seen*, though one of the spouts was scarcely constructed before it was destroyed. It is necessary to add, that our estimated distance from them was from six to eight miles, and that the wind was considered as light, though it had blown fresh for several days before from the south-east, accompanied with almost continued rain."

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

ON Thursday, Dec. 1, the students of the British Institution had their annual dinner at the Thatched House; Mr. M. W. Sharp in the chair; Mr. R. Sass was the vice-chairman. The President of the Royal Academy honoured the meeting with his presence. A number of loyal toasts, the health of the most distinguished patrons of the Institution, and various sentiments expressive of the good wishes of the company for the success of the Fine Arts in Great Britain, were drank with enthusiasm; several excellent songs were sung by Messrs. Sharp, Sass, Drummond, Davis, Stewardson, &c. and the festivities of the evening were prolonged until a late hour.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE following arrangement is made for the Lectures of the present season, which commenced on Saturday, Dec. 17, with an Introductory Leeture by Mr. Davy:

Experimental Chemistry and Electro-Chemical Science, by Humphrey Davy, Esq. Sec. R. S.;—Botany, by James Edward Smith, M.D. F.R.S. P.L.S.;—Astronomy, by John Pond, Esq. F.R.S.;—Grecian History and Historians, by the Rev. William Crowe, Public Orator at the University of Oxford;—Perspective, by Mr. John George Wood;—Music, by Mr. Samuel Wesley.

THE ALFRED SOCIETY.

THIS new Institution, which consists of several of the most eminent persons of classic taste and legal knowledge in this country, met for the first time on the 13th of October, at the Clarendon Hotel, the house taken for them in Albemarle-street, not being in readiness for their reception. The Archbishop of Canterbury is the president, but in his absence, Earl Spencer filled the chair. The house in Albemarle-street is, however, to be under the management of the master of the Clarendon Hotel. Two hundred and fifty members have already entered their names.

BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE late anniversary meeting held at Hetling House, Bath, was most numerously attended by nobility, members of parliament, and the principal gentlemen of the society, from various parts of the west of England, and of the nation at large. His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester being present, and condescending to be appointed an *honorary member*, gave peculiar felicity to this meeting. The exhibitions of live stock were more valuable than numerous, and deemed better than

for several years past. The samples of manufacture in broad cloth, kerseymere, corderoys, shawls, stockings, &c. were numerous and most excellent, evincing the growing importance of the Anglo Merino wool, from which they were made, and which, so far from degenerating, evidently increases in firmness of pile, to the great satisfaction of the society, and with every prospect of permanent advantage to the community. Carcases, also, of this mixture of sheep were exhibited in a slaughtered state, the mutton of which was beautiful. Several useful implements in mechanics were produced for the society's approbation.

A most interesting memoir on the subject of *Manure* was communicated to a select party on the eve of the meeting. It was delivered with so much pathos, and in such plain and perspicuous terms, that the merest tyro in agriculture could not but acknowledge his perfect comprehension of the subject. The substance was extracted from a MS. lately discovered at an inn in Lyndhurst, and is said to have been in the handwriting of an ingenious domestic belonging to the ancient baronial family of the Delaberes. A hope is entertained that the public may be indulged with so valuable a record, in a printed form.

WERNERIAN NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

AT a recent meeting, Dr. James Ogilby of Dublin, read a very interesting account of the mineralogy of East Lothian, drawn from a series of observations, apparently made with great skill; and which were illustrated by a suite of 350 specimens laid upon the table. The Doctor, after describing the variegated physiognomy of the country, gave a particular account of the different formations of which it is composed, as follows:—Transition, independent Coal, newest Floetztrap, and Alluvial. His description of the rocks of the newest Floetzstrap formation was particularly interesting. He also announced his intention of reading, at the next meeting of the society, a description of the different veins that occur in East Lothian, and of giving a short statement of the geognostical and economical inferences to be deduced from the appearances which he had investigated with so much care. It is indeed only by such researches as those of Dr. Ogilby, that we obtain any certainty respecting the mineral treasures of a country; and such alone can afford substantial data for a legitimate theory of the formation of the globe.

Colonel Montagu read a paper, describing a new species of fasciola of a red colour, and about an inch long, which sometimes lodges in the windpipe of chickens, and which the colonel supposed to be the occasion of the distemper called the *Gapes*, so fatal to these tenants of the poultry yard. The knowledge of the true cause of this malady will, it is hoped, soon be followed by the discovery of a specific cure. In Devonshire, the meat of the chicks is mixed up with urine, instead of water; but we think some salt more agreeable, and equally efficacious might be substituted.

At this meeting, Mr. Peter Neill read the following account of the enormous Sea Serpent, which was driven ashore on one of the Orkney Islands a few weeks ago:—"The *Serpens Marinus Magnus* of Pontoppidan, has hitherto been considered as a fabulous monster, and denied "a local habitation and a name" by all scientific and systematic naturalists, who have affected to pity the credulity of the good Bishop of Bergen. One of these monsters however, (indignant, may I not say, at the scepticism of the disciples of the Linnæan School,) has, effectually to prove its existence, been heroic enough to wreck himself on the Orkney Islands. He came ashore at Rothesholm or Rougom Bay, in Stronsa, near to Shearers. It was fifty-five feet long; but the tail seemed to have been broken by dashing among the rocks; so it is calculated to have been sixty feet in the whole. Where thickest, it might equal the girth of an Orkney horse, which, you know, is—a starved English pony. The head was not larger than a seal's, and had two spiracles or blow-holes. From the back hung down numerous

filaments, eighteen inches long, (the *mane* described by Pontoppidan): these filaments bear the most perfect resemblance to the silk-worm gut, or India sea-grass used in trouting. The monster had three pair of fins, or rather paws; the first pair five and a half feet long, with a joint at the distance of four feet from the body. Alas! a tempest beat the carcase to pieces before men and ropes could be collected; and only a fragment (about five feet) of the back-bone, and a whole paw, are preserved. M. Laing, Esq. M.P. has got these, and is to send them to our University Museum."

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

MEMOIRS of the celebrated Archdeacon Paley, from the pen of a gentleman, who was one of his parishioners at Bishopswearmouth, will appear in a few weeks.

Mr. Polwhele, the friend and neighbour of the late Rev. E. Whitaker, has undertaken to collect the correspondence and papers of that gentleman, whose memoirs are expected to appear in one quarto volume.

The Rev. John Robinson, of Ravenstonedale, is engaged upon a Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Dictionary. It will contain a list of all the names of places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments and the Apocrypha, in their original characters and true orthography, in European letters, with descriptions, meanings, &c. printed in the same manner, and accompanied by chronological and biographical notices; an account of every religious term, including the doctrines, &c. of the sacred books: an account of the arts in the ancient world, to which there is any reference or allusion in the scriptures; principal events in ecclesiastical history, with the different sects in the primitive and succeeding ages of the church; religious customs, ceremonies, ordinances, institutions, and critical illustrations of obscure passages in the sacred writings, comprising the whole antiquity of the Hebrews, and to form a body of scripture history, geography, chronology, divinity, and ecclesiastical opinions.

Among other works in the press at Oxford are Scattergood's Sermons, 2 vols, 8vo.; Sophocles, by Brunck, 2 vols. 32mo.; Euripides, 32mo.; Eschylus, by Schutz, 2 vols. 8vo.; Novum Testamentum, Græc. 32mo.; Scholia in Pindari Carmina, ex edit. Chr. Gott. Heyne, 8vo.; Thucydides, Gr. ex edit. Dukeric, 2 vols. 8vo., &c.

Mr. Percival Stockdale intends to publish Memoirs of his own Life and Writings. They will abound with anecdotes of several distinguished persons, together with social, moral, political, and religious observations, made at Marseilles, Gibraltar, Algiers, &c.

A new edition of Local Attachment, with respect to Home, a Poem, by Mr. Polwhele, is reprinting; as is also the seventh portion of the History of Cornwall. His History of Devonshire, in three volumes folio, is completed.

The learned will hear with pleasure, that the Dean of Westminster is preparing to publish the Greek text of *Arrian's Indica*, and the *Periplus*, with a translation, to accompany his own learned and curious comments on the texts.

The Rev. R. Nares will shortly put to press a Dictionary of the Middle Language, or the Age of Shakspeare, on the plan of Johnson's Dictionary.

Mr. G. Burnett shortly intends to publish the Beauties of Milton's Prose, with preliminary remarks and criticisms, in two vols. duodecimo.

Mr. James Archer, engraver, has perfected an invention of singular importance to the commercial world, viz. a mode of engraving Bank Note plates, proof against any kind of forgery. The instrument which produces them is extremely intricate, and constructed upon a plan out of the common routine of mechanics.

The note may be comprehended at one glance, consisting merely of straight and waved lines, curiously combined, and forming a variegated tint, simple in appearance, but inimitable in execution. The mathematical accuracy of this plan is very highly spoken of.

A volume of Letters, from Bishop Warburton to the late Bishop of Worcester, between the years 1749 and 1776, are in the press. They were left for publication by the late Bishop Hurd, with the title of Letters from a late Eminent Prelate to one of his Friends.

The Rev. Dr. Rees, the learned editor of the New Encyclopædia, has consented to put to press two volumes of Sermons, on practical and interesting subjects. They will appear early in the spring.

Mr. Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century" are advancing in the press.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

The pictures which are to be submitted to the governors of the British Institution, for the premiums assigned to the best works in the departments of Historical or Poetical, Landscape, Subjects in familiar Life, and Sculpture, were last week placed in the Gallery, in Pall-Mall, for the inspection of the Patrons, who are to decide on their respective merits, and award the premiums accordingly. The productions of the several students, whose names are to be concealed till the award shall be made, manifest a considerable improvement in the arts since the last exhibition at this place, and strongly demonstrate the utility of this Institution.

The *Carpenter's Shop* is a work of prominent merit, and shews how much genius, in this province, has been stimulated by the exertions of Wilkie. Indeed this picture, in mechanical dexterity, would do credit to the hand of that excellent artist.

A *Devonshire Cottage*, in the same style, is also an admirable specimen of ability in this line.

The *Music-master*, in imitation of the Flemish School, is a fine specimen of high finishing, and is altogether a pleasing and expressive composition.

A picture from a scene in the play of *Cymbeline* is entitled to great praise. The scene represents the supposed death of *Imogen*, and the artist has entered with great spirit and feeling into the conception of the author. The old Man and the young Mountaineers are well conceived, and display characteristic spirit.

There is also a very fine representation of a passage in *The Lay of the last Minstrel*, where Deloraine crosses the river by moon-light. This picture is conceived with true poetic spirit, and with a boldness of imagination rarely found in modern productions. The scene is striking, romantic, and dignified, and the whole makes a strong impression on the mind.

Cymon, from Dryden's fables, is entitled to a very favourable notice. It is painted in the style of that excellent artist, Smirke.

Susannah and the Elders should not be passed without a notice, nor the scene from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, where the venerable bard is performing before the Duchess of Buccleugh.

A landscape with cattle, in the style of Cuyp, is among the best productions in the Gallery, and another of *Wood-cutters*, in the manner of Ruysdael, has very great merit. It may, indeed, rank with similar works of very high name.

There is also an admirable model in plaister, of *Sampson breaking his bonds*, that would do honour to a veteran artist.

The monument voted by Parliament to the memory of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, has been erected under the large window in the South-West transept of St. Paul's Cathedral. The figures are as large as life. The general is represented falling from his horse, in consequence of loss of blood, and his fall arrested by a Highland soldier.

An admirable and useful discovery has been made by Mr. Wm. Skrimshire, jun. respecting the fecula of potatoes. This fecula, generally known to laundresses and others, by the name of potatoe starch, may be

formed into small cakes, and dried in the open air, or by a gentle heat, and will keep a very considerable length of time. The fecula, or pulp, being mixed together, half an ounce of it, Mr. Skrimshire says, will gelatinize, or convert into paste, as large a quantity of boiling water as to afford a sufficient meal for any labouring person in health. It may be eaten with sugar or molasses; or, being boiled with an onion, or pot-herbs, and seasoned with pepper, or salt, will make a palatable, wholesome, and nutritious soup. If boiled with milk, sweetened with sugar, and flavoured with a little wine, or spice, it forms the most nourishing and restorative food that can be administered to the sick and convalescent. From the ease with which it is digested, it is peculiarly adapted to the impaired organs of the debauchee, and the feeble powers of infancy. The pure fecula, the author asserts, will be found superior in every respect to salep, sago, arrow-root, or any of the preparations so pompously advertised. Mr. Skrimshire has sliced potatoes, then roasted them to a coffee colour, and ground them in a mill; then mixed them with a sixteenth weight of the best Turkey coffee, which forms an excellent drink. He has also found that the root of the red berried briony, commonly called mandrake, horse-chesnuts, acorns, &c. produce a fecula or meal, good for man or beast.

The statue of the late Mr. Pitt, which had been imprudently offered by the University of Cambridge to a celebrated foreign artist, who declined it, and next proposed to Flaxman, who, indignant at the preference thus given to a foreigner, waved the commission, has been at length consigned to that able and veteran sculptor, Nollekens. It is to be placed in the Senate House of Cambridge.

The precise situation of the new bridge over the Thames, between Westminster and Blackfriars, is at length said to be fixed upon, and is to be opposite that part of the Strand where the Lyceum stands, on which place it is proposed to open a wide street. Various other improvements in the contiguous streets are expected to be the result of this undertaking.

A plant, which grows in abundance in every field, the dog's tongue, the *cynoglossom officinale* of Linnæus, has been found by M. Boreaux to possess a very valuable quality. If gathered at the period when the sap is in its full vigour, bruised with a hammer, and laid in a house, barn, granary, or any place frequented by rats and mice, those destructive animals immediately shift their quarters. The success of this method, M. Boreaux says, is equally speedy and infallible.

It has lately been discovered, that nearly half of the raw hemp and flax, carried to the mills for beating and dressing, and which is left to rot under the name of refuse, may, on being cleared of the strawy particles, become as soft and as useful for making paper, as the most valuable part of the plant. It can, besides, by a chemical process well known to bleachers, be made as white as cambric. The bine or straw of hops, which the planters generally throw away, contains an excellent hemp for making cloth, canvas, ropes, &c. and also the best materials for making paper.

Several broken parts belonging to the celebrated statue of Theseus, in the Elgin collection, have lately been discovered among the numerous fragments in his Lordship's gallery; and that invaluable relic of ancient sculpture will be thus brought nearer to the state in which it commanded admiration in the days of Phidias.

A watchmaker at Vienna, named Degen, has constructed wings, by means of which he can raise and suspend himself in the air. He can move forward, but not with celerity; he is, however, of opinion, that he can so far improve his mechanism, as to be able to fly at the rate of eight miles an hour.

A weaver in Dundee has in his possession a watch, made by a person of the name of Ramsay, about twenty years ago, entirely of steel, except a few of the bushes, and the cases, which are silver. The artist was also a weaver.

A Poem on Astronomy, by an Antient Professor at Paris and in London.—The author deprecating the custom of giving his pupils detached pieces of tragedies, comedies, &c. to declaim, undertook to make in different styles

a manual of pieces of eloquence, in which he blended what is most sublime, enlightening, and edifying, in history, sciences, and religion; wishing, after the advice of Cicero, to give his students not even a copy without conveying some necessary or improving precept. The themes of these pieces being mostly derived from Astronomy, he has added a complete system of it, with tables and maps, so delineated as to lead the scholar of the meanest capacity, step by step, through an easy and agreeable path, to the last recess of that abstruse but sublime science. In measuring the zodiac is given a description of the months, said to be not inferior to the best authors on the subject. The maps of the Constellations of the North and South being numbered, the author gives the day and night obeying their Creator's decrees, in a way to leave on the reader a lasting impression, fit to raise the mind from earthly considerations to some of a far superior nature and everlasting.

A new edition of a very old book has just been published at Paris: it is entitled, *Everlasting Prophecies, from the year* 1521, *to the end of the World.* The author is Joseph Justo, of Naples. The Academy of Sciences, at Paris, is said to have transmitted this little work of 54 pages, to the Minister Louvois; and, what is still more, to have found it invariably correct for the last one hundred and forty years. The most important prophecy relates to the year 1811:—"It will be difficult to preserve the cattle through the severity of winter; from that year, a peace of a whole century will be enjoyed by Christendom; bread, wine, and clothing, will then be cheap."

Professor Rush, of Pennsylvania, who has adopted the opinion of Dr. Physick, that death from hydrophobia is the effect of a sudden and spasmodic constriction of the glottis, inducing suffocation, has lately made several dissections, to shew the probability of its being cured by an artificial aperture being made in the windpipe. This, he observes, bids fair to arrest its tendency to death, by removing the symptoms which generally induce it, and thereby give time for other remedies, which have hitherto been unsuccessful, to produce their usual salutary effects in similar diseases.

An experienced propagator of trees, shrubs, and plants, has discovered a cheap and efficacious method of propagating by cutting all kind of fruit trees without the aid of artificial heat. Thus we are not only enabled to propagate with certainty any particular species, but to preserve, with the strictest purity, the more valuable fruits, without these being liable to adulteration or degeneracy, the too frequent consequence of budding or grafting upon ungenial and improper stocks; and thus also, the common inconvenience of receiving erroneous sorts from public nurseries, is avoided.

France.

M. Maelzl, a German mechanist, is now exhibiting at Paris an automaton of a most singular construction. It represents a trumpeter, in the uniform of the band of the French Imperial guards, which at the word of command raises a trumpet to its mouth, and plays some excellent pieces of martial music. The whole of the mechanism is contained in the chest of the automaton; its feet rest upon a board, to which castors are affixed, and the proprietor moves it from place to place in the exhibition room, to shew that there is no communication with any other apartment. In this respect it is superior to the celebrated automaton flute player of M. Vaucenson, which once made so much noise in Europe. The latter figure reclined against a wall, behind which some complicated machinery was supposed to be placed. The most astonishing part of the German artist's automaton, is the effect produced by the lips of the figure upon the trumpet, which are made to exhibit all the delicacy of touch, peculiar to the lips of the human body. At the conclusion of the exhibition, M. Maelzl sits down to a piano forte, and his trumpeter performs an accompaniment to several pieces of music, with the precision of a first-rate performer. This is not the only musical instrument in which this ingenious artist has distinguished himself.

The grand bas-relief adorning the

pediment of the colonnade of the Louvre, has lately been exposed to view. It is said to be the most magnificent piece of sculpture ever seen. It is seventy-four feet long, by fourteen broad, without including the cornices. It represents the Muses celebrating the glory of the hero Napoleon, as protector of the Arts, and to whom France is indebted for finishing the Louvre, so vainly wished for by the nation, and by ten sovereigns, for nearly three centuries. The colossal bust of the Emperor occupies the upper part of the pediment. It rests upon a pedestal, at the foot of which is seated the figure of Victory, holding palm-branches and crowns of laurel. On each hand are the Muses, divided into two groups. Minerva invites them to celebrate this new claim to glory, in favour of the Emperor. They are nine feet and a half high.

Canova, the famous sculptor at Rome, has finished, and transmitted to Paris, a statue of the Empress Josephine, which has excited the admiration of the connoiseurs.

Dreadful Catastrophe.—We translate the following instance of the fatal consequences of eating supposed champignons, from the *Journal De L'Empire*, of the 7th instant.

A poor woman, of the Commune of Boynes, in the Canton of Pithiviers having lately been in a forest with two of her daughters, gathering wood, they were so taken with the fine appearance of these supposed champignons, that the girls, one ten, the other twelve years of age, gathered a sufficient quantity to make a hearty supper, of which the mother partook. The father preferring meat, only tasted of them from complaisance. About two in the morning the youngest girl was taken with convulsions, and a violent cholic, and died in the course of six hours. The other girl died in the course of the next day, with the same symptoms. The curate of the place being sent for, and finding the father and mother unable to rise, on learning what had happened, sent for a surgeon, who prescribed for them immediately, but in vain. These unfortunate people died on the following day. It was also remarked, that an infant at the breast, which had been suckled in the night, was likewise a victim to the poison.

Germany.

The new government of Westphalia has projected a junction between the rivers Elbe and Weser, to favour the exportation of the produce of the interior to foreign countries. Direct communications are to be opened between the frontiers of Westphalia and the Baltic. The low grounds and marshes are to be drained, and a grand communication opened by water from Bremen to the Vistula. An inland navigation is also to be made to Holland, and the banks of the Rhine, while commercial relations are to be encouraged with the South of Russia and the North of Germany.

The workmen employed upon the improvements of the fortifications of Cassel, last August discovered five Roman altars, consecrated to Jupiter and Juno. One of the same description, in high preservation, had been found but a short time before. One of these altars was dedicated in the year 215, and the other in 212.

The first of a magnificent suite of engravings, entitled "Scenes from the Theatrical Works of Schiller," has lately appeared at Leipsic. This work is intended in Germany to rival the "Shakspeare Gallery" of England.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

OUR readers will have observed that, in the various reports given of the state of public affairs in this work, no opportunity has been lost of impressing on their minds the great importance of the liberty of the press. Its enemies are numerous, and their attacks upon it insidious. At one time the abuses which will arise in a numerous society, under the shape of libels, are made an occasion for restrictions, at another, the supposed sacredness of courts of justice. In short, all those men, whose deeds are evil, who love darkness rather than light, dread the liberty of the press, and every thing that tends to

improve the human mind, and meliorate the state of society. The advocates, on the contrary, of the liberty of the press, have, from the beginning, been men of the most enlightened minds, of the greatest talents, men who have loved their fellow creatures, and laboured for their good. It is with the greatest pleasure that we see such men in high situations, and in the gloomy state of public affairs, the eye is relieved by having one object on which it can fix itself with pleasure.

A motion was lately made in the Chancery Court of Dublin, against an individual for publishing the reports of that court, on a previous trial. The Chancellor refused the rule, and in the most manly and honourable manner, declared that he wished all his decrees to be published, and publicly sifted; that such publication was an advantage, not a detriment to the state; that thereby the public mind was gradually enlightened, that they saw the grounds of public decisions, and had more confidence in their rectitude. Above all, that if shackles were to be thus imposed on the liberty of the press, there was no telling where it might end, and to what injuries the state might not be exposed.

We congratulate the public on this noble declaration. It does honour to the seat of justice, and we could wish it to be read annually in all our courts of law, and particularly in all courts martial, or boards of enquiry. We noticed the idle attempt of one of the gentlemen of the company who met at Chelsea, on the subject of the Convention at Cintra, to stifle all account of the proceedings; and we remember in different trials, similar attempts, which have been but too successful. The newspapers properly resisted the Chelsea attempt, and the language of the Chancellor of Ireland may suppress if not the desire in certain persons to attack, yet assuredly a tame spirit of acquiescence in those who love the freedom of our constitution. The more publicity we give to the proceedings of courts of law and parliament, in short of all public bodies, the more difficult it is for corruption to exert its sway; and all the energies of noble minds cannot be too much exerted to counteract, in times like these, its all-devouring influence.

The proceedings at Chelsea gradually sunk in the estimation of the public. Previously to the meeting, Sir Hew Dalrymple was the object of universal censure. The blame of the whole seemed, in great measure, to devolve upon him, and the success of Sir Arthur Wellesley, in the battles, threw a shade over his delinquency. Sir Harry Burrard seemed to have little or no share in the business. As the question was discussed at the meeting, Sir Hew grew higher every day in the public esteem. He met the question manfully. He stated plainly his reasons for thinking the Convention good at the time that he took the command, and in consequence of the previous circumstances. Sir Arthur Wellesley as naturally sunk; for it was evident, that whatever blame might be attached to the Convention, his share of it was very considerable; and that in the main points he was a principal instrument in it. The absence of Sir Harry Burrard occasioned an adjournment for some time, and when he appeared, the grand question of the delay in pursuing the advantages of the two first battles was set in its true light. Here it was evident, that if there was blame, the whole blame rested on Sir Harry Burrard, and the account he gave of himself was far from being satisfactory. As far as this unhappy business was conducted in Portugal, of the three delinquents, Sir H. Burrard now appeared evidently to be the most guilty; but the public naturally, and with very good reason, enquired how it came to pass that the British arms should have been so disgraced at Buenos Ayres, by the appointment of a Whitelocke; in Portugal, by the appointment of Sir Harry Burrard and Sir Hew Dalrymple. Would such men, it was asked, have been selected by a Bonaparte? The decision of the meeting at Chelsea can, in this respect, make no alteration upon the public mind.

Of enquiries we have heard much. The reports of the enquirers ap-

pointed in the house of commons, fill immense volumes; the results of them are yet in general to be expected. One gentleman has however been effectually brought to the bar of justice, and shewn the difference between the trial in a court of law, and one before the house of Lords. Mr. Davidson, agent to government, had been detected in the commission of various acts by which his fortune was encreased at the public expense, by unfair means; a trial has been instituted in the Court of King's Bench, and he has been found guilty. One among so many peculators has been tried, how many more remain behind? This instance alone will hardly satisfy the drawers up of the reports: and if the Augean stable was to be cleansed in earnest, we should hear of many more processes. In the city an attempt at enquiry has been made, and this in a very important institution. Several complaints have been brought forward against the appointment of the children of the rich to the benefits of education in Christ's Hospital. A flagrant instance was, it is said, brought forward; the common council took up the cause, but they were out-voted when it came to be tried before the governors. Mr. Waithman was very active upon this occasion, and has written a full account of the proceedings. The question deserves discussion, but we shall hope that the governors will in future act with such prudence, that the attention of the public may not be again excited.

But our domestic enquiries cannot longer detain us from the affairs of the continent. We would willingly shut our eyes to what has been passing within this last month. The cause of Spain is not lost, but it is so desperate, that we entertain very slender hopes of its recovery. The French, cooped up in a narrow space for all the summer, not attacked when they were few in number, and now triumphantly spreading themselves over the whole country! What a contrast to their state six months ago! What a disgrace to England! Let any one take up a map, and mark out the situation of the French in Spain, three months ago. Let him reflect on the number of our ships, the number of our soldiers; let him then ask this plain question:—If Bonaparte had had the same number of ships and men in England, and the people of Spain in a state of insurrection, how long would he have permitted the French to remain in repose? Would he not have directed his first attack against Vittoria? Would he not have landed, if necessary, the whole army of England between Bilboa and St. Sebastian, and marching from the shores of Biscay to the Mediterranean, have cleared the country of the French, and secured the passes of the Pyrennees against their return. Common sense would have pointed out this conduct, but the resources of Spain and Britain have been frittered away, while Bonaparte, acting with judgment, firmness, and resolution, has carried his point.

Surely a judgment from heaven has smitten the adversaries of this extraordinary man. Every thing in his hands succeeds. Every thing contrived against him is unprosperous. The path of our armies traced upon a map would present a strange scheme of motions. The regiments perpetually in motion, at one time in Sicily, another in Sweden, then in Spain. But what is the result of this marching and counter-marching? The motions of Bonaparte's troops have a determined object, and they do not return till it is accomplished. When the French Emperor has fulfilled his promise of placing his brother on the throne at Madrid, and seen his banner unfurled on the castles at Lisbon, whither will he direct his steps? The sea is between us and him, and our navy is still the honour and defence of the country. If the past year has not taught the nation prudence, what can we expect of that which is coming on?

The plan of the French is now fully developed, and the want of one in the Spanish and English sufficiently glaring. When every thing had been duly prepared, Bonaparte set his troops in Spain in motion, and a succession of armies was marching in the mean time in France, to fill up their losses. Ge-

neral Blake was on his right in Biscay, and Castanos on his left on the Ebro. Moore was marching towards his front from Portugal, and as to General Baird with his forces they may be said to have been *hors du combat*. So contrived was it on the part of our government that it should be impossible for them to be of any service. An army was detached against Blake, which in reiterated actions completely broke his strength. Another army was sent against Castanos, and by a skilful manœuvre his army was beaten. Bonaparte with his main strength marched directly to Madrid, having no apprehensions on either side, and Moore's army was not strong enough to create any alarm. This is supposed to have retreated into Portugal. The Junta made spirited resolutions, and the inhabitants of Madrid were to make a stand at certain passes, and then defend the town to the last extremity. But we hear that Madrid capitulated without any great opposition, and remain in suspense on the next motions of the great warrior.

Andalusia remains unhurt; and a considerable population in the south of Spain affords materials which, in the hands of Bonaparte, would soon make excellent armies. He probably will march to Seville and Cadiz; and it is not unlikely that he will regain possession of his own fleet. The two fleets in the harbour of Cadiz afford facilities for an immense emigration to America, and doubtless numbers will wish to avail themselves of them, but in the confusion coming on the arrangements will not easily be made. We know with what difficulty the King of Portugal effected his retreat with his ships: how much greater will it be at Cadiz, where authority is so unstable? As to Portugal, that is to be defended by the English troops, and the Tagus will afford them an easy mean of returning to England.

The whole appears like a dream. When the Gallo-Spanish king from Madrid, and the whole kingdom of Spain was in a state of insurrection, when it was backed by a most powerful nation, capable of supplying it with arms, men, and money to any extent, Bonaparte went on his pleasures into Germany, and soon after told the world that he would before Christmas crown his brother in Madrid. The boast was not vain. He knew on what he could rely. He knew the strength and activity of his own troops, the slowness of the British councils, and the real state of Spain. Above all, his army is conducted on principles exactly the reverse of ours. He is commander in chief, and has been familiar with victory: in England the commander in chief has been accustomed to defeat. In his army, generals obtain a high command in consequence of skill and victories: in England, generals obtain a high command, whose names are scarcely known to the troops under them. Bonaparte plans his own designs, and sees himself to the execution of them. Who is the planner in England we do not know: the public is but too well acquainted with the mode in which they are executed. Bonaparte is at the head of his commissariat, and every district corps has its officer looking up to him. In short, with Bonaparte merit is every thing, and connections nothing; and if we wish to have as good an army in England, we must follow his example.

It is easy to point out the error after a business has met with ill success. The appointment of a Central Junta in Spain was looked upon as a matter of urgent necessity; it appears now that the measure has not been salutary. It has paralysed the exertions of Spain. Before this appointment the provinces were full of energy, the provincial Juntas were fired with emulation by the exertions of each other. The times were uncommon, and they required individual energies. For this the provincial Juntas were admirably constituted. Acting by themselves, they could bring their separate armies into the field. The place of the enemy was known. A commander in chief only was wanted, and mutual action could easily have been concerted. We have witnessed one consequence of the Central Junta in the detaining of our troops so long on board till a message could be received from it. Had the provincial Juntas been in activity, the troops would have been on shore the day after their arrival off the port; and in the same manner as our army has been delayed, has every operation in

Spain been counteracted by the Central Junta. Difficult times require uncommon exertions. The cold head of Florida Blanca and the stated routine of business did not suit the ardour required. A kingdom is not to be saved in such a manner.

The consequences of the success of Bonaparte cannot easily be foreseen. Army after army is pouring into Spain, and he will be completely master of the country. If, as in the case of our William the Conqueror, he should portion out a vast quantity of its lands among his brave soldiers, and thus settle a very great body of Frenchmen in the country, there cannot be a doubt that it will in a very few years be much improved, and begin to assume a respectable situation among the states of Europe. The prejudices that have ruined that country will be destroyed; and perhaps the conquest will be better for the country, than if its independence had been secured, and its inquisition and monkeries established by the patriots and the English. As far as England is concerned, the possession by the French will not be worse for us than when that country was the ally of France. Bonaparte will invade Ireland from that quarter on the first opportunity, and so he would have done had the Bourbon government remained. In any case, however, the safety of this country is concerned, and much political wisdom is required to ward off the danger.

Bonaparte has been creating in France a vast number of titles. On his generals he confers the titles of dukes and princes, on lower ranks the titles of counts and barons. This has excited great derision in England among the periodical writers, who do not know that all the titles in Europe arise from a similar source. Our William the Conqueror made nobles of various descriptions of his soldiers, and Bonaparte has done the same thing: but in point of military skill and knowledge of civil government, assuredly the Emperor of France is far superior to William. Europe has been destined to return to military government; and France, which laughed at one time at these titles, naturally receives them as the necessary appendages of military exploits. The difference in general between Bonaparte's titles and those of many other sovereigns is, that his are conferred on men who have gained them by services and merit; court favour, intrigue, and caprice lead the way to many other titles, or they come by hereditary descent to those who have no protensions but their birth to assume them. If we had no other ground of complaint against Bonaparte, he would be the greatest monarch that this world has seen.

The fate of Finland seems now to be completely settled. The last advices announce an armistice, and the retreat of the Swedish troops, who are very few in number in comparison with the Russians. The winter may probably put a stop to farther action, and Russia will organise its new conquests in such a manner that the King of Sweden cannot entertain any sanguine hopes of regaining his provinces. When peace comes, he will be reduced to Sweden Proper; and happy may he think himself if Russia does not turn the northern point of Bothnia, and attack him in his capital.

The new King of Naples is beginning to be active. He has taken the island of Capri, and is making preparations for the invasion of Sicily. The conquest will not be difficult, if he can land a number of troops equal to his wishes. In Turkey the government continues to be exercised with great rigour; we are endeavouring to negociate, but our attempts do not seem to promise very great results.

In Persia there are now said to be very few French, in comparison of their number by former assertions. To counteract their effects, an embassy has been sent from India to the court of Persia, which will at least discover the real state of the French, and prepare our Indian possessions against attack. It cannot be doubted that the aim of the French emperor is to attack us in these possessions; and if he can stir up the Persians, we shall, considering the Vellore business, find it a very difficult matter to resist the attack. The great point is, whether the Persians will consent to adopt European tactics, and if they do, we shall find in them a very different enemy from the Mahrattas and Hindoos.

Thus every thing portends the continuance of war, and America partakes of the troubles, which the folly of the old world has brought upon both continents. The Congress is met, and we have in consequence received the important message of the President, and an account of the negociation which has taken place between this country and the United States on the subject of the embargo. The message of the President laments the state of European politics, and the difficulties that it has occasioned to American commerce, the misfortune that has arisen to a third, in consequence of the hostilities between two rival powers, and his endeavours to steer clear of all those horrors which are the necessary consequences of war. It gives in every other respect a flattering picture of the state of the republic, agriculture flourishing, manufactures commencing, new institutions forming, an abundant income, and a diminution of the national debt. With the surplus of revenue great improvements may be made, and these are suggested by the worthy President, who, in a very affectionate manner, recommends to the deliberative body the welfare of the country, over which he hints to them that, as President, he addresses them for the last time.

The first subject taken into consideration by this body is the embargo, on which very warm and animated debates were expected. The papers relative to it were laid upon the table, and by them it appears that Great Britain refuses to relax its orders, though America had promised to open its ports to us if we would do so in her favour. The answer of Great Britain is signed by Mr. Canning, and in it he speaks of this country as fighting the battles of mankind, and the necessity of its orders, and of the wishes of England for the prosperity of America, in which its own is materially concerned; at the same time it speaks plainly, that the proceedings of America will have taught her, that Great Britain does not depend upon her, and that it will be for mutual happiness to approach together on a footing of mutual esteem, which this little cessation of intercourse may tend to encrease.

As Mr. Canning uses argument in his memoir, his principle will necessarily be sifted. It is grounded upon the conduct of the enemy, against which retaliation is said to be justifiable. It is the unquestionable right, he says, of his Majesty, to retort upon the enemy the evils of his own injustice: and if third parties incidentally suffer by these retaliatory measures, they were to seek their redress from the power by whose original aggression that retaliation was occasioned. This is high language, and may suit a great speaking to an inferior power. But is it founded on justice? We think not: and will put these two cases to Mr. Canning: — 1st, Suppose that war should be carried on between France and Spain in a future time, when both these powers should be superior to England, and England should suffer by similar orders from the courts of France and Spain, totally destructive of its commerce; in what manner would it feel a similar reply?— France would say, Go to Spain, that country has done the injustice, to that country you must look for redress; and Spain would make a similar reply. England would feel the poignancy of the replies if both courts should add to them, You have no reason to complain, such was your language to America upon a similar occasion.

But, instead of Great Britain being inferior, let us suppose it to be superior on the seas to both countries then at war, who have made a similar decree; should we tamely submit to let our ships be carried into the neutral ports, and there be condemned?— Should we be content to be told, that this or that party had committed the first act of injustice? Would not our fleets carry vengeance on either party that did the wrong, and we should not trouble ourselves with the propriety of the orders, as a measure of policy adopted to suit their own purposes of hostility? If this be really the case, if England would submit with reluctance to such orders, if it were inferior to the contending powers, if it would set them at naught, if

it were superior to these parties, it is in vain to attempt to justify them on any principle of justice. In fact, they set at naught all the rights of neutral nations. No nation would submit to them, if it had power enough to contend with the oppressor; and they can be maintained only by power. Whether it is prudent in America to make war upon us or France, or to continue its embargo, is a very important question. They will be agitated in Congress according to the interests of the different states and individuals in them. The commercial body will be for throwing off the embargo at all events: we do not know enough of the country to ascertain the extent of its interests; but if the agricultural party is strong enough to preserve the embargo, and thus to preserve the country from the horrors of war, the example will be new in the annals of mankind; and, however they may suffer for the first two or three years, their future prosperity will amply compensate for such a loss, and posterity will learn a better policy than the beastly appeal to the sword.

BOOKS PUBLISHED DECEMBER 1808.

☞ *As this Department will be of great Importance to* AUTHORS *and* BOOKSELLERS, *as well as to Literature in general, it is requested that* NOTICES *of Works may be forwarded as early as possible (free of Postage), which will be regularly inserted.*

AGRICULTURE.

THE Plough-wright's Assistant; or, a practical Treatise on various Implements employed in Agriculture. By Andrew Gray. 8vo. 16s.

ASTRONOMY.

Evening Amusements; or, the Beauties of the Heavens displayed. By W. Frend, Esq. M.A. 8s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth, written by himself. And Fragmenta Regalia; being a History of Queen Elizabeth's Favourites. By Sir Robert Naunton. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Sketch of the Life and Character of Don Joaquin Blake. 1s. 6d.

Memoirs of an American Lady, with Sketches of Manners and Scenery in America. By the Authoress of Letters from the Mountains. 2 vols. 10s. 6d.

Memoirs of Frederick and Margaret Klopstock. Translated from the German. 8vo. 6s.

DRAMA.

The School for Authors, a Comedy in Three Acts. By the late John Tobin, Esq. 2s.

HISTORY.

An Abridgment of the History of Spain, from the Spanish of Don Thomas D'Yriarte. 12mo. 5s.

An Historical View of the Commercial, Political, and Moral State of Hindoostan, from the earliest Period to the present Time: the Rise and Progress of Christianity in the East. By R. Chatfield, LL.B. 4to. 1l. 16s.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Practical Observations on the Nature and Cure of Strictures in the Urethra. By W. Wadd. 5s.

Indentities ascertained; or an Illustration of Mr. Ware's Opinion respecting the Sameness of Infection in Venereal Gonorrhea and the Opthalmia of Egypt. 2s. 6d.

A. Corn. Celsi de Medicina, Libro octo quibus accedunt indices capitum autorem, et rerum, et recensione, Leonardi Targae. 8vo. 12s.

Observations on an Eruptive Disease which has lately occurred in the Town of Sherborne, Dorset, after Vaccination. By R. Pew, M.D. 1s. 6d.

A Treatise on Scrofula. By James Russell. 5s.

MILITARY.

Regulation Uniforms of the British Army. No. I. 10s. 6d.

The whole Proceedings of the Court of Enquiry upon the Conduct of Sir Hew Dalrymple, relative to the Convention of Cintra; held at Chelsea College, from Monday, Nov. 14, to Wednesday, Dec. 14, 1808; with an introductory Account of the Campaign, and the Circumstances which led to that memorable Convention; the State of the Public Mind; and a Sketch of the Life of Sir Hew Dalrymple, accompanied with a correct Likeness. 2s. 6d. Sherwood and Co.

A Narrative of the Campaign which preceded the Convention of Cintra in Portugal. By Sir Arthur Wellesley.

Illustrated with three Plans of the Attack on Zambuiera, Battle of Vimiera, and all the Movements of the British and French Forces in Portugal. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Proceedings of the Enquiry into the Armistice and Convention of Cintra, and into the Conduct of the Officers concerned. By John Joseph Stockdale. With the official Plans. 8vo. 5s.

MISCELLANIES.

Copy of a Letter written by Lieut. Colonel Henry Haldane to the Editors of the British Critic. 6d.

Golden Lane Brewery: the Whole of the Proceedings in this important Cause, from its Commencement in November, 1807, to its final Decision. By W. R. H. Brown. 3s. 6d.

The Harleian Miscellany. By T. Park. Vol. 2. 4to. 3l. 3s.

Relics of Robert Burns; consisting chiefly of original Letters, Poems, and Critical Observations on Scottish Songs, collected and published by R. H. Cromek. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Letter to the Governors of Christ's Hospital; being a Refutation of the Invectives and Misrepresentations contained in a Letter from the Rev. Dawson Warren, Vicar of Edmonton, to William Mellish, Esq. M. P. By R. Waithman. 1s. 6d.

Collins's Memoranda for 1809; containing a Diary and Table. 2s. 6d. in Marble Paper: 3s. 6d. boards.

Proceedings of the Grand Juries, Magistrates, and other Noblemen and Gentlemen of the County of Gloucester, on designing and executing a general Reform in the Construction and Regulation of the Prisons for the said County. By Sir G. O. Paul. 8vo. 6s.

The Imperial and Royal Cook. By Frederic Nutt, Esq. Author of the Complete Confectioner. 6s. boards.

The Spanish Post Guide, as published at Madrid by order of the Government, translated from the original in order to be prefixed to the new Edition of Mr. Semple's Journey in Spain, and illustrated by a Map. 2s. 6d.

The Defence of Outposts. Translated from the French. 1s.

Substance of a Speech delivered in the House of Commons, by the Right Hon. T. Wallace, on Tuesday, May 17, 1808, on certain Resolutions relative to the late Transactions in the Carnatic. 4s.

A Letter to William Mellish, Esq. M.P. on a late Dispute in the Parish of Edmonton, and on the alleged Abuses in Christ's Hospital. By the Rev. D. Warren, A.M. Vicar of Edmonton. 1s. 6d.

The History of Hannah and Samuel, adapted to the Use of Societies instituted for the Relief of Lying-in Women. 3d.

Cœlebs in Search of a Wife; comprehending Observations on Domestic Habits and Manners, Religion and Morals. 2 vols. 8vo. 12s.

Letters from a late eminent Prelate to one of his Friends. 8vo. 12s. or in 4to. 1l. 7s.

A View of the Gold and Silver Coins of all Nations. By J. Ede, Goldsmith. 10s. 6d.

The Dangers of the Edinburgh Review; or, a brief Exposure of its Principles in Religion, Morals, and Politics, in three Letters addressed to its Readers. By Mentor. 1s.

Anecdotes of Literature and scarce Books. By the Rev. William Beloe. Vol. 3. 8vo. 9s.

A concise View of the Constitution of England. By G. Custance. 6s.

The Compositor's and Pressman's Guide to the Art of Printing. By C. Stower, Printer. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Anecdotes of Birds; or, Short Accounts of their Habits in a State of Nature; collected from the best Authors on Natural History. 12mo. 4s.

NOVELS.

The Iron Mask; or, the Adventures of a Father and a Son: a Romance. By the Rev. J. P. Hunt. 3 vols. 12mo. 15s.

Leontine de Blondheim. Par Auguste de Kotzebue. 3 tom. 15s.

Francis and Josepha; a Tale, from the German of Huber. By W. Fardley. 3s. 6d.

Woman: or, Ida of Athens. By Miss Owenson. 4 vols. 1l. 1s.

POLITICAL.

On the Causes of our late Military and Political Disasters, with some Hints for preventing their Recurrence. 2s.

Principles of Negotiation, and Substance of the Overtures and pending Discussions between England, France, and Russia. 2s. 6d.

The incontrovertible Proofs of the Forgeries in Major Hogan's Pamphlet. 2s.

Hogan exploded; or, a few old English Notes staked against four Irish Raps; being an unprejudiced Analysis and Refutation of Hogan's Farewell, addressed to the Army. By Corporal Foss. 2s. 6d.

POETRY.

The Royal Urinead. By Thomas Hague. 4s.

Poems, by Miss S. Evance, selected from her earliest Productions to those of the present Year. 12mo. 5s.

Bidcombe Hill, with other Rural Poems. By the Rev. F. Skurray, A.M. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—4to. 1l. 1s.

The Pastoral; or, Lyric Muse of Scotland, in three Cantos. By Hector Mac Neil. 4to. 7s. 6d.

RELIGION.

The New Whole Duty of Prayer; containing fifty-six Family Prayers, suitable for Morning and Evening, for every Day in the Week. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

A Sermon, occasioned by the Death of the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, M.A. By T. Belsham. 2s.

The Consolations of Orthodoxy. 6d.

A Letter addressed to the Right Reverend Spencer Lord Bishop of Peterborough, in Answer to an Appeal made to the Society for defending the Civil Rights of the Dissenters relative to the important Question of Church Burial by the established Clergy. By J. W. Wickes, M. A. 2s.

A Discourse, by Thomas Falconer, M. A. of Corpus Christi College, preached before the University of Oxford, Nov. 5, 1808. 1s. 6d.

The Christian Code; or, a regular Digest of Christian Dispensation. 4to. 1l. 1s.

A Sermon, preached at the Gravel Pit Meeting, Hackney, Sunday Morning, Nov. 20, 1808, on occasion of the Death of the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey. By R. Aspland. 1s. 6d.

A Sermon, preached before the Ancient and Honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons of England. By the Rev. Edward Barry, M.A. 2s.

Intolerance; or, the Disgrace of Christians not the Fault of their Religion. By the Rev. Christopher Wyvill.

The Christian Hero: a Sermon, preached at the Meeting House, Wolverhampton St. Dudley, Nov. 13, 1808, on occasion of the Death of the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, M.A. By J. H. Bransby. 1s.

The Nature, Origin, and Effect of the Creation by Jesus Christ considered, in a Discourse, delivered at Dickeling in Sussex, before a Society of Unitarian Christians, on Wednesday, July 13; and at Portsmouth, on Sunday, July 24th, 1808. By Russell Scott. 1s.

A Sermon, preached in the Scotch Episcopal Chapel, Dundee, on Sunday, Feb. 21, 1808. By the Rev. H. Horsley, A.M. 1s. 6d.

The Duties of the Episcopal Office: a Sermon, preached in Bishop Skinner's Chapel, Aberdeen, October 30, 1808, at the Consecration of the Right Rev. G. Gleig, LL.D. F.R.S. E. to the Office of a Bishop. By the Rev. H. Horsley, A.M. 1s. 6d.

Sunday Papers, addressed to Youth, on the Importance of Practical Religion. 3s.

Practical Sermons. By the late Rev. Joseph Milner. Vol. II. 8vo. 9s.

Sermons, by Benj. Grosvenor, D.D. with a Preface by the Rev. D. Bogice, A.M. 9s. bds.

Sermons on interesting Subjects. By the late Robert Coutts, Minister of Brechin. 8s. bds.

The Power of God: a Sermon, preached at Lymington, before the Hampshire Association. By John Hunt. 1s.

Select Sentences from the Sermons of the late Rev. W. Braithwaite. 2s.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Caledonian Sketches; or, a Tour through Scotland. By Sir John Carr. 4to. 2l. 2s.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

MONDAY, Dec. 5.—This evening the Covent Garden Company commenced their operations at Colman's Theatre, which has been very liberally tendered for their accommodation; and, although the audience was not so numerous as might have been expeted, yet the assemblage was highly respectable.

In the play of the "*Mountaineers*," Kemble evidently laboured under a severe hoarseness; yet some fastidious critics seemed to think, that his powers were paralysed as much by affectation as by indisposition, and accordingly *seasoned* his torpidity with the *piquant relish* of a little theatrical *Goose Sauce!* The *Floranthe* of Mrs. H. Johnston was uncommonly interesting, from the elegance of her figure, the admirable management of her features, and the plaintive melody of her voice; and the *Zorayda* of Miss Norton was peculiarly distinguished for a successful exertion of genius.

After the play, a new farce was produced, intituled, "*The School for Authors*;" written by the deceased Mr. Tobin, the author also of "*The Honey Moon*." The following were the *dramatis personæ*.

Diaper	Mr. Munden.
Cleveland	Mr. Brunton.
Wormwood ..	Mr. Farley.
Jeffery	Mr. Davenport.
Frank	Mr. Jones.
Susan	Mrs. Gibbs.
Jane	Miss Norton.

The fable is simple and interesting, and literally taken from the Tales of Marmontel. *Diaper* has written a tragedy, called "*Gunpowder Treason*," which he gets fathered by *Cleveland*, who has written a comedy. Both pieces are brought out on the same night: the tragedy is damned! the comedy succeeds; and the result is, that *Cleveland* marries *Diaper's* neice; and the malice of *Wormwood*, a professed critic, is detected and punished.

"*The School for Authors*" very happily combines a knowledge of stage effect, with a sufficient portion of farcical humour and literary *jeux d'esprit*, to render it both amusing and instructive. A laboured criticism upon a *farce* would in itself be *farcical*; we shall therefore leave the author to speak for himself, in the following quotation, which we think will be found tolerably correct:—

Diaper. I'm a dabbler in Poetry—I have written a Tragedy called *Gunpowder Treason*, and if it should be damned, all my *laurels* will be changed to *weeping willows!*

Cleveland. Why, Sir, I could name a dozen authors who are regularly damned every season.

Diaper. And are they alive?

Cleveland. So far from killing them, damnation cannot even cure them.

Wormwood. A modern Tragedy is full of *vis comica*.

Cleveland. Critics by profession sentence an author before trial, and dissect him before execution.

Diaper. Hear my Poetry:—

"Not he that kill'd the Cow, immortal Guy,
Shall live in story more renown'd than I."

Diaper. A Garretteer receives inspiration through a skylight.

"I have struck out a number of good ideas."

Wormwood. I don't know how many you have struck out, but there are none left in.

Diaper [*addressing Wormwood*.] Modern Authors are as good as Modern Critics; and don't despair of seeing so bad a play till you write yourself.

Diaper. Men judge from their heads, and are generally mistaken; women from their hearts, and always right.

Frank. I shall never enter the service of the Muses: for, without exception, they give the shortest commons, the worst wages, and the shabbiest liveries of any Ladies about town.

The piece went off with much *eclat*, and Munden having the principal part, displayed his unrivalled talents to great advantage; in fact, we never remember him more successfully humorous.—Brunton, Farley, Jones, Mrs. Gibbs, and Miss Norton, exerted themselves very laudably.

The characters, if we except the foppish one of Frank, which is a little caricatured, are all of them as natural as they are amusing; and the dialogue is not only abundant in wit, but pure

in diction. Mr. Jones, in Frank, a smart footman, with pretensions to be a critic, supported the part admirably.

DRURY-LANE.

Wednesday, Dec. 7.—This evening was performed the new melo drama called *Venoni*, written by Monk Lewis, Esq. — After the second act, Mr. Wroughton addressed the audience, and said that the Proprietors, always studying the public gratification, had observed, and considered the disapprobation with which the third act of *Venoni* was constantly received; that the author had accordingly constructed a new third act, which would be ready for representation on Monday evening, and which, it was confidently hoped, would merit the approbation of the audience. Mr. Wroughton concluded his address by intreating that the spectators would, in the mean time, accept the repetition of the original catastrophe; and retired amidst universal applauses. The measure of alteration, though its novelty may excite astonishment, is one for which, the managers and the author deserve much commendation.

Accordingly, on Monday, Dec. 12, the new third act was substituted for that which had been performed before. The Convent of the Ursulines, the amorous nuns, and the Lady Abbess, respecting whom so much had been said, but who never were seen, are now introduced to the audience. The following is the plot:—

It appears that for twenty years a friar, called *Lodovico*, has been confined in a subterraneous dungeon, in consequence of his having threatened to betray the friars' secrets; in the adjoining cell *Venoni* is confined, but *Lodovico* has worked an opening through the party wall, and has also discovered in *Venoni's* dungeon a private door, but his age prevents *Lodovico* from breaking through it. *Venoni*, however, succeeds in forcing, and escapes. In the mean while the prior orders the abbess to draw *Josepha* from the prison where she has been confined, while she was reported to be dead: a last attempt is made to induce her to yield to the prior's wishes; but *Josepha* resists all temptations, is on the point of being restored to her prison, when in effecting his escape through the garden of the Ursulines, *Venoni* hears the cries of his mistress, and rushes to her assistance; he is, however, pursued by the prior with his accomplices, and the lovers are on the brink of destruction, when *Father Michael's* timely arrival assures their safety, and the ruin of their persecutors.

This act is certainly an improvement on the piece. There is a considerable stage effect in it, particularly where *Josepha* is removed from her dungeon, as she supposes, to another, but by a sudden change of scene is introduced into an illuminated chamber, where a splendid banquet is prepared for her by the *Abbess*. The latter character was performed by Mrs. Mudie, who supported it with much propriety and effect. The act was received throughout with satisfaction, and the re-announcement of the piece was marked by general plaudits.

Those who saw this drama in its original state will be much pleased with the alterations that have been made in it. The third act, indeed, may now be considered as equal, if not superior to either of the other two. The language is chaste and impressive, and the piece, on the whole, may now become a general favourite of the public.

ERRATUM.

In the *Sonnet to Morning*, p. 498, for "Pensive the poet *soars*," read "Pensive the poet *roves*."

APOLLONIAN CRITIC.

"SEMPER FIDELIS."

"*The Siege of St. Quintin, or Spanish Heroism.*" *A drama, in three acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane. (The Glee and March composed by Mr. Bishop.) The Overture and the rest of the music composed by Mr. Hook.* 8s.

IN the production of the music in this opera, Mr. Hook seems to have almost totally disregarded the long and justly merited reputation which he has acquired as a Composer; for, with the exception of "*the introductory music to the banquet*" and Miss Feron's song, "*The downy cheek so soft so fair,*" we have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the most feeble attempts at composition we have witnessed for a long time. The first movement of the overture is destitute of *melody, counterpoint,* or *modulation*; in short, it is but a succession of *common-place passages:* and to say the most of them, they are merely connected with each other to form "*a noisy and unmeaning rattle in the keys of C. and G.*" The second movement consists of an old "*Spanish Fandango,*" which has been worn *threadbare* at Sadler's Wells, during the performance of the celebrated "*La Belle Espagnole,*" of tight-rope dancing notoriety. The last movement is an outreé attempt at *something*, but, to our mortification, turns out to be nothing more than "*a wou'd be Spanish rondo,*" and that of the meanest description of composition.

In the chorus for *an alto, two tenores, and a bass,* Mr. H. seems to have considered that he was writing for *three sopranos and a bass,* as the tenore in the 27th and four following bars is frequently four notes below his bass: this is a gross error, and bespeaks a great want of attention on the part of the Composer. We do not see any particular necessity for announcing Mr. Bishop's name as the composer of "*the march and the glee:*" the former is written in the key of E with three flats 'tis true, which is certainly a good key for horns and clarinets; and he has also discovered that the key and the 5th of it are the two best notes in the scale for them, but it is completely destitute both of *originality* in *subject* and refinement in *modulation*. The glee is unworthy of its title, *it is not* a glee, but *a mere harmonized march with words.* We certainly expected something better from the pen of Mr. Bishop, having had the pleasure of noticing many of his former productions, which we consider as possessing an uncommon degree of merit. The *introductory music to the banquet* is a sweet little effusion of fancy, and does great credit to the taste of Mr. Hook: *Miss Feron's song* is also pleasing, the passages are well imagined, and the accompaniment is at once both chaste and skilfully arranged. We cannot dismiss this opera without remarking the strain in the key of F, page 52, beginning, "*Then gentle peace.*" Mr. Hook has, in the course of 19 bars, modulated from the key of F with one flat to the key of G with one sharp, in the most careless and unmeaning manner imaginable; he has absolutely *forced himself unnaturally* out of one key into another, merely to introduce an insipid subject, which at best is evidently a plagiarism. Mr. Hook, Mr. Hook! had it not been for "*Rule Britannia,*" the opera of "*The Siege of St. Quintin*" would have been without its present "*finale:*" such is the effect which sublime compositions have upon *retentive memories.* R.

"*Charming Jenny.*" *A favourite ballad: the words by D. Lawler. Composed with an accompaniment for the Piano-forte, and inscribed to his friend, W. Russel, Mus. Bac. By John Banner.* 1s. 6d.

THE piano-forte accompaniment to this song is infinitely superior to its melody, if the word "*melody*" may be so prostituted. We are sorry to find that *Art* and *Nature* are so completely at variance with each other. The former appears to be clothed in all the refinement of *musical science,* while the latter is *naked, deformed, and almost lifeless.* R.

"*Anthems and Set Pieces,*" *for two, three, four, and five voices; with an Instrumental Bass, figured for the Piano-forte, &c. interspersed with Specimens of Short Sentences, intended to be sung at the conclusion of appropriate tunes, &c.; calculated for the use and improvement of Choirs and Singing Societies. The whole composed by Thomas Walker.* 6*s.*

CHANCE having thrown this publication in our way, we were induced to examine its contents, sincerely wishing that we might find them worthy of the patronage of the public at this season of the year. But, to our great disappointment, we not only found them beneath criticism, but the attempt to offer such trash for *sale* is neither more nor less than an imposition.

The author is evidently ignorant of the first rudiments of theory: he does not know even so much as how to ascend and descend the scale in either the major or minor keys; and the figures under the bass notes describe one chord, while the voice parts actually form another!! many of which are not to be found in any accurate theoretical scale: in short, they have no other existence but in the incoherent imagination of THOMAS WALKER.

It is impossible not to notice the ignorant effrontery which appears in the title-page of this performance, wherein it is recommended as "calculated for the *improvement* of choirs and singing societies." If so much ignorance prevail in any musical society as to require the assistance of such a book as that now before us, for their *improvement*, they may indeed, with unusual propriety, sing, "Lord have mercy upon us *miserable singers.*"

R.

"*Agnes, or the Pipes.*" *A favourite song, intended as a companion to Toby's Brown Jug. Composed by H. Denman.* 1*s.*

WE profess ourselves to be in general by no means friendly towards "Answers," "Sequels," "Companions," &c. to popular publications, having so frequently had occasion to remark that they were nothing but wretched catchpennies. The little song before us, however, is of a much better description than the generality of such compositions are. Mr. Denman's melody is bold, flowing, and appropriate. The *idea* of the words is original and ingenious. Upon the whole, we recommend it as an excellent convivial song.

J.

"*With a Whoop ho! ho! away,*" *The celebrated Amazonian hunting song, sung in the Aquatic romance, called the White Witch. Written by Mr. C. Dibdin, jun. Composed by Mr. Reeve.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

MESSRS. Hook and Reeve have lately been so much in the practice of *robbing themselves*, that when we meet with instances of it, they no longer surprize us. When therefore we paid our eighteenpence for "*Whoop ho! ho!*" though we were not *surprized*, we were certainly not pleased to find that we had purchased nearly another copy of the "*Almanack Maker.*" When an author extorts eighteenpence for a song, he ought at least in return to present us with something *new*, if not *good*. In the present instance, however, Mr. Reeve has presented us with neither one, nor the other.

J.

WE have the utmost satisfaction in announcing that Proposals were on the 26th inst. issued UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF HIS MAJESTY, for publishing by subscription, the *Vocal Works of Handel*, with a separate accompaniment arranged for the organ or piano-forte. By Dr. John Clarke, of Cambridge.

Plan.—It is intended that the work shall proceed in the following order:

1. Acis and Galatea.
2. Alexander's Feast.
3. Saul.
4. Dettingen Te Deum and Jubilate.
5. Messiah.
6. Judas Maccabæus.
7. Jephtha.
8. L'Allegro ed Il Pensieroso.
9. Samson.
10. A Volume of a Selection from his Coronation and Funeral Authems.

The vocal parts of the chorusses will be in full score, immediately under which will be added a separate part for the organ or piano-forte,

carefully compressed from the whole score, which will include the leading features of the instrumental accompaniments. By Dr. John Clarke, of Cambridge.

The alto and tenor recitatives and airs, will be printed in the treble cleff; and, for the accommodation of the ladies, the soprano, alto, and tenor parts in the chorusses, will likewise be transposed into the treble cleff, (it being the determination of the proprietors, that the C cleff shall nowhere be introduced in the work) and the whole will be so arranged as to enable four or five performers to produce the general effect, both of the vocal and instrumental parts. A judicious selection from the sacred parts of this work (particularly from the Messiah, Dettingen Te Deum, Coronation and Funeral Anthems,) will be admirably adapted for the use of cathedrals, collegiate chapels, and choirs in general, as they will be free either from innovation or sacrilegious pruning: and the organ parts may be performed as voluntaries.

Conditions.—1. This work will be printed in a very superior style of elegance, in numbers, each containing thirty pages. Price five shillings.

2. A number to be published, as nearly as possible, once a fortnight.

3. When three hundred copies are subscribed for, the work will be immediately commenced.

4. To prevent the great and unnecessary trouble always attendant on the collecting of small sums, no number will on any account be delivered, unless it be paid for at the time of its delivery.—The proprietors, therefore, most respectfully solicit, that those ladies and gentlemen who shall honour them with their names, will, *at the same time*, specify at what place *in London* their numbers are to be delivered, and their subscriptions paid. This mode of proceeding will prevent both delay and mutual disappointment.

5. Subscribers' names will be printed.

6. When the subscription is closed, the price of the work will be considerably advanced.

Subscribers' names will be received by the proprietors, Messrs. Button and Whitaker, No. 75, St. Paul's Church-yard, London; the Editor, Dr. John Clarke, Emmanuel Close, Cambridge; and by all the principal music-sellers, in the United Kingdom.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

His Majesty's DECLARATION *on declining the late Overtures made by France and Russia.*

THE Overtures made to his Majesty by the governments of Russia and France have not led to negociation: and the intercourse to which those overtures gave rise being terminated, his Majesty thinks it right thus promptly and publicly to make known its termination.

The continued appearance of a negociation, when peace has been found to be utterly unattainable, could be advantageous only to the enemy.

It might enable France to sow distrust and jealousy in the councils of those who are so combined to resist her oppression: and if, among the nations which groan under the tyranny of French alliance, or among those which maintain against France a doubtful and precarious independence, there should be any which even now are balancing between the certain ruin of a prolonged inactivity, and the contingent dangers of an effort to save themselves from that ruin; to nations so situated, the delusive prospect of a peace between Great Britain and France could not fail to be peculiarly injurious. Their preparations might be relaxed by the vain hope of returning tranquillity, or their purpose shaken by the apprehension of being left to contend alone.

That such was, in fact, the main object of France in the proposals transmitted to his Majesty from Erfurth, his Majesty entertained a strong persuasion.

But at a moment when results so awful from their importance, and so tremendous from their uncertainty, might be depending upon the decision of peace or war, the King felt it due to himself to ascertain, beyond the possibility of doubt, the views and intentions of his enemies.

It was difficult for his Majesty to

believe, that the Emperor of Russia had devoted himself so blindly and fatally to the violence and ambition of the power with which his Imperial Majesty had unfortunately become allied, as to be prepared openly to abet the usurpation of the Spanish monarchy; and to acknowledge and maintain the right, assumed by France, to depose and imprison friendly sovereigns, and forcibly to transfer to herself the allegiance of independent nations.

When, therefore, it was proposed to his Majesty to enter into negociation for a general peace, in concert with his Majesty's allies, and to treat either on the basis of the *Uti-possidetis*, (heretofore the subject of so much controversy) or on any other basis, consistent with justice, honour, and equality, his Majesty determined to meet this seeming fairness and moderation, with fairness and moderation, on his Majesty's part, real and sincere.

The King professed his readiness to enter into such negociation, in concurrence with his allies; and undertook forthwith to communicate to them the proposals which his Majesty had received. But as his Majesty was not connected with Spain by a formal treaty of alliance, his Majesty thought it necessary to declare, that the engagements which he had contracted, in the face of the world, with that nation, were considered by his Majesty as no less sacred, and no less binding upon his Majesty, than the most solemn treaties; and to express his Majesty's just confidence that the government of Spain, acting in the name of his Catholic Majesty Ferdinand the Seventh, was understood to be a party to the negociation.

The reply returned by France to this proposition of his Majesty, casts off at once the thin disguise which has been assumed for a momentary purpose, and displays, with less than ordinary reserve, the arrogance and injustice of that government. The universal Spanish nation is described by the degrading appellation of "the Spanish Insurgents;" and the demand for the admission of the government of Spain as a party to any negociation, is rejected as inadmissible and insulting.

With astonishment, as well as with grief, his Majesty has received from the Emperor of Russia a reply similar in effect, although less indecorous in tone and manner. The Emperor of Russia also stigmatizes as "Insurrection," the glorious efforts of the Spanish people in behalf of their legitimate sovereign, and in defence of the independence of their country; thus giving the sanction of his Imperial Majesty's authority to an usurpation which has no parallel in the history of the world.

The King would readily have embraced an opportunity of negociation which might have afforded any hopes or prospect of a Peace compatible with justice and with honour. His Majesty deeply laments an issue, by which the sufferings of Europe are aggravated and prolonged. But neither the honour of his Majesty, nor the generosity of the British nation, would admit of his Majesty's consenting to commence a negociation, by the abandonment of a brave and loyal people, who are contending for the preservation of all that is dear to man; and whose exertions in a cause so unquestionably just, his Majesty has solemnly pledged himself to sustain.

Westminster, Dec. 15, 1808.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

London.

SMITHFIELD CLUB, OR CHRISTMAS CATTLE SHEW.

On Thursday, December 15, Mr. Sadler's Yard in Goswell-street, was opened for publicly exhibiting the cattle, sheep, and pigs, sent in by the candidates for the handsome prizes offered by this patriotic body, for such animals as shall appear, by the certificates sent in with them, to have improved the most in flesh and fatness for the quantities and kind of food consumed by each respectively.

Mr. William Walker, of Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire; Mr. William Watkins, of Brinsop, Herefordshire; and Mr. John Roper, of Potters-ferry, Bucks, three eminent graziers, were appointed Judges for examining the certificates and the animals shewn, and awarding the prizes; a task so

arduous, owing to the number, and nearly balanced excellencies of the animals in several of the classes, that it occupied these gentlemen the whole of Thursday, and all the forenoon of Friday, before they were able to complete their award, and that labels announcing their decisions could be stuck up at the head of the several animals, which were as follows, viz.

A premium of twenty guineas in Class I. for the Herefordshire breed of oxen, to Mr. Samuel Chandler, of Morton, Bucks, for his six years old pied ox, bred by Mr. William Walker, of Burton, Worcestershire; and an additional premium of ten guineas to the same gentleman, on account of his ox being adjudged to be the best shewn in the first six classes.

A premium of twenty guineas in Class IV. for the Sussex or Kent breed of oxen, to Mr. Edward Auger, of Eastbourne, Sussex, for his five years old red ox, bred by himself.

A premium of twenty guineas in Class V. for the Devonshire breed of oxen, to Mr. Martin Webber, of Ilchester, Somersetshire, for his six years old ox, bred by Mr. Francis Quartley, of Molland, Devonshire.

A premium (the first) of twenty guineas in Class VII. for large oxen not worked, to Mr. Martin Webber, of Ilchester, Somersetshire, for his three years old red Devon ox, bred by Mr. John Burgess, of South Moulton, Devonshire.

A premium (the second) of ten guineas in Class VII. for large oxen not worked, to Mr. Samuel Chandler, of Morton, Bucks, for his six years old red Herefordshire ox, bred by Mr. William Walker, of Burton, Worcestershire.

A premium of ten guineas in Class VIII. for small oxen of any breed, to Mr. Samuel Brooks, of Wolvers Hill, Warwickshire, for his five years old black Highland Scotch ox.

A premium of ten guineas in Class IX. for fat cows having borne three calves, to Mr. John Westcar, of Creslow, Bucks, for his six years old red Herefordshire cow, bred by Mr. William Watkins, of Brinsop, Herefordshire.

A premium of ten guineas in Class X. for one-year old long woolled wether sheep, to the Rev. Thomas Plaskett, of Harlaxton Lodge, Lincolnshire, for his three new Leicester wethers, bred by himself.

A premium of ten guineas in Class XI. for two years old long woolled wether sheep, to Mr. Thomas Moore, of Tardiberg, Warwickshire, for his three new Leicester wethers, bred by himself, from a ram of Mr. Thomas Chapman, of Fenny Drayton, Leicestershire.

A premium of ten guineas in Class XII. for one year old short woolled wether sheep, to his Grace the Duke of Bedford, for his three South Down wethers, bred on his Maulden Farm, in Bedfordshire.

A premium of ten guineas in Class XIII. for two years old short woolled wether sheep, to Mr. Henry King, jun of Plaistow, Essex, for his three South Down wethers, bred by Mr. John Ellman, of Glynd, Sussex.

A premium of ten guineas in Class XIV. for pigs under two years old, to Mr. John Roads, of Aston Abbots, Bucks, for his black and white Berkshire sow pig, fifty-four weeks old, bred by Mr. John Westbrook, of Pinkney's Green, Herts.

A premium of ten guineas in Class XV. for pigs under one year old, to Mr. John Hassard, of Brocket, Herts, for his white half-bred China and Suffolk pig, forty-eight weeks old, bred by Lord Melbourne, of Brocket Hall, Herts.

In Class II. for the long-horned breed of oxen, and in Class VI. for mixed breed of oxen, we are sorry to observe that no candidates appeared; and that the one who offered for the premium in Class III. failed in proving the requisite quantity of labour to have been done by his ox, in the last two years.

The judges, by a special note annexed to their award, called the attention of the club and the company to the excellent qualities of Mr. Thomas Crook's three years old Scotch ox, in Class VIII.; as also to the high perfection of Earl Macclesfield's, Mr. John Edmond's, and Mr. William Boultbee's pens of two-shear new Leicester wether sheep, in Class XI.: also to the pen of one year old new Leicesters, belonging to Mr. Thomas Oldacres, in Class X.

The judges regretted that two very large and fine Hereford oxen, belonging to Mr. John Westcar, were sent in without any certificates to entitle them to competition for the Prizes in Class I.

The great number of animals shewn this year precludes our going particularly into the other animals exhibited; some ploughs and other implements were shown, and several notices interesting to agriculturists, merchants, &c. were given, among others of Mr. John Hawkins's Mechanical Museum.

A great concourse of noblemen and gentlemen attended this day, and seemed highly delighted with the animals exhibited at this very commodious and convenient place, the whole area of which is covered with spacious sky-lights.

At three o'clock, such gentlemen as are members of the club adjourned to Freemasons' Tavern, where a meeting was held, Lord Somerville in the chair, at which twenty-three members of the club were present; when the following six gentlemen were elected members of the Club, viz.

Mr. John Lomas, of Kensington; Mr. John Chapman, of Drayton; Mr. Thomas Moore, of Tardibeg; Mr. John Tomlin, of Knightthorpe; Mr. Thomas Cobb, of Banbury; and Mr. John Roper, of Potter's Bury.

Sir Joseph Banks attended, and read to the company a memorial, intended to be presented to the Board of Trade, soliciting the support of Government, in removing the dreadful damage and mischiefs which arise to individuals, and to the public from the confined and crowded state of Smithfield Market, and its total inadequacy, intersected as it is by various great thoroughfares for carriages, to accommodate the increasing number of cattle, sheep, and pigs sold there, amounting to the enormous sum, as is stated, of five millions sterling annually. The necessity of this mode of proceeding is stated to arise from the City of London having spent seven years in ineffectual attempts and schemes for enlarging this important market, whose extent remains the same now as it was in the reign of William the Conqueror.

At the conclusion of reading this memorial, it was handed round the room, and received the signatures of the gentlemen present; and was afterwards left at Mr. Sadler's in Goswell-street, for the signatures of such land-owners, breeders, graziers, salesmen, butchers, &c. as attend the cattle-show.

At five o'clock near thirty gentlemen sat down to a most sumptuous dinner, Lord Somerville in the chair; and, after the cloth was withdrawn, the following toasts were drank:—

The King.—The Duke of Bedford.—Success to the Smithfield Club.—The Plough.—Mr. Coke of Norfolk.—The Fleece.—Breeding in all its branches.—Good Grazing.—Lord Somerville.—The Stewards of the Show, Robert Byng, Esq. and Mr. Henry King, jun.—The judges of the Show, and thanks to them for the great pains which they have taken.

Mr. Garrard's large picture of the Woburn Shearing, containing portraits of near two hundred of the principal agriculturists and breeders in the kingdom, including great part of those present at the dinner, was exhibited in the room, and examined minutely by the company, nearly all of whom became Subscribers to the engraving about to be published from this magnificent and interesting picture.

On Friday and Saturday a very large concourse of distinguished agriculturists, farmers, breeders, graziers, salesmen, butchers, and others, who feel an interest in the economic supply of Smithfield Market with fat cattle, assembled at Mr. Sadler's Repository yard, and examined the very fine animals exhibited.

Besides those who gained the prizes before mentioned, were the following, viz.

In Class III. Mr. William Flower's eight years old short horned ox.

Class V. Mr. Samuel Chandler's two five years old Devon oxen; Mr. Edmund T. Waters's five years old Devon ox, fed on molasses.

Class VII. Mr. William Flower's six years old Hereford ox; Mr. William Iven's five years old long horned ox; Mr. Henry King, jun.'s five years old Devon ox; Mr. Joseph Kirkby's five years old Fifeshire ox; Earl Macclesfield's five years old Devon ox; Mr. Robert Master's five years old Scotch ox; and Mr. Joshua Trimmer's five years old Sussex ox.

Class VIII. Mr. Joseph Joyner's two Aberdeenshire oxen; Mr. Joseph Kirkby's two five years old Fifeshire oxen; Earl Macclesfield's four years old Devon ox; Mr. Robert's Master's four years old Scotch ox; Mr. Samuel Stone's three years old half bred Scotch ox.

Class IX. Mr. Thomas Crook's fat Scotch cow, after her fourth calf; Mr. William Flower's eleven years old fat long horned cow, five calves; Mr. Samuel Store's five years old fat long horned Dishley cow, four calves; Mr. John Westcar's seven years old fat Hereford cow, four calves.

Class X. Mr. John Westcar's three one year old new Leicester wether sheep.

Class XI. Mr. Thomas Bowe's three two years old ditto; Mr. William Payne's three two years old ditto; Mr. Edward Platt's three two years old ditto; Mr. John Westcar's three two years old ditto.

Class XIII. Duke of Bedford's three two years old South Down wethers.

Class XIV. Mr. John Clayton's seventeen and an half months old half-bred Suffolk pig; Mr. Hughes's fourteen months old pig.

Class XV. Mr. George Dodd's eleven three quarters months old Essex and Sussex pig.

As extra stock, or those sent without certificates, or not otherwise entitled to a place in any of the above classes, we noticed—

Mr. Thomas Pickford's five years old black and white polled bull, and his one year old black and white polled bull, a son of the above out of a sister of the steer which he exhibited last year.

Sir William Curtis's three buffalos, of which we have before spoken, had very copious labels stuck up over them, explaining their ages, pedigrees, weights, &c.

Mr. Daniel Sharp also shewed five Indian cattle.

Edmund Thomas Waters shewed six small pigs of his breed.

Mr. Snow, a pig; and Mr. John Roads, a pig.

Mr. Thomas Pickford, of Market-street, Herts, shewed some of the large Swedish turnips, in which he so much excels; and Mr. Goshawk, of Shore, Surrey, shewed some fine transplanted samples of his white round turnips, globular with small fibres and crowns, and thin skins.

Mr. Garrard exhibited his large folio work, descriptive of the different varieties of Oxen common in the British Isles, both plain and coloured, after nature.

Mr. John Lawrence issued proposals for the History of the Horse.

Mr. Edward Jennings shewed a model of an ingenious land roller, in three parts, for more equally pressing the land, and turning about, with a seat for the driver.

Mr. James Braby shewed an ingenious turn-rise plough, with iron tacks, on the Norfolk principle.

Lord Somerville's proposals for his spring cattle-shew were stuck up, and those of the Kent Association's prizes, given by the Earl of Thanet, Sir Edward Knatchbull, William Honeywood, Esq. and G. Finch Hatton, Esq. for cattle to be exhibited at the Ashford Wool Fair, on the 5th of July.

On Monday, Dec. 19, the Duke of of Bedford, Lord Somerville, Earl Thanet, and a great number of noble and distinguished patrons of Agriculture, assembled at Mr. Sadler's Yard, and examined the very excellent stock exhibited; many of which, from the great attention which they gained, seemed to improve under repeated examinations of their different points of excellence.

Sir William Curtis's bailiff, Mr. Whybrow, shewed some very fine specimens of drum-head cabbages, of white kol raby, and of Swedish turnips; all of them from seed of his own raising, on Southgate Farm.

Mr. Thomas Weaver shewed proofs of a magnificent print, engraved by W. Ward, representing Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, surrounded by a group of his favourite South Down sheep, and their attendants.

At half past two o'clock a meeting of the club took place at Freemason's Tavern, his Grace the Duke of Bedford in the chair, at which twenty-nine members were present. Several matters of business relating to the club, and to the conditions of the next show, were transacted; and the following were elected members of the club, viz.

Lord Dundas, Daniel Giles, Cornelius Kortwright, Joseph Sabine, Robert Cooper, John Nichols, James Wickens, W R H. Brown, William Boultbee, John Simms, James Ford, Edward Moncton, Thomas Lewin, and Christopher Wright.

About five o'clock the meeting was adjourned till eleven o'clock this morning; and near 220 persons sat down to a most excellent dinner in Freemason's Hall, his Grace the Duke of Bedford in the chair.

After the cloth was withdrawn, his Grace gave—

The King.—Prosperity to the Smithfield Club.—Success to good Grazing.—Mr. Coke—Breeding in all its branches.

His Grace then rose, and after a short introductory speech, read the award of the judges; on coming to that part which assigns to himself a premium of ten guineas, in Class XII. for shearling South Down sheep, his Grace most handsomely stated, that competition being in his mind one of the principal objects of the club

to excite, and as no other candidate but himself appeared in this class, he begged to let this premium revert to the funds of the club.—His Grace proceeded to notice the very great degree of improvement and excellence which is this year evident in the cattle exhibited; in the course of which he entered into a detailed statement of the number of beasts and sheep sold in Smithfield, on the average of every five years since the American war; noticing particularly the astonishing increase which has taken place, and which his Lordship argued never could have been supplied but by the gradual banishment, within that period, of numerous coarse and unprofitable breeds of cattle from our pastures, and supplying their place with breeds disposed to early and perfect maturity; and principally through which the price of meat, at least between the grazier and butcher, has not increased in any degree proportionate to the other necessaries of life. His grace then proceeded to notice the state of the funds, which, are scarcely commensurate to the noble objects which the club has in view. His Grace, in noticing the alterations intended to be introduced in the conditions of next year's show, stated, that one principal object of the club being to encourage competition among breeders and graziers, it has been resolved—

That in future no person who has obtained a prize in either of the first six classes, be intitled to shew a beast in the same class in the succeeding year.

As early maturity is a very principal qualification in oxen which have not worked, it has been resolved—

That no beast above five years old, (at the ensuing period of calving) be allowed to be shewn for a prize in Class VII. or VIII.

And, for more effectually guarding against deceptions in the filling up of the certificates, it has been resolved—

That if mistatements shall be discovered in any certificate, the prize shall be withheld from such candidate, and who shall be deemed disqualified ever afterwards.

As soon as his Grace sat down, Lord Somerville rose and stated, that, in compliance with the wishes of many breeders of cattle, a sale of stock of superior quality will take place on the Wednesday succeeding his next Spring Show of Cattle (the 8th of March), and to be continued in future, on the same day. Notice to be given to his Lordship ten days before, by those who intend to offer stock for sale; he concluded by proposing—

The Duke of Bedford, with three times three.

After some interval, his Grace rose, and proposed the health of Lord Somerville, who in a neat speech returned thanks, and observed, they might always continue to command his service in the good cause in which the club was engaged.

The toasts proceeded with—

Agriculture, Manufactures and Commerce.—Earl Winchilsea.—The Judges of the Show, and thanks to them for the great pains which they have taken.—The Stewards, Mr. Byng and Mr. King.—The Farming Society of Ireland.

Sir John Seabright rose and said, that Mr. Garrard's large picture, now hanging behind the president, so strongly reminded him of a scene which had so often given pleasure to most present, that he could not refrain from giving—

The next Woburn Sheep-shearing, with three times three.

After which the Duke rose and gave a general invitation to the present company to his agricultural *fete* in June, and gave—

The Memory of Mr. Bakewell.

His Grace, before he left the chair, proposed—

Prosperity to the Agricultural Societies throughout the kingdom.

Sir John Seabright being called to the chair, gave—

Long Leases to good Tenants, which was much applauded.—A strong Plough and clean Furrow.

The excellent wine with which the company were supplied, kept them together till a late hour.

On Tuesday the 20th, this respectable body held a meeting at Freemason's Tavern, at eleven o'clock, for winding up the business of the late shew, which was numerously at-

tended, his Grace the Duke of Bedford in the chair, when the following new members were elected, viz.

Messrs. George Children, Thos. Fisher, ——— Rawlins, David Sadler, Timothy Hutton, James Ellis, Samuel Selmes, Jacob Harvey, Robert Brattle, and Benjamin Welstead.

It was resolved, That in future the judges be particularly instructed not to allow any beast, sheep, or pigs, to be exhibited for the premiums, unless the regulations of the club, respecting the certificates, be strictly complied with by the candidates.

Several gentlemen were nominated as fit persons out of whom to choose three judges, at the next meeting, on the 7th of March.

The officers of the club were chosen for the ensuing year, as follows, viz.—

PRESIDENT—His Grace the Duke of Bedford.

STEWARDS.—Sir John Sebright, of Beechwood Park; Mr. John Warnington, of Plaistow.

TREASURER—Mr. Paul Giblet, of Bond-street.

SECRETARY.—Mr. John Farey, of Westminister.

His Grace the president having left the chair, Robert Byng, esq. was called to it, when it was unanimously resolved—

That the thanks of this meeting be presented to his Grace the Duke of Bedford, for his able and impartial conduct in the Chair.

Adjourned to this place, on the second day of Lord Somerville's Spring Shew of cattle, March 7, at three o'clock.

FATE OF EUROPE, since 1788.—The recent deposition of the King of Spain has suggested the idea of drawing up the following document, which affords a very awful and affecting proof of the instability of human greatness. In the year 1788, previous to the commencement of that tremendous revolution, which still continues to convulse the world, the undermentioned sovereigns were reigning in apparent security; of this number there is only a single survivor who retains the royal dignity; only one has descended to the grave in the ordinary course of nature, with all his honours about him; of the remainder the melancholy account stands thus; one was deposed and put to death by his subjects; three perished by the hand of assassins; four have been deposed; one died by poison, received by accident; one died suddenly, supposed by apoplexy; one died in a confirmed state of lunacy; and one voluntarily abdicated his throne.

A View of the Mutability of Sovereign Power, within the last 20 Years.

Sovereigns reigning in 1788.	*Countries.*	*Fate.*	*Present Possessors of the Throne.*
George III.	Great Britain		
Louis XVI.	France	Deposed and publicly executed	Napoleon.
Charles IV.	Spain	Deposed	Napoleon.
Maria.	Portugal	Expatriated	Napoleon.
Joseph II.	Germany	Died—supposed by poison	Francis II.
Frederick III.	Prussia	Dead	Fred. William.
Catharine	Russia	Died suddenly, her son and successor assass.	Alexander.
Gustavus III.	Sweden	Assassinated	Gustavus IV.
Ferdinand IV.	Naples	Deprived of his dominions	Jos. Bonaparte.
Emanuel IV.	Sardinia	Abdicated the throne	Vict. Emanuel.
Pope Pius VI.	The Ecclesiastical States	Dead—after being deprived of all his temporalities	Pius VII.
Selim II.	The Ottoman ditto	Deposed and poisoned	Mustapha.
Christian VII.	Denmark	Dead	Frederic VI.
William V.	Holland	Deposed	Ls. Bonaparte.

JOINT STOCK COMPANIES.—The Lord Chief Baron, in the Court of Exchequer, has at length decided on the long depending cause—the King *v.* Brown, Parry, and Co.—and pronounced the judgment of the Court. (See July, p. 78.) The defendants are Proprietors of the Golden Lane Brewery; and the question to be determined was, whether the defendants were to be considered common brewers, and entitled to the allowance of duty which common brewers have under the act of parliament, or merely retailers, (because some of the firm did sell, in their individual capacity, by retail) and therefore were not entitled to such allowance in consequence of such individual retailing? When the Lord Chief Baron stated the opinion of the Court to be in favour of the defendants. They are therefore to be considered from henceforth as common brewers, and, of course, entitled to the allowance which they claimed; their Lordships not thinking that the retailing of individuals of the firm involved the general body in their aggregate capacity.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN AND NEAR LONDON.

Married.] At St. James's church, the Rev. Mr. Goodenough, to Miss Markham, daughter of the late Archbishop of York.

At St. Andrew's church, Mr. Bealby, of Drury-lane, to Mrs. Randall, of Holborn. At Ewell, in Surrey, H. Bridges, Esq. to Miss Dalrymple, only daughter of Colonel Dalrymple, Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Clarence.

Captain Richard Hill, of the battle-axe guards, to Miss Colclough, daughter of Henry Colclough, Esq. of Mount Sion, county Carlow.

At St. Botolph's Bishopsgate, R. Graham, Esq. of Dulwich, to Louisa, daughter of Dr. Dennison, of Broad-street Buildings.

DR. HAWES.

Died.] At his house in Spital-square, Dr. William Hawes, M. D. This gentleman owed his celebrity to what has been called, "the God-like art of rescusitation." Dr. Hawes was born at Islington, about 1736: after being educated at St. Paul's school, he was apprenticed to Mr. Carsan, a surgeon, near Vauxhall; he afterwards settled in the Strand, where, by his application and attention to his patients, he acquired considerable reputation and esteem.

Dr. Goldsmith dying about 1774, in consequence of an improper administration of Dr. James's powders, without the knowledge of his medical attendants, Dr. Turton and Dr. Hawes. The publication of his case by the latter, brought the subject of this article into considerable notice. After the Doctor's death, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Burke appointed Mr. Hawes to manage the affairs of Dr. Goldsmith, until the arrival of his brother. In 1777, Dr. Hawes published an Address on Immature Death, and Premature Interment. Ten thousand copies of this work were distributed gratis, to apprize the public of the danger of laying persons out too soon, or of hurrying them to the grave before actual signs of dissolution appear, whereby the vital spark is often extinguished, which, by a different treatment, might have been fanned into life.

This seasonable Address was productive of much good to mankind. How deceptive and fallacious the signs of death are, almost every day's experience has proved since its publication. In 1780, Dr. Hawes published a third edition of an Examination of the Rev. J. Wesley's Primitive Physic, 8vo. So rational a confutation did Dr. Hawes great credit, while it exposed the ignorance of Mr. Wesley, and the absurdity of his remedies, founded neither on theory or experience. In 1781 the Doctor published an Address to the Legislature on the importance of the Humane Society, on the score of humanity, philanthropy, and sound policy, and justly stated therein, a variety of consequences rationally to be expected from the general establishment of receiving houses, all of which have been since realised by experience. To this Address was added, Observations on the General Bills of Mortality, by W. Hawes, M. D.

About the same period, the Doctor commenced an interesting plan of a

medical education,' viz. Lectures on suspended Animation, which excited the attention of the faculty and the public, in a considerable degree.

A series of acts of humanity justly recommended the Doctor to the honours, as well as the advantages of his profession. In 1781, the degree of M. D. was conferred upon him, and on offering himself as physician to the Surry Dispensary, it is scarcely necessary to add, that he was chosen by a very large majority. His Majesty accepted the gold medal of the Humane Society in 1778, and becoming its immediate Patron in 1784, granted a plot of ground near the Serpentine River, in Hyde Park, upon which the society have erected a neat building, furnished with such an apparatus as cannot be rivalled in Europe, for the restoration of persons apparently drowned.

In 1796, the Doctor published the Transactions of the Society, from 1774, to 1784, a period of ten years, in one volume, 8vo. dedicated and presented, by permission, to the king, with three plates; viz. 1st. A portrait of his Majesty. 2. Apparent dissolution. 3. Returning animation. The annual reports of this Society shew that several thousands of persons have been rescued from death by their exertions. It was not, however, to this society alone, that the Doctor's time and talents were devoted; he was the active friend of many public Institutions, and Vice President of the London Electrical Society; and besides being Senior Physician to the Surry and London Dispensaries, he was honorary member of the Royal P. S. Edin. Massachusets H. S. Manchester L. P. S. Bath A. S. &c. &c. In private life Dr. Hawes was extremely regular, an early riser, very pleasant and instructive in conversation; his good humour entertained, while his knowledge edified.

On Tuesday, December the 13th, the remains of the deceased were removed from his late residence in Spital-square, for interment at Islington. The body was conveyed in a hearse and six, accompanied by three mourning coaches and four, in which were the relatives, and a few of the more immediate friends of the deceased. As a mark of the cordial esteem they entertained for their late excellent Treasurer, and of their sincere regret at his loss, unexpected to the family, thirty of the Directors and Managers of the Royal Humane Society joined the solemn procession, in seven mourning coaches. Among the gentlemen present, were the Rev. Dr. Fly, the Rev. Mr. Pridden, Rev. Mr. Postan, Dr. Lettsom, Mr. Deputy Goodbehere, Mr. Nichols, Mr. Gurney, &c. &c.

Mr. Andrew Oswald.——He was well known and much esteemed in a very respectable circle of private friends and acquaintance; he was zealously attached to the genuine principles of freedom, and warmly and judiciously defended them in numerous letters and essays in the periodical journals, and in pamphlets, under the signature of *Crito*, and various others. Perhaps some of the severest castigations that public plunderers and peculators ever got were from his pen. The last of his productions was a series of letters addressed to the Duke of York, in the Sunday Review, under the signature of *Ignotus*, written under great debility of body; the last was finished on his death-bed, and was a posthumous publication. He possessed a strong tincture of humour, and a fund of anecdote, and was conversant with most of the living characters of eminence in letters. His company was courted by some of the first people of Edinburgh. He had travelled a good deal through Scotland, and was acquainted with the history of more families in that country, than perhaps any other man, for what he once read or heard related, his memory retained. Mr. A. Oswald was the fifth son of the late Andrew Oswald, of Glenhead, in Stirlingshire; he was bred to the honourable and lucrative profession of a writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, and his talents were such that he might in a few years have been eminent, had not his attention been taken up with the politics of the day, which ran very high a few years ago in Scotland; and as he, from principle, espoused the cause of the oppressed and persecuted, had a more general and correct knowledge of public affairs than many of his co-

temporaries, and was more capable of expressing himself clearly and distinctly on public men and measures, which often confounded, and frequently, against their will, convinced his opponents of their error; his superior abilities often created him enemies, for those who have an interest in supporting a corrupt system, very seldom like to acknowledge that they are defeated in argument. When the Whig ministers came into power, Lord Lauderdale was nominated as governor to India. Mr. Oswald had then a communication with his Lordship, respecting an appointment under him to India; but another arrangement took place in the ministry, and Lord Lauderdale was sent ambassador to France, which completely frustrated Mr. Oswald's expectations. Soon after that disappointment, he returned to Stirling, where he followed the profession of writer; but his mind being rather unhinged, from his hopes of going to India being defeated, he soon left it and went to Glasgow, where he staid but a short time, then returned to Edinburgh. In this unsettled situation, and being fond of society, and frequently of convivial company, perhaps, as a consequence of some irregularities, by which he contracted a consumptive habit, it rapidly increased; and by the advice of his friends in Edinburgh, he took a journey by sea to London, in the hope that the change of air and climate might restore him to health and to his friends again; but the disorder had taken too deep root to be removed, it baffled the skill of men eminent in the healing art. For four months, (the time he had been in London) he was gradually declining, until he was reduced at last to a mere skeleton. He kept his bed only about nine days, and died on Wednesday, the 9th of November, aged thirty-three years.

A few evenings since, a party of about twelve persons being at the house of Mrs. Pearkes, in Charlotte street, after the supper cloth had been withdrawn, one of the gentlemen present, Mr. Clowes, who resided in Portland-road, fell down and expired, whilst taking a glass of wine. The deceased was a young gentleman in the 24th year of his age, of independent fortune, and was a suitor to the youngest of seven of Mrs. P's daughters, who was present at the awful visitation.

Lately, in the 80th year of his age, at his house in Hertford-street, the Earl of Liverpool, of a disorder in the bowels, which in a few days completely exhausted him. His Lordship is succeeded in his title by his eldest son, Lord Hawkesbury. By his death the offices of Clerk of the Pells in Ireland, and Collector of the Customs, Inward of the Port of London, become vacant. The former, we believe, was given in reversion, by Lord Sidmouth, to his son, the Hon. Mr. Addington. The Earl of Liverpool was for many years supposed to be high in the confidence of his Majesty, and his thorough knowledge of the commercial interests of the country rendered him in a great degree distinguished as a politician. He was for many years President of the Board of Trade. In the year 1782, he succeeded to the title family of a Baronet; in 1786, he was created Lord Hawkesbury, and in 1796, Earl of Liverpool. He was twice married, and has left issue, besides the present Lord Liverpool, the Hon. Charles Jenkinson.

Bulletins of the French Army in Spain.

The *First* of them is dated from Vittoria, on the 9th of November, and, after describing the positions of the French army on the 25th of the preceding month, gives the particulars of the action at Lerin, which is magnified into an important victory. It concludes with an account of the various engagements with Blake's army, up to the 7th, in which the loss of the latter is estimated at between three and four thousand killed and wounded.

The *Second* is dated Burgos, the 12th, and contains an account of the attack on that part of the army of Estremadura which occupied Burgos. In this affair, which took place on the 10th ult. the enemy boast of having defeated the Spaniards, with the

loss of 3000 killed and wounded, and as many prisoners. The most important part of this bulletin relates to the position of the French army on the 12th; at which time Bonaparte was supposed to be at his head quarters, at Burgos, giving orders to the divisions of his army to proceed against the remains, as they are called, of Blake's army.

The *Third* is dated from Burgos, the 12th of November. It commences by noticing the flight of the army of Gallicia from Bilboa, followed by Marshal the Duke of Belluna, in the direction of Espinosa; and by Marshal the Duke of Dantzic, in that of Villarcayo. Marshal the Duke of Dalmatia, was to proceed to Reynosa, to cut off their retreat; "so that, "says the bulletin, "*very important events* might be expected." It then proceeds to ridicule the students of Salamanca, and the fanatical peasantry, who, in the fervency of their imagination, are said to have dreamed of conquering France and plundering Bayonne and Bourdeaux, conceiving that they were "every where conducted by *saints*, who appeared to their cheating *monks!*" It then states that "the whole plain of the Castilles is covered with our cavalry, and our piquets are on the Duero." It afterwards mentions, indignantly, the conduct of the priests, monks, and inhabitants, who had fled from Burgos upon the first tidings of the conflict: and after much bitter invective against them, it dooms to confiscation their whole property, together with all the English goods and colonial produce landed in Spain since the insurrection. After noticing the doctrines of the gospel, it stigmatises a worthy prelate thus:—

"An ambitious, rancorous, and wicked prelate, who preaches nothing but insurrection, disobedience, and disorder, is a monster that God has sent in his wrath to nations, to mislead them, by polluting the very fountain of morality."

And concludes with this emphatical sentence:—

"In the prison of Burgos are a great number of monks, who were stoned by the peasantry—"wretches!" said they to them, "it is you that have plunged us into this gulph of misery; perhaps we shall never again behold our unhappy wives and our poor children. Wretches! a righteous God will punish you in Hell for all the calamities you have brought on our families and our country!"

The *Fourth* bulletin is dated from Burgos, November 15. It commences merely with Bonaparte's reviewing the division of Marchand, and states, that, "nothing can succeed in war that is not the result of a well digested plan." In the midst of grave discussion on important subjects, the bulletin contains the following ludicrous sentence:—

"Among the prisoners were some who had on their buttons an eagle reversed with two arrows, and the motto. 'To the Conqueror of France.' By this ridiculous bravado, we may easily recognise the countrymen of Don Quixotte!

"It would be impossible to find worse troops either in the mountains or the plains. Clownish ignorance, silly conceits, cruelty towards the weak, and baseness and cowardice towards the strong—such is the scene we have before us. The monks and the Inquisition have plunged this nation into barbarism.

"Ten thousand light infantry and dragoons, with 24 field-pieces, marched off, on the 11th, to attack the rear of the English division that was said to be at Valladolid. These brave fellows went over 34 miles of ground in two days, but our hopes were disappointed. We entered Palencia and Valladolid, and advanced even six miles further, and found no Englishmen, but abundance of promises and assurances.

"In the mean time, it appears certain, that a division of their troops had disembarked at Corunna, and that another division, at the beginning of this month entered Badajos. The day we fall in with them will be a day of festivity to the French army. May they moisten with their blood that continent which they have desolated by their intrigues, their monopoly, and their horrible selfishness! May they, instead of 20,000, be 80 or 100,000 strong; that the English mothers

may learn what the calamities of war are, and that the English government may not always continue to sport with the lives and blood of the people of the continent.

"The greatest falsehoods, the basest means have been employed by English Machiavelism to mislead the Spanish nation; but the bulk of it is still good. Biscay, Navarre, Old Castile, and the greater part of Arragon itself, are well disposed. The nation, in general, beholds, with the most profound sorrow, the abyss into which it is plunged, and will speedily curse the authors of so many calamities.

"Florida Blanca, who is at the head of the insurgents, is the person who was minister under Charles III. He was always the sworn enemy of France, and the zealous partisan of England. It is to be hoped that he will, in the evening of his days, discover the errors of his political life. He is an old man, who, to the blindest attachment to the English, adds the most credulous superstition. His confidants and friends are the most fanatical and stupid of the monks."

The *Fifth*, dated Burgos, November 16, displays, in pompous language, the defeat of the Estremaduran army in the plains of Burgos, at Espinosa. For ten days the heroic Blake seems to have sustained, with his comparatively small force, the whole efforts of the French army; and, at length, on the 10th of November, suffered a total defeat, with a loss of 20,000 killed, or prisoners, 60 pieces of cannon, and the whole of their baggage, colours, and magazines. It however acknowledges that Blake saved himself in the Asturian mountains; and that Romana, with his corps, was yet integral and undispersed.

The *Sixth*, dated Burgos, the 18th, speaks of the army of Gallicia, (which it seems to confound with that of Estremadura,) as being totally destroyed, and estimates its numbers at 40,000.

The *Seventh*, dated Burgos, the 20th, details the advance of the French into St. Andero, and other advances of the army in that quarter.

The *Eighth*, still at Burgos, of the 22d, is more important. It announces the successful progress of the French in the Asturias—the capture of two large convoys of English supplies for the Spaniards in the ports of Cannilla and Santillana, amounting in the whole to 25 ships, richly laden—and of the investiture of Rosas.

The head-quarters of the French army were changed at night, on the 24th; the *Ninth* bulletin being dated at Aranda, and has little more in detail than the positions of the different French corps.

The *Tenth*, dated Aranda, the 26th of November, is also expletive, and merely dwells upon the certainty of the destruction of the Spanish central armies, the force of which it exaggerates considerably.

The *Eleventh* is dated at Aranda, the 27th of November, and contains the disastrous particulars of the defeat of Castanos, which appears to have been as decisive as it was represented in Sir John Moore's hasty communication to Sir David Baird. The action took place on the 23d.

The *Twelfth* gives details of the successful pursuit of the beaten Spanish armies of the centre, by the division of Mathieu, which had already sent in near 5,000 prisoners to the French head-quarters.

Speaking of the Spaniards, this bulletin adds:—

"Disorder and delirium have seized upon their leaders. Their first proceeding was a violent manifesto, in which they declared war against France. They imputed to her all the disorders of their court, the degeneracy of the race which reigned, and the baseness of the great, who for many years have prostrated themselves, in the most abject manner, at the feet of the idol which they load with all their rage, now he is fallen. They have very false ideas in Germany, Italy, and France, of Spanish monks, if they compare them to those which exist in these countries. We find among the Benedictines, the Bernardins, &c. in France and Italy, a crowd of men remarkable in sciences and literature; they distinguish themselves by their edu-

cation, and by the honourable and useful class to which they belong. The Spanish monks, on the contrary, are drawn from the dregs of the people; they are ignorant and drunken, and can only be compared to people employed in slaughter-houses. They are illiterate, and have the very manner and appearance of it; it is only over the lowest classes that they have any influence. A citizen would think himself dishonoured in admitting a monk to his table. As to the unfortunate Spanish peasants, we can only compare them to the Fellahs of Egypt; they have no property—every thing belongs to the monks, or to some powerful house. The liberty to keep an inn is a feudal right; yet in a country so favoured by nature, we find neither posts nor inns. The taxes even are alienated, and belong to the Lords. The great have degenerated to such a degree, that they are without energy, without merit, and even without influence. We every day find at Valladolid, and beyond it, considerable magazines of arms. The English faithfully executed that part of their engagement; they provided muskets, poinards, and libels; these they have sent in profusion: their inventive spirit has been signalised, and they have carried to a great length the art of spreading libels, as of late they have distinguished themselves by their fire-rockets. All the evils, all the scourges that can afflict mankind, come from London."

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

DIED.] At his house, Newmarket, T. Panton, Esq. brother to the late Duchess of Ancaster, and uncle to the Countess of Cholmondely and Baroness Willoughby D'Eresby. His death will be a great loss to the town of Newmarket.—An estate of 3000*l.* per annum, and 40,000*l.* in money, descends in equal proportions, to his two nieces, Lady Gwydir (Baroness Willoughby D'Eresby) and the Countess Cholmondely.—Mr. Panton has been a celebrated frequenter of the turf, and was in his 77th year.

CORNWALL.

Died.] At Redruth, in the 71st year of his age, after an illness of three weeks, Captain Paul Penrose, who was considered one of the best miners. He held an agency under the first Cornish Freeman Copper Company for near forty years, and was toller to Lord Arundel for near thirty years; inspecting captain at Polgooth for twenty years; with many other agencies. He was also Steward to Edward Collins, Esq. He had also been employed to explore Wales and Ireland for minerals; and his judgment and integrity had made him a sort of oracle in mining concerns. His death is therefore much regretted.

HAMPSHIRE.

Died.] At his seat at Chilland Cottage, near Winchester, aged 74, Sir Thomas Pasley, Bart. Vice-Admiral of the White.—Admiral Pasley's gallant conduct shone conspicuously on the glorious 1st of June, 1794, in which the fleet under Lord Howe, gained so complete a victory over that of the French. He then was a Rear-Admiral, and had his flag on board the Bellerophon, 74, Captain Hope. In this action he lost a leg.

KENT.

A singular case of success in applying the magnet, to extract a fragment of iron out of the human eye, has been recently transmitted to the Philosophical Magazine. It seems in the course of last summer, Charles Milsted, a blacksmith of Tenterden, received a particle of iron about the size of a small pin's head in the ball of his left eye, while he was striking the head of one hammer against another. Some weeks after this accident, a gentleman applied a magnet to the part injured, but could only draw out a mixture of powdered rust with the tears. This gave no relief, as the fragment of iron was yet in the eye. A surgeon endeavoured to take it out with the point of a lancet, but finding it firmly fixed very near the pupil, he concluded it was impossible to touch it with any instrument without extreme danger. The former gentleman then sent again for the young

man, and examining the eye with a very powerful magnifying glass, he could see a very small particle of black iron; but covered over with the thin coating of the eye. Being satisfied with the exact situation of the piece of iron, and the impediments to be surmounted, the eye-lids were held open, and he applied the north pole of a combined staple-magnet, possessing great power, at the distance of about the sixteenth of an inch from the eye; then he used a magnet of less power, but of more convenient construction, and continued to apply them both by turns, till he could at length perceive that the fragment had projected above the surface of the iris of the eye. Still there was a coating to cut its way through, before the magnet could draw it out. In fact it seemed as firmly fixed as a thorn in the flesh, and was very different from what it might have been, had it been only loosely floating on the outer surface of the eye. During this operation, the young man frequently thought he felt the fragment rush out of his eye, before it really had done so; however, after using magnets of different degrees of power for ten or fifteen minutes, the particle of iron cut its way through the thin teguments of the eye by the power of attraction, and was taken out by the magnet. By the assistance of glasses, it appeared of an imperfect octagon shape, armed with rough jagged edges. The eye was, notwithstanding, free from pain, the moment it was out, though for some months before the patient had suffered night and day without intermission: a small scar still remained on the eye but it occasioned no pain. Knowing that the magnetic fluid will make its passage even through plates of glass, when any particle of iron is within its influence, the writer is surprised, a mean so familiar and natural as the present is not more frequently recurred to in such cases.

LANCASHIRE.

Prevention of Hydrophobia.—Dr. Bardsley, an intelligent physician at Manchester, has published some very interesting observations on Hydrophobia, in which he investigates the origin of that horrible disease, and proposes a plan for extirpating canine madness from this island. His plan is as simple as it would prove efficacious, if rigidly enforced. It consists merely in establishing an universal quarantine for dogs within the kingdom, and a total prohibition of the importation of these animals during the existence of such quarantine. The efficiency of this preventive scheme rests upon the validity of the following propositions:

1st. That the disease always originates in the canine species.

2d. That it never arises even in them spontaneously.

3d. That the contagion, when received by them, never remains latent more than a few months. If these propositions be established, (and they appear to have been satisfactorily proved by Dr. Bardsley's enquiries) then it clearly follows, that by destroying every dog in which the disease should break out during strict quarantine, the propagation of the malady would not only be prevented, but the absolute source of the poison entirely cut off. So many powerful and obvious motives, interesting to humanity in general, and to this kingdom in particular, may be urged in favour of any rational attempt to eradicate such a terrible foe to human life and happiness as canine madness, that it might be deemed almost superfluous to hint at this part of the subject, if magistrates had not been sometimes laughed at, for their interference in preventing persons being bitten by dogs in the streets, which is obviously a matter deserving the attention of a well regulated police.

Married.] At Rufford Church, by the Rev. Edward Master, the Rev. Thomas Clark, Curate of that place, to Miss Mary Alty, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Richard Alty. The bridegroom, an eccentric genius, published his own banns three several Sundays. Being asked what was his motive for so doing, he replied, with great *sang froid*, that it was to prove the *patience* and *humility* of his wife, and to set his parishioners an example in *person*, in what manner the holy estate of matrimony should be entered upon, by such as enter upon it *deliberately*.

NORFOLK.

Mr. Robert Paul, of Starston-hall, in this county has invented a machine to take the *apides*, or plant-lice crop, off the pea and bean (an insect which nearly destroyed their produce in the year 1807;) with which machine last summer, when the insect did by no means abound, he took, in 4 hours, off 5 acres of peas, 9 stone weight of them. Imagining them to be very proliferous, he took 2 of each sex and confined them in a bowl, covered with gauze, and fed them with the tops of pea plants, carefully cleansed from insects and dirt, and found that in 8 days time they were increased to the number of 60.

Died.] Large Nicholls, gent. of East Dereham, (an eccentric character, and formerly a linen-weaver); he was lighting the fire, and fell down on the hearth, and expired. He was 70 years of age, but kept no servant in the house, nor any other person except his sister (nearly of the same age as himself), who was in bed at the time, and on coming down stairs found him a lifeless corpse.

SHROPSHIRE.

Died.] At his seat at Hawkstone, Sir Richard Hill, Bart. aged 76; and the chief part of whose life had been employed in acts of benevolence. He was for many years one of the representatives of the county, and formerly used often to speak in parliament, never rising but to suggest or to promote some object of public utility. Every thing that he uttered was marked by good sense, observation, knowledge of the world, and sincere patriotism. There was, however, something peculiar in his manner, and his mind having a strong bias towards religion, he frequently mingled passages from scripture in his discourses, which subjected him to the ridicule of those whose dispositions were less serious. But the known rectitude and benignity of Sir Richard's character always secured for him the attention and respect of parliament. His second brother, now Sir John Hill, succeeds to his titles and estates. Sir Richard was born June 6, O.S. 1733. He was educated at Westminster school, afterwards admitted gentleman commoner of Magdalen College, Oxford. There he resided till he got the honorary degree of A.M. He made the tour of Europe with the father of the present Lord Elgin: he was about 24 years of age when he adopted the principles of the Methodists. He was elected Knight of the Shire for Salop in 1780. He wrote the *Blessings of Polygamy displayed*, in reply to Mr. Madan. Sir R. Hill and family almost always attended family worship at the neat church or chapel of Weston, near his park; which he rebuilt almost solely at his own expense in 1791: he constantly dined about three in the afternoon. His youngest brother, the Rev. Brian Hill, regularly read prayers and preached at the domestic chapel of Hawkstone House. This chapel was erected by the late Sir Rowland Hill, Sir Richard's predecessor, who had divine service constantly performed in it by his domestic chaplain. Lately, in the absence of the Rev. Brian Hill, Sir Richard used to perform family worship, morning and evening. Sir Richard was author of *Pictas Oxoniensis*, a satirical pamphlet against the Heads of Houses, at Oxford. In the latter part of his life he also published "An Apology for Brotherly Love, and for the Doctrines of the Church of England, in Letters to the Rev. Charles Daubenny; with a Vindication of such parts of Mr. Wilberforce's Practical View, as have been objected to by Mr. Daubenny in his Guide to the Church, 8vo. 1798." In this work he evinced greater moderation than he had done in his former pieces. Sir R. once preached abroad in a suit of green and gold. He has left nearly the whole of his estate to his brother Sir John Hill, Bart. besides handsomely providing for his other numerous relations.

YORKSHIRE.

It is, we understand, in contemplation to establish a Seminary in this county, on a liberal and rather extensive scale, under the denomination of "The County Grammar School," for the education of the children of Protestant Dissenters; the course of education to comprehend the English, French, Latin, and Greek Languages; Arithmetic, Geography, Mathematics, History, and Belles Lettres.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

Nov. 23, to Dec. 24, 1808, inclusive.

[*Extracted from the London Gazette.*]----*The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.*

ABBEY J. and H. Leicester, hosiers, (Brookes, Hind court). Alexander L. Halifax, money-scrivener, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Asser A. Great Russell-street, china seller, (Bousfield, Bouverie-street). Apthorp C. W. Bridge-street, merchant, (Smith, Hatton-garden).

Bates S. Brereton, grocer, (Willis, Warnford-court). Bishop R. and W. Cambridge, woollen-drapers, (Davies, Lothbury). Beswick G. Portsmouth, tavern-keeper, (Naylor, Great Newport-street). Boddy W. Scarborough, brewer, (Williams, Red Lion-square). Brown G. Shoreditch, mercer, (Walton, Girdler's-hall, Basinghall-street). Bound J. Salford, dealer and chapman, (Edge, Inner Temple). Burnes J. Liverpool, tailor, (Windle, John-street). Burgess D. and Lord M. Rochdale, cotton-spinners, (Kay and Co. Manchester). Black A. and Prescot P. Liverpool, brewers, (Kearsey, Bishopsgate-within). Breed G. jun. Lime-street, fishmonger, (Lang, America-square). Bell J. Liverpool, master-mariner, (Windle, John-street). Bruce J. master-mariner, (Kearsey, Bishopsgate-st.). Bilbee J. W. Greenwich, shopkeeper.

Cross W. jun. Ainsworth, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer, (Windle, John-str.). Capper J. and Bathgate J. Smedley-hall, Cheetham, victuallers, (Hurd, King's-Bench-Walk). Crawford J. Charles-sq. Hoxton, money-scrivener, (Bassett, Bennet-str.). Crouch T. Cuckfield, grocer, (Allen, Clifford's-Inn). Chambers W. Lincoln, currier, (Leigh and Co. New Bridge-str.). Compere T. St. Alban's, grocer, (Benbow and Co. Stone-buildings). Careless W. Brewood, stock-lock-maker, (Chrees, Wolverhampton).

Deck A. Cambridge, chemist, (Paine and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Davenport M. Sheffield, cutler, (Sykes and Co. New-Inn). Danford S. Abchurch-lane, broker, (Walker, Old Jewry). Dewson B. jun. Wolverhampton, japanner, (Williams, Staple-Inn). Dards J. Vauxhall, lighterman, (Towse, Fishmongers'-hall). Dean W. Kenton street, shopkeeper, (Henson, Dorset-street). Davis G. Barnard Castle, Durham, cotton-manufacturer, (Wharton and Co. Temple). Dicas J. Stockport, money-scrivener, (Huxley, Temple). Davies P. Little St. Andrew-street, medicine-vender, (Stott, Furnival's-Inn).

Ekins J. Oxford-street, cheesemonger, (Bugg, Addle-street). Eldershaw J. Shiffnall, horse dealer, (Chilton, Exchequer-Office). Edeston J. Liverpool, stationer, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court).

French M. George-street, wine-merchant, (Hackett, Chancery-lane).

Greaves W. Leeds, currier, (Stott, Furnival's-Inn). Ginder C. Blackburn, linen-draper, (Blacklock and Co. Elm-court). Gibbons T. Deritend, Aston, Warwick, grocer, (Egerton, Gray's-Inn). Gibbs J. Hailsham, innkeeper, (Ellis, Hatton-garden). Green J. Hackney, builder, (Chapman, St. Mildred's-court).

Hodgson J. Liverpool, auctioneer, (Devon and Co. Gray's-Inn-square). Hayes W. Kilburn, brick-maker, (Humphries, Clement's-Inn). Hodgman R. Folkstone, engine-maker, (Nethersole and Co. Essex-street). Howden H. Dove-place, Hackney-road, builder, (Turner and Co. Bloomsbury-square). Hurry T. Nag's-head-court, merchant, (Swaine and Co. Old Jewry). Howard J. J. Lower Eaton-street, surgeon, (Rich, Ratcliffe-cross). Hargreaves J. Manchester, brick-maker, (Ellis, Gursitor-street). Hill T. Brighthelmstone, baker, (Heathcote, Bouverie-street).

Isaac D. Liverpool, slopseller, (Windle, John-street).

Jones T. High Holborn, looking-glass manufacturer, (Allingham, St John's-square). Jackson F. Rood-lane, merchant, (Bland, Vauxhall-walk). Jones G. Liverpool, bookseller, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court).

Knight W. J. H. Church-row, insurance-broker, (Hall, Coleman-street). Kenworthy C. and E. Stainland, Halifax, cotton-spinners, (Edge, Inner Temple).

Laing G. London, merchant, (Caton and Co. Aldersgate-street). Leeming J. Dutton, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer, (Milne and Co. Temple). Lansdown T. Wivellscombe, clothier, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row). Lenox W. Boulton, Lancaster, brewer, (Meddowcroft, Gray's-Inn).

Mark W. Plymouth-dock, linen-draper, (Syddall, Aldersgate-street). Mallatrat J. Wansford, Northampton, innholder, (Impey and Co. Inner Temple). Mangham R. Brentford, draper, (Adams, Old Jewry). Mansall J. Burkinshaw G. and Fielding J. Sheffield, saw-manufacturers, (Wilson, Greville-street). Maitland M. Thorley Cottage, near Ripley, chemist, (Kearsey, Bishopsgate-within). Malone W. Birmingham, tailor, (Egerton, Gray's-Inn-square). Mayor T. Liverpool, stationer, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court). Morse T. Wood-street, factor, (Pullen, Fore-st.). Matthews H. Kent-street, baker, (Noy, Mincing-lane).

Nield J. Manchester, grocer, (Ellis, Cursitor-street).

Pearson S. D. Beverley, flax-dresser, (Willis, Warnford-court). Parkes J. Horsleydown, wine-merchant, (Atcheson and Co. Winchester-street). Pass J. Manchester, butcher, (Blakelock and Co. Elm-court). Parry H. Llangollen, Denbigh, grocer, (Horne, Serle-street). Phillips D. Cambridge-street, broker, (Stokes, Golden-square).

Reeve W. Clapham, coach-master, (Wiltshire and Co. Old Broad-street). Robinson T. jun. Birmingham, druggist, (Rosser and Co. Bartlett's-buildings). Robins W. L. T. Bartlett's-buildings, scrivener, (Noy, Mincing-lane). Rigby R. Liverpool, joiner, (Windle, John-street). Robinson W. Debenham, shoemaker, (Maddock and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Rothery J. Leeds, woolstapler, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Rouse R. Minster, Isle of Sheppy, carpenter, (Silvester, Field-court, Gray's-Inn). Riddell G. Berwick upon Tweed, grocer, (Bromley and Co. Gray's-Inn). Richardson W. and R. and Bell C. S. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchants, (Meggison and Co. Hatton-garden). Remington G. and A. Oxford-street, cabinet-makers, (Rosser, Red Lion-square). Russell R. Shoreham, shopkeeper, (Ware, Blackman-street).

Silverwood T. Settle, York, innkeeper, (Heelis, Staple-Inn). Stockwell G. Sheerness, boat-builder, (Silvester, Field-court). Sanders G. Ayr-street, victualler, (Payne, Basinghall-street). Sackett H. Ramsgate, innkeeper, (Berridge, Hatton-garden). Swire S. Halifax, merchant, (Cardle and Co. Gray's-Inn). Stone H. Wilton, Hereford, corn-factor, (Tarrant, Chancery-lane). Stanley W. Manchester, innkeeper, (Lyon and Co. Gray's-Inn). Smith J. Newport, Monmouth, coal-merchant, (Whitecombe and Co. Serjeant's-Inn).

Thomas J. Liverpool, victualler, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings). Titley W. and Greenwood W. Leeds, mercers, (Barber and Co. Fetter-lane). Turley T. Merthyr-Tidvil, Glamorgan, brewer, (Jenkins and Co. New-Inn). Topp S. Chadderton, Lancaster, (Ellis, Cursitor-street).

Winch N. J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant, (Atkinson, Chancery-lane). White T. Stroud, Rochester, coal-merchant, (Bousfield, Bouverie-street). Ware W. Caldicott, Monmouth, shopkeeper, (Tarrant, Chancery-lane). Willats F. Brewer-street, cheese-monger, (Gatty and Co. Angel-court). Wheatley G. South Shields, draper, (Atkinson, Chancery-lane). Whitaker W. Manchester, manufacturer, (Hurd, Temple). Wells W. Linney-place, Queen-street, (Edwards and Co. Great Russell-street). Winch W. Long-lane, Southwark, carpenter, (Marson, Church-row, Newington Butts). Wilson W. Shakspeare-walk, merchant, (Carter, Staple Inn.) Wilkes W. Birmingham, maltster, (Chilton, Exchequer-office). Willis T. Bath, carpenter, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row). Wood T. Rochdale, stationer, (Chippindall, King's Bench Walks).

Young W. Ardwich, Lancaster, dealer, (Hurd, King's Bench Walks).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, and WATER WORKS, SHARES, &c. &c.

December 21, 1808.

London Dock Stock, 121*l.* per Cent.
West-India ditto, 167*l.* ditto.
East-India ditto, 125*l.* ditto.
Commercial ditto, 140*l.* ditto. [share.
Grand Junction Canal Shares, 125*l.* per
Grand Surrey ditto, 60*l.* ditto.
Thames and Medway ditto: old shares 50 guineas, for new 12*l.* premium.
Kennett and Avon ditto, 4*l.* per share premium. [per share.
Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 114*l.*
Albion ditto, 2*l.* per cent. prem.
Hope ditto, 21*s.* per share prem.
Eagle ditto, par.
Atlas ditto, ditto. [prem.
Imperial Fire Assurance, 4*l.* per cent.
Kent ditto, 45*gs.* per share. [prem.
Rock Life Assurance, 4*s.* to 5*s.* per share
Commercial Road Stock, 116*l.* per cent.
London Institution, 84*l.* per share
Surrey ditto, 35*l.* per share prem.
South London Water-works, 40*l.* ditto.
East London ditto, 46*l.* ditto.
West Middlesex ditto, 12*l.* ditto.

L. WOLFE and Co. *Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.*

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE early wheats that in many places lately covered the surface of the land, and had a fine healthy appearance, have since suffered in colour in consequence of the frost, but as yet have not sustained any material prejudice. The same may be said, in a great measure, of the crops of rye, tares, rape, &c. As to turnips, should the severity of the weather continue, they will be as short a crop as has been known for years. The taking up of the potatoe crops has now been every where completed; and these, upon the whole, were never more full and abundant, particularly in the northern districts of the kingdom.

As considerable numbers of sheep may have been lost in the late snows, particularly in the north, we would again call the attention of the sheep farmers to the New Farmer's Calendar, and particularly the General Treatise on Cattle. In consequence of the unfavourable state of affairs in Spain, the wool trade has lost much of its vigour. Owing to the probable shortness of keep, fat cattle is likely to advance.

Prices of Meat in Smithfield market:—Beef, 4s. 6d. to 6s. 6d.; mutton, 4s. 8d. to 6s. 4d.; veal, 4s. 8d. to 6s. 8d.; pork, 5s. to 6s.

Middlesex, December 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Dec. 17, 1808.

INLAND COUNTIES.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	92	11	60	8	43	8	40	9
Surrey	97	8	54	6	45	8	42	10
Hertford	85	11	49	0	44	2	35	0
Bedford	86	5	49	6	41	8	37	8
Huntin.	86	7	——		42	2	31	11
Northa.	82	8	48	6	41	6	36	6
Rutland	92	9	——		47	0	34	6
Leicest.	90	11	48	0	44	8	35	11
Notting.	96	6	61	0	49	2	34	6
Derby	98	8	——		50	6	36	8
Stafford	95	6	——		50	4	40	3
Salop	88	6	61	8	47	0	33	1
Herefor.	91	7	48	0	45	1	37	7
Wor'st.	93	7	——		46	1	41	11
Warwic	92	10	——		50	2	38	5
Wilts	82	6	——		45	0	42	4
Berks	95	4	——		45	10	40	2
Oxford	90	2	——		41	11	36	0
Bucks	88	6	——		42	2	38	6
Brecon	97	6	70	4	48	9	28	8
Montgo.	97	6	——		43	2	33	6
Radnor.	91	1	——		40	2	32	0

MARITIME COUNTIES.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats.	
	s.	d	s.	d.	s.	d	s.	d.
Essex	88	8	54	0	42	6	38	0
Kent	90	9	59	0	44	6	38	0
Sussex	86	4	——		48	0	39	0
Suffolk	83	9	51	4	40	6	34	7
Cambridge	81	7	53	4	39	1	27	9
Norfolk	83	5	57	0	38	8	33	7
Lincoln	86	4	64	6	44	5	31	8
York	91	6	73	7	43	10	32	11
Durham	99	1	——		55	6	32	9
Northumberland	86	3	69	4	45	8	31	1
Cumberland ..	95	3	66	8	45	3	30	10
Westmorland ..	101	2	70	0	42	0	32	1
Lancaster	90	8	——		43	1	32	6
Chester	83	3	——		48	10	30	7
Flint	——		——		42	8	27	4
Denbigh	97	8	——		48	4	33	2
Anglesea	——		——		46	0	26	0
Carnarvon	89	0	——		43	0	26	8
Merioneth	98	0	——		46	6	25	6
Cardigan	83	8	——		40	0	22	6
Pembroke	75	1	——		42	2	24	0
Carmarthen....	85	9	——		48	8	25	8
Glamorgan	90	10	——		50	4	26	0
Gloucester	98	8	——		48	5	37	2
Somerset	90	6	——		45	10	31	7
Monmouth	94	8	——		51	9	——	
Devon	86	6	——		39	5	31	2
Cornwall	84	0	——		39	7	26	5
Dorset	86	2	——		45	9	40	6
Hants	86	1	——		49	0	56	7

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 90s. 2d.; Rye 58s. 5d.; Barley 45s. 0d.; Oats 33s. 7d.; Beans 65s. 10d.; Pease 67s. 6d.; Oatmeal 51s. 9d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from NOV. 22, to DEC. 27, 1808.

CHRISTENED.		BURIED.		Between			
Males 953	1858	Males, 903	1800	2 and 5 - 258	60 and 70	138
Females 905		Females 897		5 and 10 - 88	70 and 80	109
Whereof have died under two years old 502				10 and 20 - 71	80 and 90 -	40
				20 and 30 - 109	90 and 100 -	5
Peck Loaf, 4s. 11d. 4s. 8d. 4s. 10d. 4s. 11d.				30 and 40 - 150		
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb. [4s. 11d.				40 and 50 - 182		
				50 and 60 - 156		

Total Christenings and Burials from Dec. 15, 1807, *to Dec.* 13, 1808.

Christened	Males 10189 / Females 9717	In all 19906	Buried	Males 10228 / Females 9726	In all 19954

Whereof have died,

Under 2 years of age	6075	20 and 30 - 1200	60 and 70 - 1499	90 and 100	65
Between 2 and 5 -	2466	30 and 40 - 1792	70 and 80 - 1200	100 -	1
5 and 10 -	847	40 and 50 - 1971	80 and 90 - 504	102 -	1
10 and 20 -	643	50 and 60 - 1690			

Increased in the Burials this year 1620.

PRICE OF STOCKS, from NOVEMBER 26, 1808, to DECEMBER 28, 1808, both inclusive.

Days 1808	Bank Stock.	3 p Cent Consols.	3 p Cent. Reduc.	4 p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	N. 5 p.Ct.	Long Anns.	4 p. Ct. Scrip.	Imperial 3 p. Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5p.C	Irish Ann.	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Sto.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets	Cons. for Acct.
Nov																			
26	———	65⅞ 66⅛	65⅜	81½	99⅞	———	17 15-16ths	———	64¼	7 7-16ths	———	———	———	65⅝	182	7s. pm.	8s. pm	21 15	66⅜ ¾
28	———	65¾ ⅞	65¼	81⅝	99⅜	———	17 15-16ths	1½ dis	64	———	———	———	———	———	———	7s. pm.	8s. pm	21 15	66⅜ ¼
29	236	66 ⅛	65¾	81⅝	99⅞	———	18	1 dis.	———	7½	———	———	———	———	181½	7s. pm.	8s. pm	21 15	66⅜ ¼
30	holiday																		
Dec. 1	235¾	66¼ ⅜	65⅞	81⅞	99⅞	———	18 1-16th	1 dis.	———	———	95½	———	———	———	———	7s. pm.	9s. pm	21 15	66¾ ⅞
2	235½	65⅞ 66⅛	65½	81⅝	99¾	———	18	1¼ dis.	64⅜	———	———	———	———	———	———	7s. pm.	9s. pm	21 15	66½ ⅝
3	———	Shut	65⅞	81⅞	Shut	———	18 1-16th	1 dis.	———	———	———	———	———	———	———	8s. pm.	9s. pm.	21 15	66¾ ⅞
5	———	Do.	65⅞	82	Do.	———	18 1-16th	———	———	———	———	———	———	———	———	9s. pm.	9s. pm	21 15	66¾ ⅞
6	236	Do.	65⅞	82	Do.	———	18 1-16th	———	———	———	95⅜	———	———	———	———	10s. pm	9s. pm.	21 15	66⅞ 67
7	236	Do.	66	82⅛	Do.	———	18 1-16th	¾ dis.	———	———	———	———	———	———	———	9s. pm.	9s. pm	21 15	66⅞ 67
8	———	Do.	66⅛	82¼	Do.	———	18⅛	1 dis.	———	———	———	———	———	———	———	8s. pm.	8s. pm.	21 15	66⅞ 67
9	———	Do.	65⅞	81⅞	Do.	———	18	1 dis.	64⅜	7½	———	———	———	———	———	7s. pm.	8s. pm.	21 15	66⅜ ¾
10	———	Do.	65⅞	81⅞	Do.	———	18 1-16th	1 dis.	———	———	———	———	———	———	———	8s. pm.	9s. pm.	21 15	66¾ ⅞
12	———	Do.	65⅞	81⅞	Do.	———	18 1-16th	———	———	———	———	———	———	———	———	7s. pm.	9s. pm.	21 15	66¾ ⅞
13	235⅝	Do.	65⅞	81⅞	Do.	———	———	1 dis.	———	———	———	———	———	———	———	8s. pm.	9s. pm.	———	66¾ ⅞
14	235	Do.	65⅞	81⅞	Do.	———	18 1-16th	¾ dis	64½	———	———	———	———	———	———	7s. pm.	8s. pm	22 19	66⅞
15	———	Do.	66⅛	82⅛	Do.	———	18 1-16th	¾ dis.	———	———	———	———	———	———	———	5s. pm.	7s. pm.	22 19	66⅞ 67¼
16	236	Do.	65⅞	81⅞	Do.	———	18	1 dis.	64⅝	———	———	———	———	———	———	5s. pm.	6s. pm	22 19	66⅞ 67
17	———	Do.	65⅞	81⅞	Do.	———	18 1-16th	1 dis.	———	———	———	———	———	———	———	6s. pm.	6s. pm.	22 19	66¾ ⅞
19	———	Do.	65¾	81¾	Do.	———	18 1-16th	¾ dis.	———	———	———	———	———	———	———	5s. pm.	6s. pm.	22 19	66¾
20	———	Do.	65¾	81¾	Do.	———	18	———	64½	———	———	———	———	———	———	5s. pm.	5s. pm.	———	66¾ ⅞
21	holiday																		
22	235	Do.	65¾	81¾	Do.	———	18 1-16th	———	———	———	———	———	———	———	———	5s. pm.	6s pm	30 10	66¾
23	———	Do.	65¾	———	Do.	———	18 1-16th	1¼ dis.	64⅝	———	———	———	———	———	———	5s. pm.	5s. pm	30 10	66¾
24	———	Do.	65¾	81⅞	Do.	———	18 1-16th	1½ dis.	———	———	———	———	———	———	———	5s. pm.	6s. pm	30 10	66¾
26	holiday																		
27	Do.																		
28	Do.																		

N.B. In the 3 per Cent Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

EDWARD FORTUNE, STOCK-BROKER and GENERAL AGENT, No. 13, Cornhill.

INDEX TO THE TENTH VOLUME.

ACCIDENTS 88, 272, 473, 476
Addison, Johnson, and Goldsmith, an examination of their respective styles of writing 193
Affairs of the Poor, on the management of the.....15, 93, 196
Agricultural Report....94, 190, 287, 383, 479, 568
Agriculture, on the promotion of.... 253
Air-Jacket, &c. to prevent drowning, Mr. Cobb's patent for an 340
Albert, St. the death-bed of, and the consolations of virtue..... 483
Alfred Society, first meeting of this institution 538
Alkalis, on the decomposition of the 442
America, literary and scientific news of 62, 155, 255, 448
——— events in 82
Ancients, narrative and description of the signals adopted by them 343, 445
Anecdotes—See "The Bee."
Anstey's Poetical Works, review of 232
Antiquity, account of a curious piece of 374
Apollonian Critic 75, 268, 360, 459, 550
Architecture (Gothic and English) observations on 292, 414
Argyle, Earl of, epitaph on him 507
Army, abuses in the 273
Arragonese, oath taken by them to their sovereign 256
Arts and Sciences, improvements in, and notices relating to, 61, 154, 251, 346, 447, 536
Asthma, a poetical recipe for the.... 222
Asylum, (the Caledonian) account of this institution 81
August, books published in 162
Augustin, M. account of his aerial voyage 369

Bagdad, a particular and interesting description of 404, 507
Bankruptcies, alphabetical list of 93, 189, 381, 477, 567
Bath, the Countess of, account of her death 90
Bath Agricultural Society, proceedings of 58, 182, 533
Battle of Maida, an epic Poem, review of..... 518
Bee, The, No. IX. 27—No. X. 119—No. XI. 209—No. XII. 306—No. XIII. 409
Bees, attachment of to their queen 184
Berkshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 180, 284, 371, 471
Bill of Mortality 95, 191, 287, 383, 479, 569
Biographical Sketches—Sir John Carter, 63—Julien Le Roy, 65—Rev. Mr. Wood, 157—Anquetil Perron, 256—Bishop of Ely, 270—Lady Dacre, 270, 463—Professor Porson, 348—Dr. Richard Lubbock, 285, 365—Rev. Clement Cruttwell, 365—Lord Lyttleton, 366—Mr. John Home, ib—Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, 465—Sir Hew Dalrymple, 481—Dr. William Hawes, 559—Mr. Andrew Oswald, 560—Sir Richard Hill, 566.
Blake, Mrs. Ann, account of 87
Bourne's Poetical Works, review of 429
Bread, price of 95, 191, 287, 383, 479, 569
Brewer, Mr. on the historic partiality of Dr. Henry 295
Britain, on the circumnavigation of by the Romans 114
British Navy, list of captures made by 178
Buffon and Voltaire, anecdote of 97
Bulletins of the French Army in Spain 561
Burdon, Mr. on the Society for the Suppression of Vice 212
——— on Gothic and English architecture 292, 414

Calvert, Mr. sudden death of 82
Cambridgeshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 285, 564
Campbell, Major, trial and execution of, for murder in a duel..... 187
Canal, Dock, Brewery, Life and Fire-Office Shares, prices of 94, 190, 286, 382, 470, 568
Cannay, island of, account of its magnetic qualities..... 250
Carbonate of Lead, Mr. Moor's patent for a new method of making..... 249
Carter, Sir John, memoirs of 63
Caulfield, Henry Allen, death of 466
Cheshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 371, 470
Chimneys, Mr. Caparn's patent for curing smoky ones..... 148
Chisholm, Mr. account of..... 471
Christmas Cattle Shew, full account of, with the various premiums awarded 533
Churchill, W. Esq. death of..... 85
Clanricarde, Earl of, account of his death 188
Cocks, Mr. Dixon's patent for improvements in the construction of..... 148
Coincidence between Thomas Paine and

Dr. Middleton, on the true revelation.....34, 126
Commerce, as carried on by different nations, analysis of Mr. Graham's essay on 59
Commerce of Great Britain, observations on the 495
Comte d'Hector, death of 180
Connor, Mr P. short account of 86
Contemplatist, The, No. IX. 37—No. X. 106—No. XI. 227—No. XII. 311
Convention entered into between the British and French generals in Portugal 281
——— Various addresses to the King upon this subject 367, 371, 373, 376
——— Board of Enquiry to investigate this proceeding—See Public Affairs.
Corn, average prices of 95, 191, 287, 383, 479, 569
Cornwall, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 285, 470, 564
Correspondents, notices to 77, 179, 269, 364, 457
Covent-Garden Theatre, account of the performances at 247
——— total destruction of by fire 271
——— dreadful accident attending this fire 272
Courts of Justice, proceedings relative to them 177
Crabbe, Mr. on a plan for editing an English Dictionary 200
Crabbe's Poems, review of 434, 513
Credulity, extraordinary instance of 377
Criticism—James' Poems, 44—Theory of Dreams, 46—The Fisher Boy, 54—Strutt's Queen-Hoo Hall, 130—Mac Gill's Travels in Turkey, &c. 140—Anstey's Poetical Works, 232—Fox's History of the Reign of James the Second, 289, 321—Pratt's Contrast, a Poem, 416—A Picture of Lisbon, 420—Bourne's Poetical Works, 429—Crabbe's Poems, 434, 513—The Battle of Maida, 418—Travels through Spain and Portugal, 520
Cruttwell, Rev. Clement, his death .. 285
——— further account of him 365
Cucumbers, patent for an improved frame for forcing them 149
Cumberland, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 180, 372, 470
Cumberland, Richard, remarks on a projected review, to be edited by him 402
Curr's, Mr. patent for flat ropes, bands, or belts, applicable to various purposes 529

Dacre, Right Hon. Lady, notice of her death, 181—Further account of her 270, 463
D'Alembert, literary and moral character of 115
Dalrymple, Sir Hew, biographical sketch of his life 481
Davy, Rev. W. extraordinary performance of 180
Deaths abroad 188, 380, 476
——— in and near London 82, 178, 369, 465, 559
December, books published in 545
Declaration of the King of Great Britain on declining the overtures for peace made by France and Russia 552
Denmark, literary news of 256
Derbyshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 180
Devonshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 180, 372
Dogs, remarks on the instinct of 202
Domestic Occurrences 78, 176, 367, 463, 553
Donkins, Mr. patent for producing a rotary motion, applicable to various useful purposes 57
Dorchester, Right Hon. Lord, death of 470
Dorsetshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in.....85, 176, 372
Downs, Mr. Wm. death of 375
Drama, observations on the morality of the 122
Dreams, classification of them 47
——— detail of some remarkable ones 49
Drury-Lane Theatre, account of the performances at 248, 461, 548
Ducie, Baron, death of 181
Duff, James, (Earl of Fife) death of 82
Durham, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 180, 285

Elephant, male and female, interesting account of 303
——— observations on the natural history of the 400
Eloquence, ancient and modern, a brief inquiry into the comparative merits of..... 230
Enclosures, analysis of a letter on.... 253
English Dictionary, proposed plan for editing one under the direction of a society 200
English Poets, on the length of the lives of the most eminent 220
Essex, occurrences in 285
European Nations, characteristics of 120
Exeter, establishment of an infirmary there for curing disorders of the eye 372
Exile, The, a new melo-drama, account of 460
Extracts from Polyænus' Stratagems 216, 298
Extraordinary leap of a horse 185

Fisher Boy, a Poem, review of 54

Fire-Escape, Mr. Harriott's patent for this invention 341
Fletcher, Mr. on the length of the lives of the most eminent English poets 220
——— on the query of Sophos.... 225
——— his imitations and parodies of several authors 391
Floating Light, account of a newly-invented one 391
Food, account of a woman living without a considerable time 376, 451
Forbes, General, account of his death 188
Foreign Events 82, 370
Forest of Hermanstadt, new after-piece, account of 363
Fox's History of the Reign of James the Second, review of 239, 321
France, account of the commerce of with Italy, Switzerland, &c. 17
——— National Institute of, proceedings of the 948, 445
——— literary and scientific news of 62, 156, 256, 449, 538
French Troops, account of the defeat of by the Spaniards, 169—See Public Affairs.
Friendship, reflections on 311
Fruit, improved manner of preserving 154
Fruit Trees, Chinese method of propagating 152

Gallant Naval Actions, details of 80, 168, 275, 467
Gazette Intelligence 169, 275
Germany, literary and scientific news of 63, 156, 347, 450, 539
Glass, on the art of staining on, with directions for preparing colours, &c. 11
Gloucestershire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 181, 373
Goa, state of the inquisition there ... 347
Goldsmid, Benjamin, strictures on the life of 22
Gothic and English Architecture, remarks on 292, 414
Gray, source of a poetical image in .. 196

Hamlet, proposed emendation of a passage in 202
Hampshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 181, 373, 471, 564
Hawes, Dr. William, sketch of his life 559
Henry, Dr. on the historic partiality of 295
Herefordshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 85, 181, 373
Hertfordshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in.....86, 373, 471
Hill, Sir Richard, sketch of his life 566
Historical Chronicle ... 78, 164, 271, 367, 463, 552
Holderness Agricultural Society, decision of an important question at a meeting of 90
Home, John, Esq. notice of his death 286
——— further account of him 366
Horse-racing in Italy, curious mode of 141
Horse-shoes, Mr. Coleman's patent for improvements in the construction and application of 340
Horses, cure for the gripes in 347

James' Poems, review of 44
Jefferson, Mr. F. his letter to the democratic republicans of Philadelphia 82
Jews, decree in favour of, in Holland 157
Imitations and Parodies of various authors 391
Indies, East, events in 62, 179, 448
Job, an African high priest, memoirs of 285, 410
Johnson, a word used by him, not found in his Dictionary 308
Joint Stock Companies, trial to establish the validity of 78
Ipswich Lamb Fair, account of..... 183
Ireland, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 92, 187, 379, 476
Iron, on the deoxidation of pot-ash by 443
Italian Drama, an essay on the 9
Italy, literary and scientific news of .. 63
Julia, continuation of the narrative of 87
July, books published in 73

Kent, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 86, 181, 374, 564
King's Theatre, account of the performances at.....362, 460

Lancashire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 86, 374, 565
Latin Language, on the pronunciation of the.....19, 215
Leeds, account of an extraordinary occurrence at 377
Leicestershire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 181, 374
Le Roy, Julien, memoirs of the life of 65
Letter from F——c G——n to H. R. W——y, Esq. 200
Lionetto, Senor, (the incombustible Spaniard) account of him 450
Lincolnshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in.....87, 182, 374
Lindsey, Rev. Theophilus, account of 465
Lisbon, description of 421
Literary Queries..... 316
——— reply to..... 393
Liverpool, the Earl of, account of ... 561
Locke's Conduct of the Human Understanding, on a passage in 101, 227, 309
London, address of the citizens of to the King, on the late transactions in Portugal 367
——— the King's answer 368
——— remarks on this proceeding—See Public Affairs, 353, 540
——— further proceedings of the city 463
Longdon, Rev. John, death of 373
Lotteries, report of the committee appointed to inquire into the abuses of 167

Love and Gallantry, a critical discrimination between 311
Love and Grief, a narrative 501
Lubbock, Dr. Richard, account of his death 285
——— further particulars of..... 365
Lyttleton, Lord, death of, 286 — Further account of him 566

Mac Gill's Travels in Turkey, review of 140
Mackerel and Milk, why permitted to be sold on Sundays 26, 57
Maddocks, W. A. Esq. account of his vast improvements in North Wales 91
Magnetic Mountain of Cannay, account of 250
Mahogany, query on the word..... 15
Mallison, account of his invention of, and plan for distributing, "The Seaman's Friend" 299
Man, reflections on the nature of 498
Manners and Customs, ancient English, account of 395
Marshall, Mr. G. W. shocking death of 88
——— Thomas, Esq. short account of him 92
Marriage, reflections on..... 227
Marriages and Deaths in and near London....82, 178, 274, 369, 465, 559
May-Day, account of the ancient festival of 133
Memoirs of remarkable Persons 63, 157, 256, 348, 450
Mickle, William Julius, three original letters to 474
——— an original letter from him, containing an account of his last interview with Lord Lyttelton 511
Mildmay, Sir Thomas, death of..... 474
Milton, a plagiary or an imitator of Masenius 4
——— a contradiction in 309
——— Samson Agonistes of, critical examination of the 385
Misanthrope, the rhapsody of a..... 307
Mismanagement of Public Affairs, observations on the 388, 487
Moor, Ann, account of her living without food a considerable time 376, 451
Moth, mode of preserving woollens from 154
Mushroom, particulars of an extraordinary large one 374
Music, Mr. Dibdin's patent for facilitating the learning of..... 56
Musical keyed Instruments, Mr Hawke's patent for improvements in 249

Nails, Mr. Willmore's patent for improvements in the manufacture of 441
Newberry's, Mr. patent for an invention for sawing wood, paring skins, &c. 57
Newspaper Authenticity, anecdote of 204
Newtonian reflecting Telescope, an improvement in 256
Norfolk, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 87, 182, 285, 374, 472, 566
Northamptonshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 182
Northumberland, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 182
Norwich, combination of the corn-merchants of, resistance to 472
Nottinghamshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 375, 474
November, books published in..... 458

Obituaries, additions and corrections to..... 270, 365, 463
October, books published in..... 359
Oratory, remarks on the mechanical part of 31
Organised Bodies, reflections on 114
Oswald, Mr. Andrew, sketch of his life 560
Oxfordshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 88, 474
Owen, Rev. Mr. melancholy death of 88
Oxid of Zinc, as a basis for paint .. 342

Pain, Thomas, letter from him to a friend in Philadelphia 489
Parochial Assessments, on the misapplication of 15, 98
Parish Officers, actions at law relating to 181, 182
——— curious proceeding of some 358
Patents, the New, specification of 56, 148, 249, 340, 441, 529
Peron, M. Anquetil, memoirs of 256
Picture of Lisbon, review of 420
Pilkington, Wm. trial of, for murder 184
Pipes and Pumps, Mr. Bell's patent for improvements in the making of 530
Plaintive, Paul, literary progress of 36, 104
Plague, how guarded against in Italy 142
Plan for facilitating the completion of imperfect sets of valuable books .. 474
Poetry, Original, — Sonnet, 54 — Impromptu, ib.—The Partridges, ib.—The Grave of the Troubadour, 55—A Simile, ib. — The Death of Leander, ib.—To the Moon, 56—Epitaph, ib.—Quatorzain, 146—Sonnet to an early Polyanthus, ib. — To the Æolian Harp, ib. — Sonnet, ib.—Poor Eve of St. Mark, 147—Sonnet, ib —To the Carnation, ib. —Sonnet, 148—Impromptu, ib — Virtue its own Reward, 244—The Wish, 245—To Melancholy, ib — Sonnets by Mr. Fletcher, ib.—Sonnets by J. G. 246 — Prologue to the Mysterious Bride, 337—Lines to my Study, 338—The Converse of Souls, ib. — Sonnet, ib. — The Hay-Field, 339 — What is Pity? ib. — To the Sun, ib.—Sonnet, 340—On Riches, 438. — To Anna, ib — Sonnet to Morning, ib. — Sonnet to Evening, 439—To the Moon, ib.—Ode to the

Swallow, ib.—The Beggar-Woman's Petition, 440—Sonnet, ib.—Elegiac Stanzas, 526—The Approach of Winter, ib.—Sonnet, to Venus, ib. —Quatorzain, ib —On a Rose Bud, 527—Elegy on the Death of two Birds, ib —Sonnet, 528
Polish Custom, origin of a singular one 27
Polyænus' Stratagems, extracts from 216, 298
Porson, Professor Richard, account of his death 274
——— memoirs of his life..... 348
Portugal, official account of the operations of the British forces in 275
——— Definitive Convention entered into between the British and French commanders 281
Poor, on the management of the affairs of the 15, 98, 196
Potatoes, how to prevent the curl in 182
Poultry, improved method of rearing 151
Pratt's Contrast, a Poem, review of 416
Premiums offered by the Leicestershire Agricultural Society 181
Priests, curious narrative of two 136
Provincial Occurrences 85, 180, 284, 371, 470, 564
Public Affairs, state of 66, 159, 266, 353, 452, 539
Publications, new, list of 73, 165, 265, 359, 458, 545

Quakers, Epistle from the yearly meeting of 164
Query—Whether men are happier from the pleasures and gratifications of the senses than from the strict practice of virtue? 101
——— Discussion of this question 218, 226, 289, 489, 498

Racine, an expression of, traced to its source 100
Racine, (the younger) critique on some verses of 500
Ralphson, Mary, account of her 86
Randolph, Rev. Thomas, death of.... ib.
Rendlesham, Lord, account of his death 285
Reviews and Magazines, character of some recently-established ones 128
Rhetoric, observations on that of the bar, the pulpit, and the senate 28
Rheumatism, a remedy for the 101
Rickman, Clio, on the coincidence between Thomas Paine and Dr. Middleton on the true revelation..... 34
Robertson's History of Scotland, remarks on an extract from 8
——— reply to these remarks 215
——— J. C. in explanation 302
Roman Tongue, on the pronunciation of 102, 318
Roofs of Carriages, Mr. Birch's patent for improvements in the construction of 149
Rousseau, remarks on his "Emile" .. 125
Royal Society, transactions of the 58, 149, 442, 531

Saint Sophia, account of this celebrated church 144
Salt, prices of 95, 191, 287, 383, 479, 569
School for Authors, a new afterpiece, account of 548
Scotch Custom, illustration of a curious one 28
Scotland, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 92, 186, 286, 378, 476
Seduction, observations on 107
Senses, are men happier from the pleasures and gratifications of the, than from the strict practice of virtue? .. 101
——— replies to this question 218, 226, 289, 489, 498
September, books published in..... 266
Serpent, account of the destruction of an enormous one 412
Shakspeare, annotations on the text of 19, 111, 210, 396, 492
——— imitations of 33
——— illustration of a passage in 390
Shaw, B. Esq. sudden death of..... 93
Sheldon, John. Esq. death of 372
Shenstone, observations on the Pastoral Ballad of 317
Shipwreck, a melancholy one 378
Shropshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 375, 566
Sieuers, Count Von, death of 476
Sight, extraordinary recovery of 186
Silence, the praise of 5
Sir Walter Raleigh, critical observations upon the tragedy so called 502
Slave Trade, letter on the abolition of 568
Soap, Mr. Phelp's patent for improvements in the manufacture of 249
——— Mr. Watson's for the like purpose 441
Soap Suds, recommended as a manure 88
Society for the Suppression of Vice, remarks on their proceedings 11, 127, 213, 266, 310
Society of Arts, proceedings of this body 151, 342, 444
Somersetshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 285, 376, 474
South America, account of Capt. Pike's discoveries in 155
Spain, for a narrative of events in this country, see Public Affairs.
——— Precautions published by the Supreme Junta for carrying on hostilities with the French 83
Spain and Portugal, Travels in, review of 520
St. Quintin, The Siege of, a new drama, account of 461
——— criticism on the music in this drama 550

State Papers — Letter from Mr. President Jefferson to the Delegates of Philadelphia, 82 — Precautions of the Spanish Junta, 83—Convention between the British and French in Portugal, 281—Proclamation issued by the British Commander in Portugal, 370—Declaration of the King of Great Britain on declining the overtures for peace made by France and Russia, 552
Staffordshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 183, 376, 474
Stewart, John, account of him 379
Stocks, prices of 96, 192, 288, 548, 480, 570
Strutt's Queen-Hoo Hall, review of 130
Suffolk, occurrences, marriages, and death in..... 89, 183, 285, 376, 474
Sultan, account of the English ambassador's audience with the..... 116
Surry, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 184, 376, 475
Sussex, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 89, 185, 376
Swedenborg, an original Latin letter from him 308

Taylor, Lieut. Colonel, account of .. 284
Theatrical Conflagrations 273, 368
——— Recorder 247, 362, 460, 548
Theory of Dreams, review of 46
Thetford Wool Fair 87
Thistle, account of an extraordinary one ib.
Thornton, Colonel, curious procession of, on changing his residence 475
Toulmin, Dr. to the editor 205
——— his translations from Polyænus' Stratagems 216, 398
Travels through Spain and Portugal, review of..... 520
Trefusis, Hon. Miss, account of..... 274
Transactions of learned and economical Societies 58, 149, 250, 342, 442, 531
True Patriotism, query respecting a play so called 182
——— reply to this query..... 298

Varieties, literary and philosophical, 60, 158, 251, 345, 446, 535
Vegetable Antiquity, remarkable instance of 186
——— Tallow, recommended in manufacturing candles 447
Vine Leaves, the utility of, as a substitute for tea, &c. 21
Virtue or Sensuality — Which most conducive to human happiness? 101
——— Discussion of this question 218, 226, 289, 489, 498
Virtue, the consolations of 483
Vision, relation of a historical one 228
Volcano, account of one in the Island of St. George's 254

Wales, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 91, 186, 475
Walsh, Valentine, death of 92
Warren, Mrs. account of her 138
Warwickshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 286, 475
Water Spouts at Sea, a paper on 531
Weather, the excessive heat of 80, 87, 89
Wernerian Society, proceedings of this body 59, 151, 532
Whitaker, Rev. J. account of his death and literary productions..... 470
White, H. K. a plagiarism of 308
White Lead, improved method of making it 447
Wilkinson, John, esq. account of him 183
——— his epitaph 365
Wiltshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 90, 286
Wood, on the preservation of from rot 253
Wood, Rev. Mr. memoirs of his life 157
Worcestershire, occurrences in 90, 185

Yorke, Rev. Dr. Bishop of Ely, notice of his death, 181—Further account of him..... 270
Yorkshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 90, 185, 376, 475, 556
Young, Mr Arthur, on enclosures .. 253

C. Squire, Printer,
Furnival's-Inn-Court.